# Collier's

L WEEKLY

June 17, 1939

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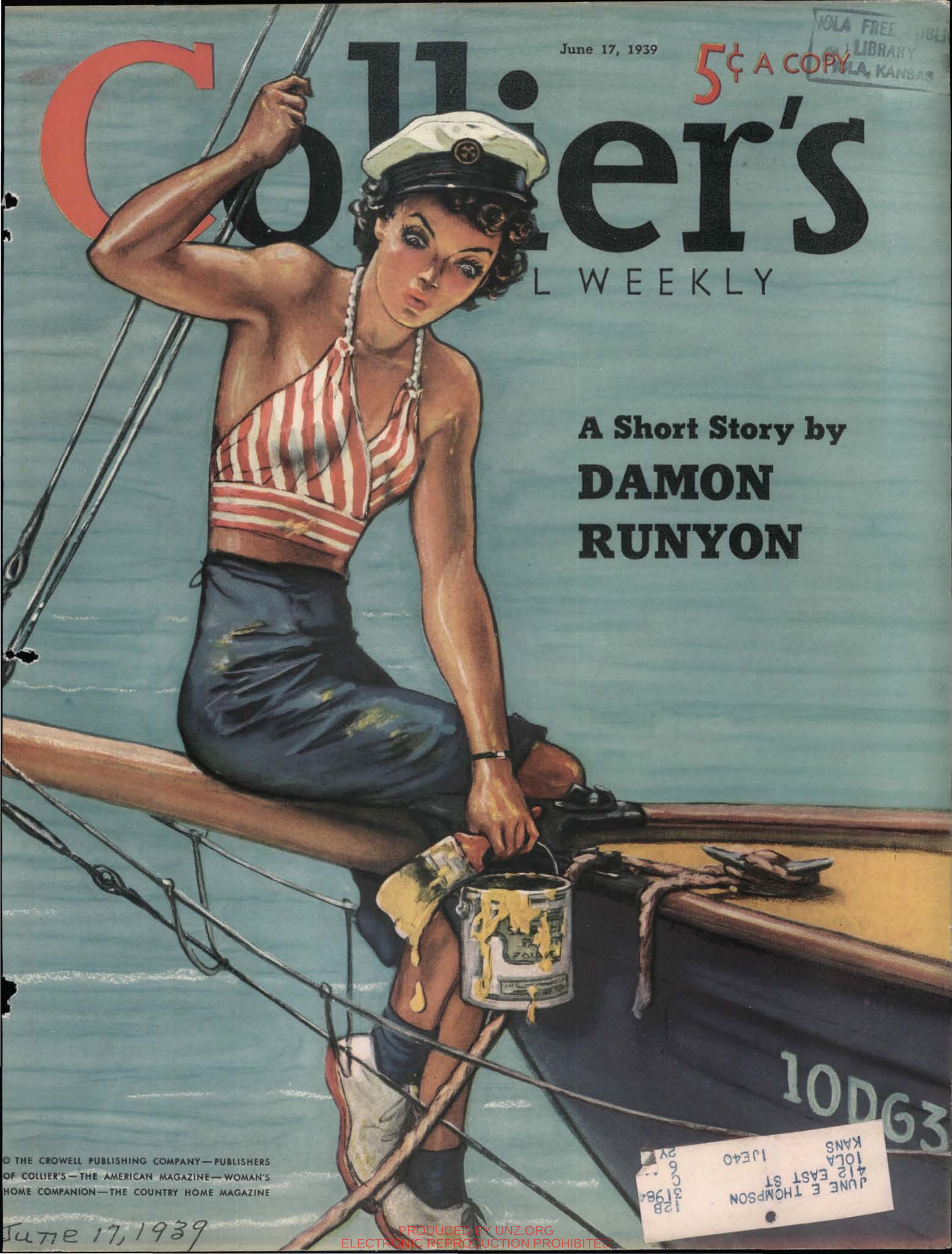

## A Short Story by
## DAMON RUNYON

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June 17, 1939

FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

Copyright 1939

# "...and not too much sugar"

"Why do you say not too much sugar?"

"Gosh! Ed—for me a Tom Collins is a sight more refreshing if it's not overpowered with sweetness."

"I'm a couple of jumps ahead of you. It's just as important to make sure the *gin* is Extra Dry."

"How come?"

"Listen, an extra dry gin blends better with the fruit juice and brings out the flavor. Learn to say Fleischmann's—It's *extra dry* and much better for a Tom Collins."

"You're telling me! It's a better gin for any man's drink. Happy days."

## FLEISCHMANN'S GIN IS *EXTRA DRY*

*Fleischmann's Sloe Gin gives added zest and color to your long cool sloe gin fizzes and rickeys. 65 Proof.*

# No Wonder You See So Many Plymouths

**BUYERS EVERYWHERE ARE FINDING PLYMOUTH GIVES MOST FOR THE LEAST**

☛ Of the three leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

☛ The only low-priced car with coil springs as standard equipment *on all models.*

☛ The only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift as standard on De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*

☛ The only leading low-priced car with a Safety-Steel body completely rust-proofed to preserve its brilliant beauty.

☛ *All* Plymouth models have the same big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine, giving you full-powered performance *with* economy.

PEOPLE WANT Plymouth's extra size...its sweeping, modern beauty...its greater comfort, safety, economy! And they're fast discovering how amazingly *low* the price is!

*That's why you see so many new Plymouths on the road today!*

You can *see* at a glance that Plymouth is biggest of "All Three" low-priced cars...inside and out.

You can *feel* the delightfully smooth new ride of its Amola Steel coil springs...the marvelous handling ease of True-Steady steering! And there's added safety in Plymouth's world-famous hydraulic brakes!

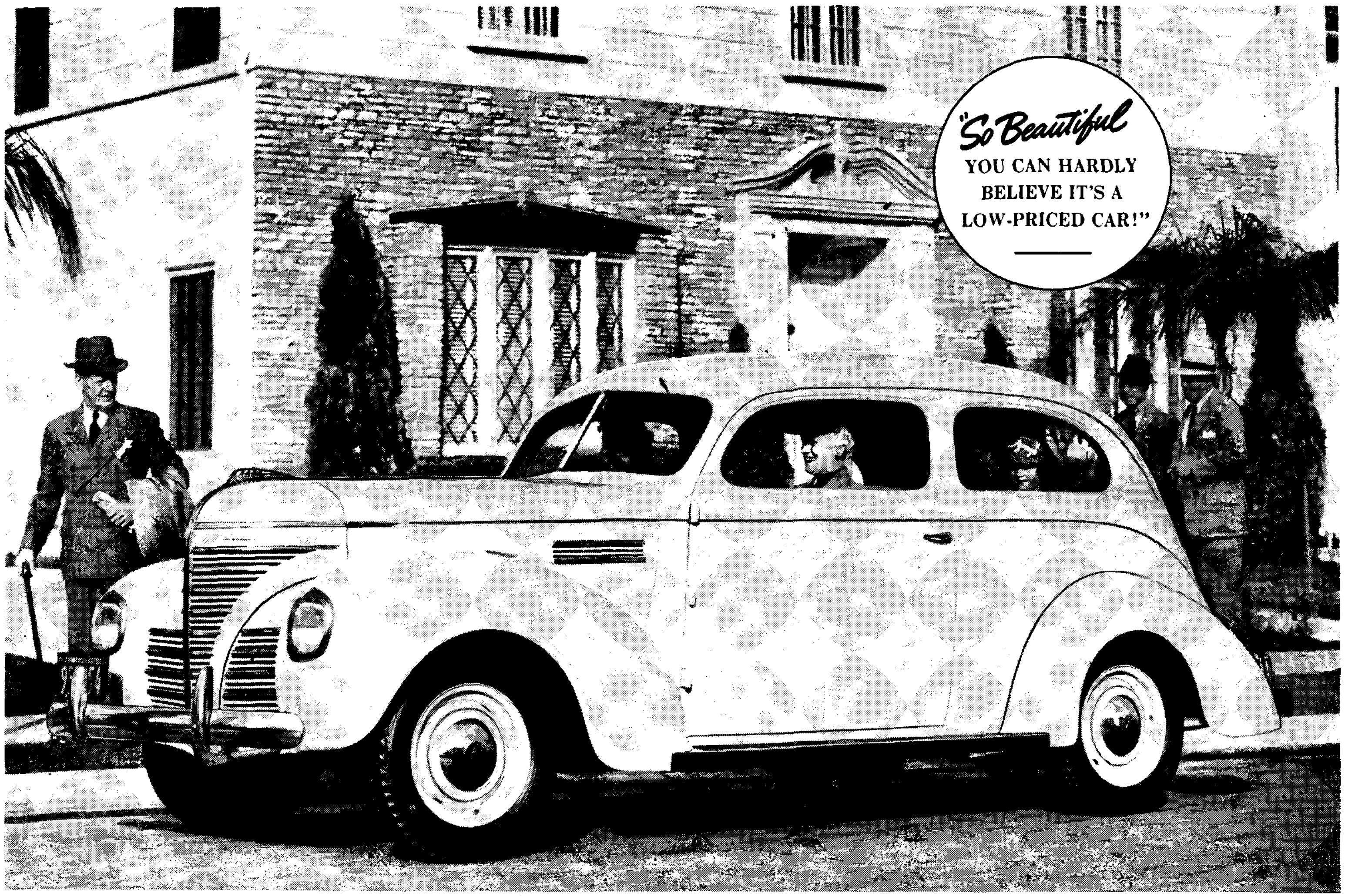
More than that, Plymouth gives you the thrill of full-powered performance with impressive economy on gas, oil, tires, upkeep.

Call on your nearby Plymouth dealer and take a demonstration ride.

Remember, your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments.

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on De Luxe models at no extra cost...Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. Today's finest shifting.



PLYMOUTH BRINGS YOU the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes . . . patented Floating Power engine mountings.

**COUPES** START AT **$645**

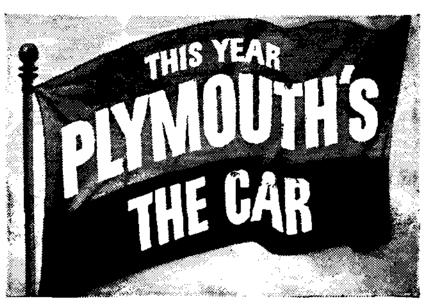
**SEDANS** START AT **$685**

**—DELIVERED IN DETROIT,** including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S.T.**

## PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

*THE "ROADKING"*
*THE "DE LUXE"*



**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH** Managing Editor
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# Collier's

**June 17, 1939**

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|---|---|---|---|
| WALTER DAVENPORT | Politics | DENVER LINDLEY | Articles |
| AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff | FRANK D. MORRIS | Articles |
| ROBERT McCORMICK | Washington | JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction |
| W. B. COURTNEY | Transportation | IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |
| KENNETH LITTAUER | Fiction | MAX WILKINSON | Fiction |
| QUENTIN REYNOLDS | Sports | JIM MARSHALL | The Orient |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Screen and Theater | JOHN T. FLYNN | Associate Editor |
| WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art | | |

## Next Week

WILLIAM SAROYAN, California's Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, writes: "Short stories again? Yes, sir. Well, said my uncle Melik, you remind me of that guy in the old country who had a cello with one string, kept his finger in one place and drew the bow back and forth for hours, driving his poor wife crazy. At last she could stand it no longer and said: 'Forgive me; I have noticed that when others play, they have four strings and move their fingers around.' The husband got sore and said: 'Don't tell me about them ignorant people. They're looking for the place. I've got it.'" However, his newest short story, "Dear Baby," demonstrates that Mr. Saroyan has more than one string to his bow. We like this one.

SOMEDAY the people of Germany may arise against the Nazis. Subtle minds and skillful hands are mobilizing the great voiceless masses of Germany.

Week by week the underground movement widens its front, intensifies its efforts. Quentin Reynolds has visited its secret, mobile headquarters in London, Zurich, Paris and New York. He has observed, firsthand, the activities of the men and women who risk their heads in the cause of liberty, and he has obtained their permission to tell the story of the nameless society that is working for a new Germany, "In Spite of Hitler's Gestapo."

THE dark gentleman, hitting a terrific lick on the golden wind instrument on next week's rose-colored cover is supposed to be engaged in the current insanity called Boogie-Woogie. Thomas Morrow and Kyle Crichton explain how such sounds index the hardness of your arteries. They call it "Dark Magic."

BARNSTORMERS. Racing drivers. Stunt men. Soldiers of fortune. There's a lot of the devil-may-care attitude of all those professions in the guys who fly antiquated crates at breakneck speed, hedgehopping over cotton rows and tobacco fields, fighting insect pests. They are the crop dusters, haywire heroes of a new American industrial frontier. Jack Ratcliff tells their story.

FREDERICK MERTZ has written a gay yarn about Hollywood and horse racing; Harold Lamb spins a tall tale of banditry and bravery among the hardy saber-wielders of Siberia; and Susan Ertz, Paul Jones, Ernest Haycox, Jonathan Latimer, William MacHarg, Mona Gardner, Frank Taylor, Bill Cunningham and—well, what do you WANT for a nickel?

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**DAMON RUNYON**
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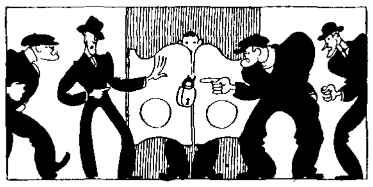
**COVER** JAY HYDE BARNUM

## Any Week

EVENTUALLY Mrs. Lola Dell Branch of Worcester, Massachusetts, and this magazine may come to the parting of the ways. She will go her way and we ours. And both will, of course, be sorry. For the eighth time in five years Mrs. Branch informs us that "for the last time I advise you that I shall never read Collier's again." Mrs. Branch's decisions are not snap judgment. She always discovers that she dislikes us on general principles. But we suspect that she's a hopeless addict. Somehow we can't believe her postscript: "Don't think you *can fool me again. I mean it.*"



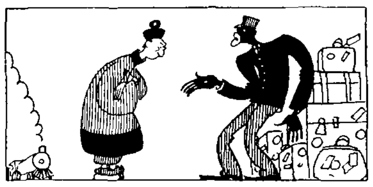
THE reason we've not got around to reading Mrs. Branch's letter before is that we've been on one of those poking-around trips. We stopped in Chicago long enough to have quite a chat with a Mr. Oleski, who owns a saloon. Mr. Oleski was not at the moment any too happy. Chicago was being fretted by a high-minded drive to force drinking places to obey the closing-hour law and, outrageous as it may seem to you, compel the unlicensed to take out licenses. Mr. Oleski said that he didn't know what he was going to do. "If I close my place," said he, "at one o'clock like they want, my customers are going to raise hell with me. I don't know that I can afford it."

IN Lansing, Michigan, we saw a gentleman named Suppel who was pretty downcast. He had just been in a hardware store looking over some fishing equipment. His dolor had been aroused by a bait gadget they were selling. "I'm not one of those fancy fishing men," mourned Mr. Suppel. "I'm just a worm-bait guy. And I've been used for years to dig my bait with a spade. But that's all over. They've now got an electric rod and a pan jigger. You stick the rod in the ground, turn on the juice and the worms crawl right into the pan. It's like dynamiting for fish. Pretty soon we'll be fishing by television and I'm quitting while there's any romance left."

AND in Kansas City we ran into the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to say nothing of considerable local excitement about the downfall of Boss Pendergast, who for years has run Kansas City without any noticeable benefit to Kansas City. A couple of comfortable-looking lady delegates to the conference were coming out of a restaurant as we passed it. They looked replete and a bit warm. A newsboy, yelling the latest municipal sensation, tried to sell them a paper. *He failed.* "Don't believe a word you read in the papers," said one of the lady delegates. "A city where they sell such a good thirty-five-cent chicken dinner can't be so awful wicked."

BEFORE leaving Missouri we discovered a disheartening situation in *the Jackson County sheriff's office.* Frankly, we think it's enough to discourage any statesman. But the horrid fact is that there are more janitors in the sheriff's office than deputy sheriffs. And that led to unpleasantness when the office's supply of chairs gave out, forcing some of the janitors and deputies to stand up or sit on the tables or even stay home. There was some talk of chairless janitors bringing their own chairs, but the deputies, being somewhat faster thinkers, brought in cots, thereby leaving no room for more chairs.

HOWEVER, Mr. Ralph M. Brown of Youngstown, Ohio, reports that a redcap at Union Station, Washington, D. C., was seen regarding somewhat ruefully an extremely *minimum tip given him by a visiting* Chinese dignitary for lugging that Oriental gentleman's ten large bags and trunks. And presently the redcap spoke as follows: "Man, oh, man, the return of Fu Manchu. He sho' musta got himself caught in the war."



WHILE all this was going on Mr. Sam Kuhler of Denver, Colorado, was driving eastward, as apparently were many others, bound for New York's World's Fair. Mr. Kuhler hastens to add that a great many cars were pointed west, too, aiming doubtless at San Francisco's fair. Anyway, the point is that somewhere west of Omaha, Mr. Kuhler saw a merry-go-round and Ferris wheel carnival doing a two-night stand at a village crossroad. And that isn't the point either. What stopped Mr. Kuhler was the sign at the carnival gate: "Why go farther? M. Metrosino, Prop."

FAIR warning. W. D.

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IGNITION ENGINEERED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS
AUTO LITE

# Auto-Lite Engineers Harness an Amazing *Mystery Spark*

## *to give dynamic new life to lazy "spark-weary" motors*

HOW can a *spark* make such a difference in car performance? How can it make cars start easily and surely, give them sparkling pickup, smoother, more flexible performance at all speeds, cut down on gas consumption by preventing waste—as so many motorists enthusiastically report?

### *The Reason Is Simple!*

Upon the tiny spark that streaks across a spark plug's gap depends ignition, combustion, POWER. Here, in a dime's edge of space, is the very nerve center of a motor car. The entire ignition system, with its delicate organization of nervelike wires, is directed to this one objective—to deliver a spark at this point at the right time—*and of the right kind.*

For more than 27 years Auto-Lite engineers have specialized in automotive electrical equipment. In the giant plants of the Electric Auto-Lite Company that dot the country are manufactured all the units that enter into the automotive electrical system—all except *spark plugs,* it used to be, until a few years ago.

Then it was that Auto-Lite's famous engineering staff took up the search for a *better* spark plug—one that would function as an integral part of the ignition system and deliver maximum efficiency from it.

### *New Plug Amazing Success!*

In one year, nearly a million car owners changed to these revolutionary new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Automobile manufacturers adopted them after exhaustive, convincing tests. Why not try new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in *your* car?

Ask your service man to install a set today—they cost no more.

**THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.**
TOLEDO • *Merchandising Division* • OHIO

THOSE NEW AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS CERTAINLY HAVE CUT DOWN MY GAS BILLS

**ONE OUT OF EVERY** 4 new cars is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. In addition, they have been adopted by manufacturers of tractors, trucks, marine motors and stationary engines.

**TURNING TIME BACKWARD** with the marvelous Oscillograph. This instrument is in constant use by Auto-Lite research engineers and enables them "to slow up" the lightning-fast "mystery spark" for study and analysis. It is one of the few machines of its kind in existence.

***INSTANT PICK-UP WITH*** **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**

Go out with him?
NOT ME!

THE thing that women simply loathe in men is the thing of which men are frequently guilty . . . halitosis (bad breath). It is the offense unpardonable, the bar to friendships, romance, and business relations. And men, according to women, are the worst offenders—so flagrant, in fact, that women write to ask that we do something about it in our advertising.

Well, gentlemen (we hope), here's a hint: The sensible, easy, delightful precaution against halitosis is Listerine Antiseptic, with its amazing antiseptic and deodorizing power. You simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night, and between times before business or social engagements.

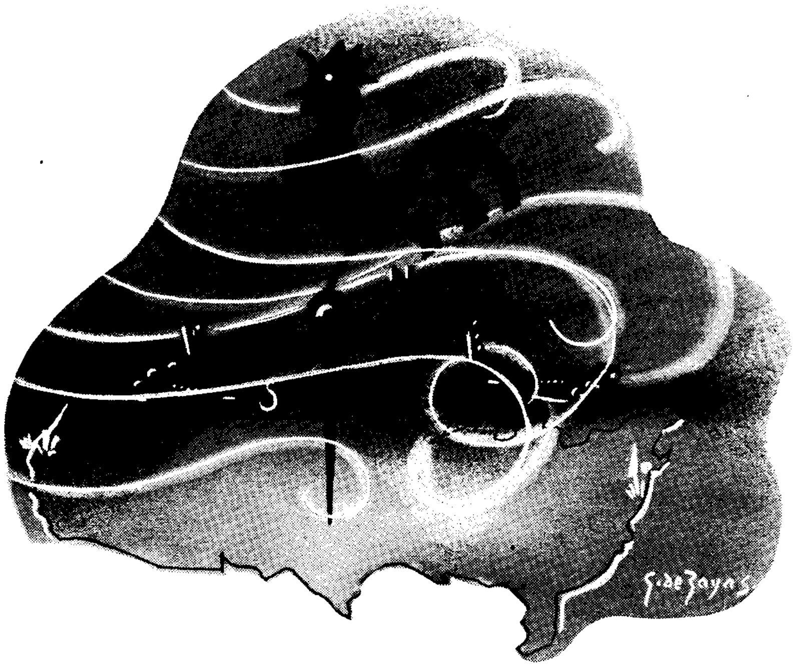
Listerine Antiseptic freshens and cleanses the entire mouth, quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of odors) and then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome, and agreeable. Next time, when you wish to appear at your best, don't take a chance. Use Listerine.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
*St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

LISTERINE . . . checks Halitosis (*Bad Breath*)

P.S. IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE. ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING.



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Owing* to the prevailing westerly winds, whose velocity ranges between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, air liners require about fourteen per cent more time and fourteen per cent more gasoline when flying west than when flying east on a transcontinental flight.

*One* of the oddest religious institutions in the world is the Kuthodaw Pagoda near Mandalay, Burma. This large temple, situated in the center of a mile-square enclosure, is surrounded by 729 small pagodas, each of which contains a large stone inscribed with its own particular part of the Buddhist scriptures.

*Certain* species of frogs, armadillos and snakes close and stopper their burrows with their hard and wrinkled heads, which are, when in such a position, on a level with and indistinguishable from the ground. —*By Fritz Kurtz, Princeton, New Jersey.*

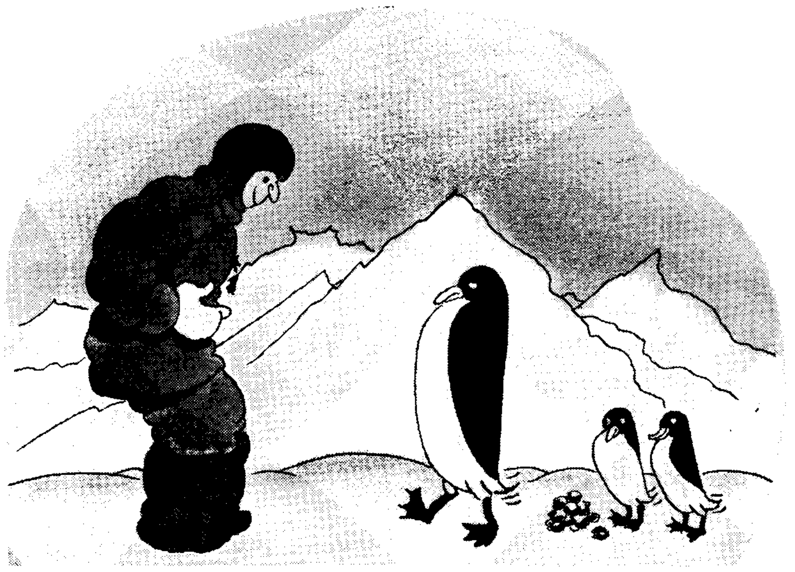
*Penguins* always greet a person with unusual politeness and ceremony. Upon meeting a stranger, the large Emperors approach with stately, welcoming bows, while the little Adélies immediately place a small pile of stones—as a gift—at his feet.—*By Virginia McCabe, Washington, D. C.*

*Tests* made by Purdue University between 1925 and 1931 to determine an efficient air-braking system for freight cars required an average of one hundred men working eight hours a day for the entire six years to make and to compile the sixty volumes of data, all of which cost more than $3,000,000.—*By Seymour Lobel, West Lafayette, Indiana.*

*When* an empty glass beaker is partly dipped into a bowl of liquid helium that has been reduced in temperature to within two degrees of absolute zero, the liquid immediately flows up the outside surface of the glass, over the top and fills the beaker to the liquid level of the bowl, contrary to the law of gravity.

*The* geckos, small harmless lizards of tropical countries, where they are often kept in houses to destroy insects, walk up and down the walls and across the ceilings of rooms supported by adhesive disks on their toes.—*By Kenneth C. Acton, Druid, Saskatchewan, Canada.*

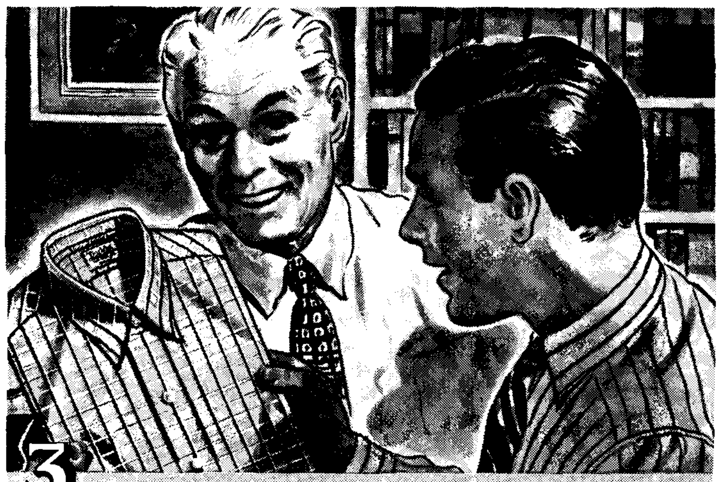
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



# "Dad, *it's time you learned about* SHIRTS!"

**1.** "You've been going around looking like a crumpled handkerchief long enough. Those shirts of yours don't even have a speaking acquaintance with the lines of your manly figure."

**2.** "You're telling me. But this was supposed to be a swell shirt . . . $2.00 marked down to $1.39 at Blank's sale. A bargain."

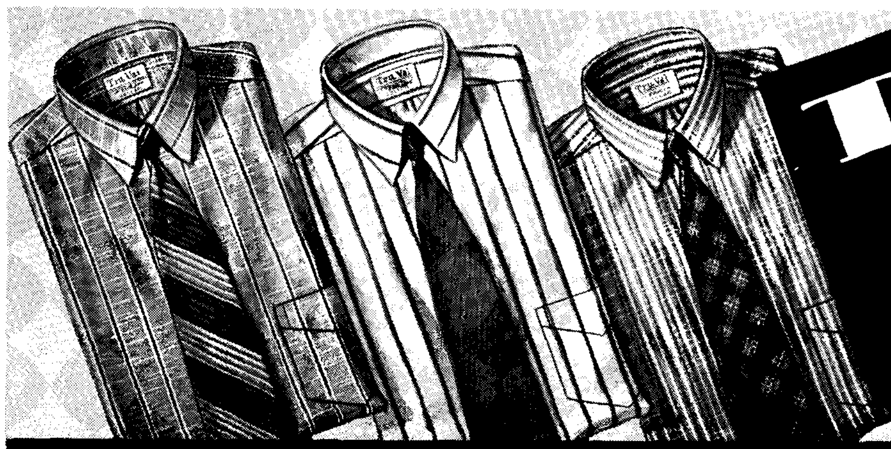


**3.** "That's what I thought. A 'sale' shirt, a bargain nobody else wanted. Now we're going to introduce you to a new idea in shirts. Seeing it's Father's Day here's the beginning of a beautiful friendship . . . a box of TruVals, the standard, nationally advertised, nationally known shirt that sells constantly at $1.35, and stays true in fit, in quality and in value 365 days of the year."

## FATHER'S DAY, or any day, it's time to learn about *"America's Best Shirt Buy"*

● HERE is a shirt you can be mighty proud of any place, in any company. Because, right through from their smooth ocean pearl buttons to the last fine close stitch, TruVals are patterned, cut and sewn as all fine shirts *should* be. In fact, we'd love to have you compare TruVals, fabric for fabric, stitch for stitch, with shirts selling at much more. Because TruVals, although low in price, are made *up* to a high standard . . . product of one of America's oldest and largest shirt makers. You'll find TruVals at one department store and at several good men's shops in your city. Just lay down $1.35 and ask for "America's best shirt buy"—TRUVAL. TruVal Mfrs., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

*TRUVAL PAJAMAS: $1.35 & $1.65. TRUVAL SPORTSWEAR $1 UP*



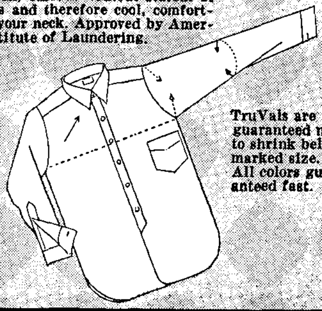
**TruVal SHIRTS $1^{35}$**

★

For the man who must keep his appearance up—his expenses down

**A FEW REASONS WHY TRUVALS GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH . . . AND THEN SOME!**

TruVal's famous Fair-flex collar stays neat, fresh, smooth without starch. It is porous and therefore cool, comfortable on your neck. Approved by American Institute of Laundering.



TruVals are guaranteed not to shrink below marked size. All colors guaranteed fast.

Look at TruVal's sleeves. They're form-fit tapered down the arm. This prevents unsightly bulging at the cuffs.

TruVal Shirts take from 29 to 31½ yards per dozen, the standard for fine shirts. Many "bargain" shirts are cut from as low as 26 yards per dozen.

★ FATHER'S DAY . . . Sunday, June 18th . . . REMEMBER DAD! ★

# "What have I got to lose?"

YOU MAY NOT own a home yet. You may not have saved much. You may not have accumulated a lot of stocks or bonds.

But you do own a car. You have the right to drive. You get a salary. And you have your personal liberty, plus your self-respect.

Do you know you can lose all these things if you have an automobile accident, and aren't covered by automobile insurance? For instance:

Your car can be attached while a suit is pending. It is almost sure to be seized if a damage judgment goes against you.

Your driving license (in many states) may be taken away if you can't pay a damage judgment.

Your salary or wages may be attached by the holder of a damage judgment, mortgaging your future earnings for years.

And in some states you can even be jailed for contempt of court if you fail to pay a damage judgment.

Finally, there's that intangible but important something called self-respect. You lose that when you don't meet your obligations, just as surely as you lose your shirt.

That's why, even if you think you have "nothing to lose," you need the protection of sound and adequate automobile liability insurance.

A Travelers policy not only gives you this sound and adequate protection, but also protects you against the host of worries that generally follow a crash.

For The Travelers has thousands of agents and hundreds of claim experts all over this continent, ready to take over your responsibilities promptly no matter when or where an accident happens.

In 44 states, the company issues a special $1000-limit auto liability policy at substantially less cost than its regular standard-limits policy. In 35 states, The Travelers pays rewards to safe drivers under their auto liability policies.

**Moral:** Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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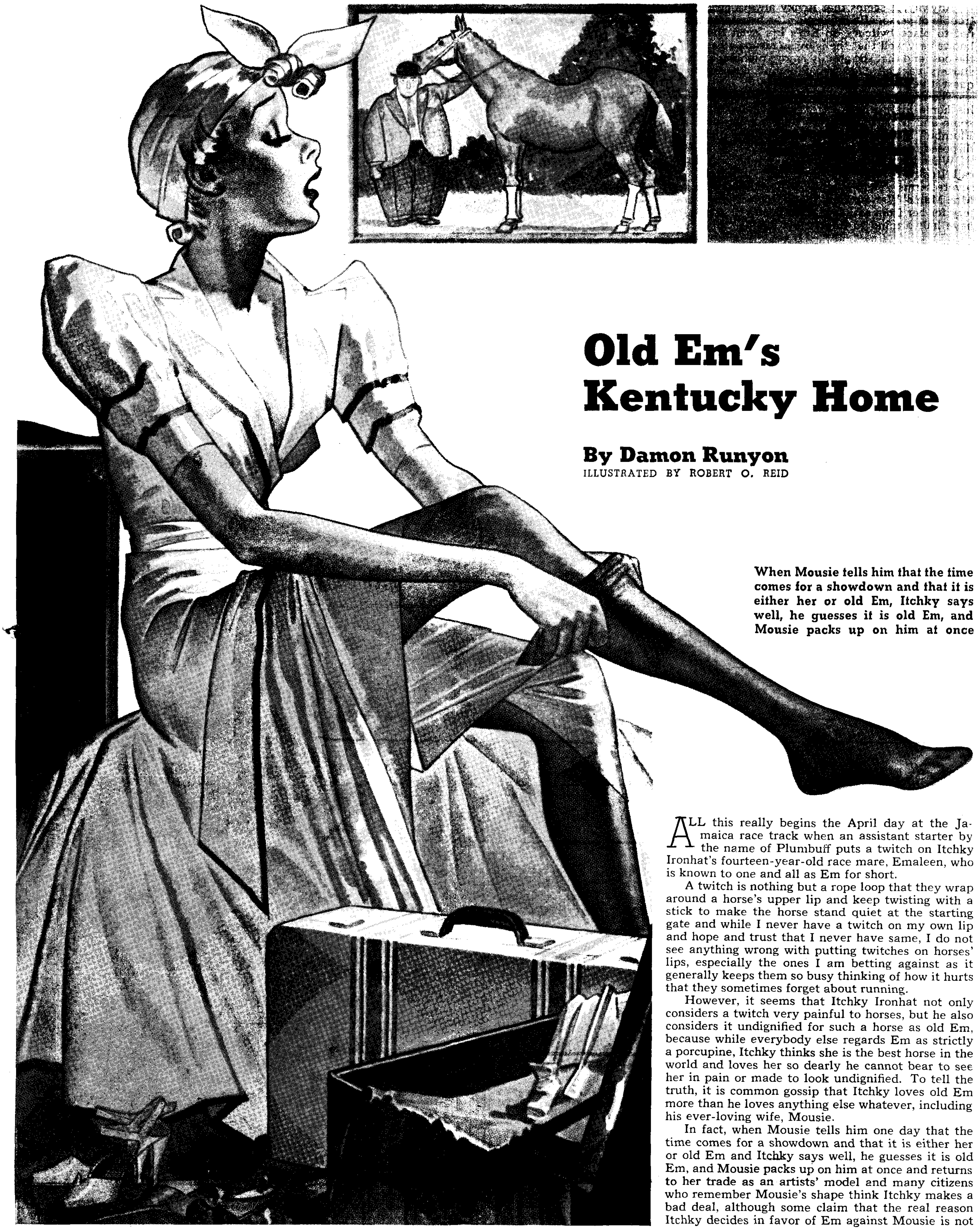


# Old Em's Kentucky Home

**By Damon Runyon**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

**When Mousie tells him that the time comes for a showdown and that it is either her or old Em, Itchky says well, he guesses it is old Em, and Mousie packs up on him at once**

ALL this really begins the April day at the Jamaica race track when an assistant starter by the name of Plumbuff puts a twitch on Itchky Ironhat's fourteen-year-old race mare, Emaleen, who is known to one and all as Em for short.

A twitch is nothing but a rope loop that they wrap around a horse's upper lip and keep twisting with a stick to make the horse stand quiet at the starting gate and while I never have a twitch on my own lip and hope and trust that I never have same, I do not see anything wrong with putting twitches on horses' lips, especially the ones I am betting against as it generally keeps them so busy thinking of how it hurts that they sometimes forget about running.

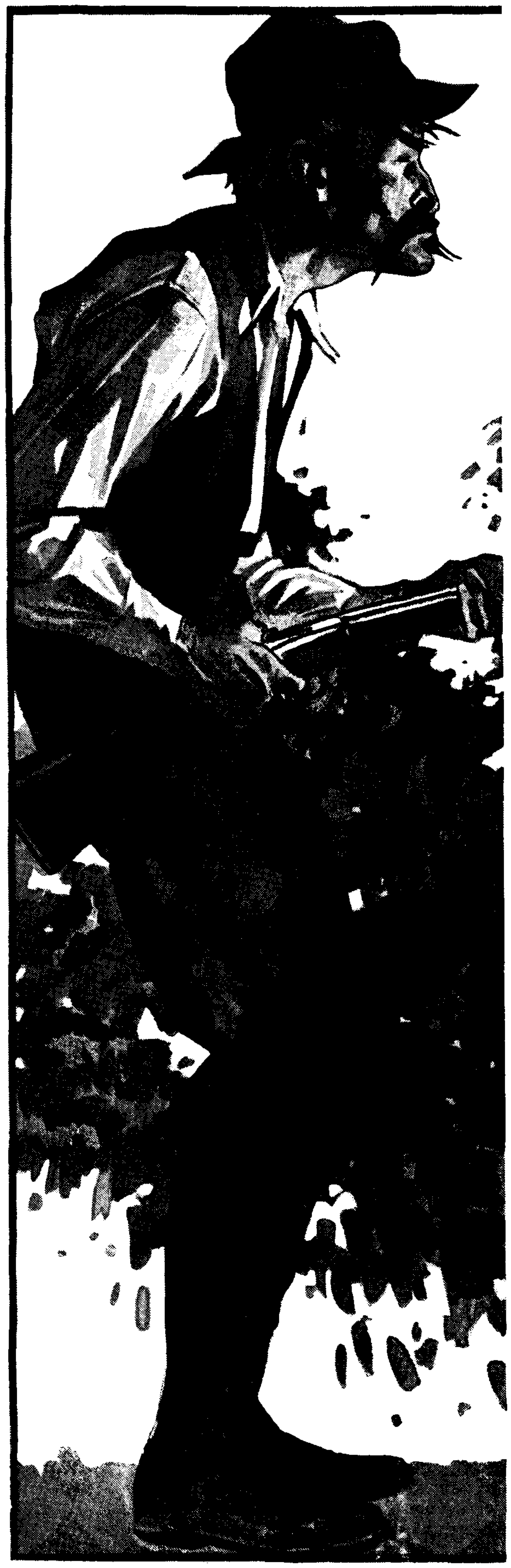
However, it seems that Itchky Ironhat not only considers a twitch very painful to horses, but he also considers it undignified for such a horse as old Em, because while everybody else regards Em as strictly a porcupine, Itchky thinks she is the best horse in the world and loves her so dearly he cannot bear to see her in pain or made to look undignified. To tell the truth, it is common gossip that Itchky loves old Em more than he loves anything else whatever, including his ever-loving wife, Mousie.

In fact, when Mousie tells him one day that the time comes for a showdown and that it is either her or old Em and Itchky says well, he guesses it is old Em, and Mousie packs up on him at once and returns to her trade as an artists' model and many citizens who remember Mousie's shape think Itchky makes a bad deal, although some claim that the real reason Itchky decides in favor of Em against Mousie is not so much love as it is that Em never wishes for any large thick sirloin steaks such as Mousie adores.

Anyway, it seems that Itchky always goes to the trouble of personally requesting the assistant starters not to place twitches on Em's lip, even though he knows very well that she is by no means a bargain at the post and that she greatly enjoys nibbling assistant starters' ears off and when Plumbuff ignores his request it vexes Itchky no little.

The night after the race he calls on Plumbuff at his home in Jackson Heights and chides him quite some and he also gives him such a going-over that Plumbuff is compelled to take to his bed slightly indisposed for several weeks.

When the racing officials learn of the incident they call Itchky before them and address him in very severe terms. They ask him if he thinks old Em is Mrs. Man o' War, or what, that he expects great courtesy for her from assistant starters and they say they have half a mind to rule Itchky off the turf for life and old Em along with him. But Itchky states that he only acts in self-defense and that he can produce twenty witnesses who will testify that Plumbuff pulls a blunt instrument on him first.



The chances are Itchky can produce these witnesses, at that, as all he will have to do is go down to Mindy's restaurant on Broadway and summon the first twenty horse players he sees. Horse players hate and despise assistant starters because they feel that the assistants are always giving the horses they bet on the worst of the starts and naturally these horse players will deem it a privilege and a pleasure to perjure themselves in a case of this nature, especially for Itchky Ironhat, who is a popular character.

His right name is something in twelve letters, but he is called Itchky Ironhat because he always wears a black derby hat and generally he has it pulled down on his head until the brim is resting on his ears and as Itchky is a short, roly-poly guy with a fat puss he really looks a great deal like a corked jug.

Finally the racing officials say they will not rule Itchky or old Em off this time but that he must remove Em from the New York tracks and run her elsewhere and this is wonderful news to the assistant starters, who are awaiting the decision with interest.

They feel that they are all sure to wind up daffy if they have to always be deciding on whether to cater to old Em at the post or take a going-over from Itchky Ironhat and in fact they say the only thing that keeps them from going daffy on account of old Em long before this is that she does not go to the post often.

She is entered in more races than any horse that ever lives, but just before a race comes up Itchky generally starts figuring that maybe the track will not suit her, or that the race is too long, or maybe too short, or that it is not the right time of day, or that old Em will not feel just like running that day, so he usually withdraws her at the last minute.

SOMETIMES the racing officials are a little tough with owners who wish to scratch horses from a race at the last minute, but they never argue a second with Itchky Ironhat. In fact, they often give three cheers when Em is taken out of a race, not only because she is so cross at the post but because she is so slow that she is always getting in the way of other horses and inconveniencing them more than somewhat.

It is the way Itchky thinks old Em feels that figures with him in taking her out of a race more than anything else, and to hear him talk you will think she comes right out and informs him how she feels every day. Indeed, Itchky converses with old Em as if she is a human being and he claims she can understand everything he says, though personally I do not believe any horse can understand a slightly Yiddish dialect such as Itchky employs.

She is a big bay mare with a sway-back and of course she is quite elderly for a horse, and especially a race horse, but Itchky says she does not look her years. She is as fat as a goose what with him feeding her candy, apples, cakes and ice cream, besides a little hay and grain, and she is wind-broken and a bleeder and has knobs on her knees the size of baseballs.

She has four bad ankles and in fact the only thing that is not the matter with her is tuberculosis and maybe anemia. It makes some horse owners shudder just to look at her, but in Itchky Ironhat's eyes old Em is more beautiful than Seabiscuit.

A guy by the name of Crowbar gives her to Itchky at the Woodbine track in Canada when she is just a two-year-old, rising three. This guy Crowbar buys her as a yearling out of a sale at Saratoga for fifty fish but becomes discouraged about her when he notices that she cannot keep up with a lead pony even when the pony is just walking.

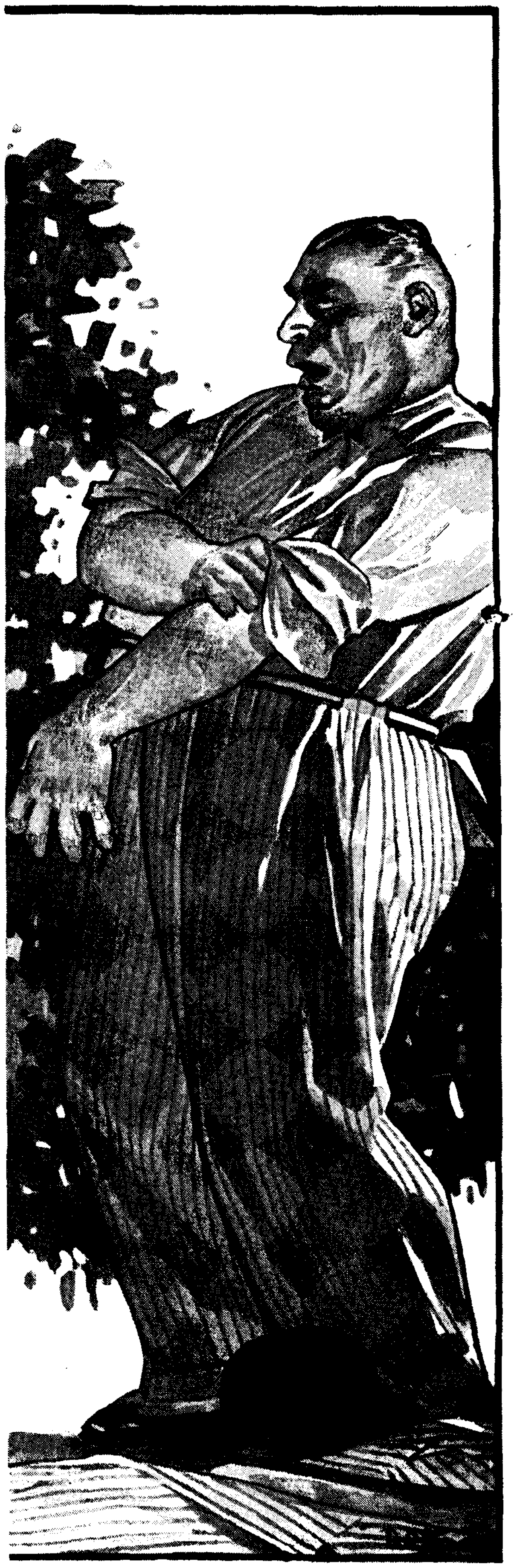
On top of this she bows a tendon, so Crowbar is taking her out to shoot her to save the expense of shipping her and he is pretty sore at having to waste a cartridge on her when he meets up with Itchky Ironhat and Itchky asks what is coming off. When Crowbar explains, Itchky takes a closer look at Em and she gazes at him with such a sorrowful expression that Itchky's heart is touched.

He asks Crowbar to give her to him, although at this time Itchky is just doing the best he can around the tracks and has about as much use for a race horse as he has for a hearse, and naturally Crowbar is pleased to make the saving of a cartridge. So this is how Itchky becomes the owner of old Em and from now on he practically lives with her even after he marries Mousie, which is what starts Mousie to complaining, as it seems she does not care to be excluded from her home life by a horse.

It is no use trying to tell Itchky that Em is nothing but an old buzzard, because he keeps thinking of her as a stake horse and saying she is bound to win a large stake someday and he spends every dime he can get hold of in entering her in big races and on shipping her and feeding her and on jockey fees.

And all this is very surprising to be sure, as Itchky Ironhat is by no means a sucker when it comes to other horses and he makes a pretty good living hustling around the tracks. What is more, the way he can bring old Em back to the races every time she breaks down, which is about every other time she starts in a race, shows that Itchky is either a natural-born horse trainer or a horse hypnotist.

When he is very desperate for a little moolah, he will place Em in a cheap *(Continued on page 30)*



**"I will first make this big ash can eat that cannon he is lugging," Itchky Ironhat says. "And then I will beat his skull in. Nobody can refer to Emaleen as dog meat and live"**

BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

As common to London back yards as the family wash, the steel bomb shelter offers protection against blast but not against direct hits

# Bombs Don't Scare Us Now

## By Winston Churchill

**England will never be beaten by merciless bombing of noncombatants. Quite the contrary, says Mr. Churchill; indiscriminate mass murder might well defeat those who attempt it**

IF WAR comes, will an attempt be made to terrorize the British nation into submission by mass slaughter of noncombatants?

It is always dangerous to make predictions about matters that may be put to the test before the words are printed. If things turn out differently, one is held up to ridicule and indignation for having expressed a wrong opinion.

I remember having declared before the World War that Zeppelins would be no danger, and that they would be destroyed by airplanes, which I described as hornets. When several Zeppelins came over London and were not destroyed by the hornets, people made very rude remarks at my expense.

However, in a short time, the hornets did begin to destroy the Zeppelins, whose crews became terrified by the airplane counterattack, and practically all the money and effort put by Germany into Zeppelins was completely wasted from a military point of view. But by the time my judgment was proved right, many other things occupied the public mind.

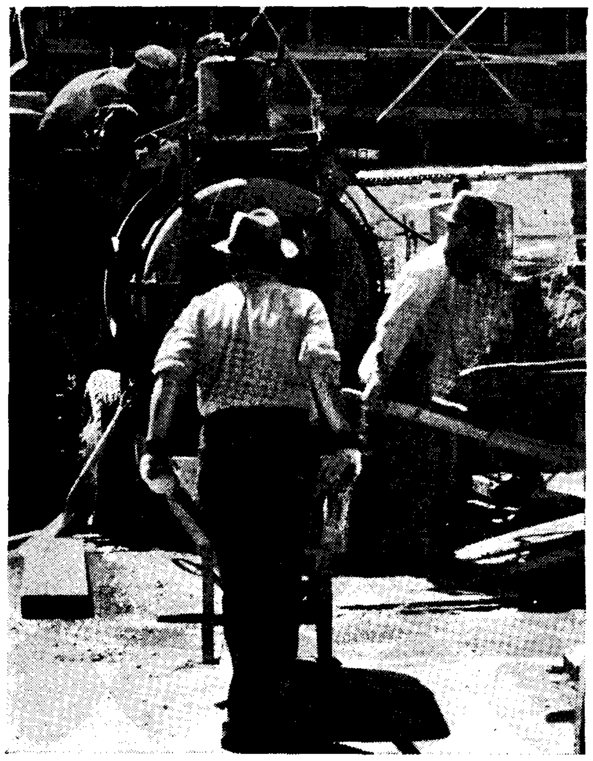
The only way we can approximate an answer to the question of the danger of civilian bombing is to put ourselves in the position of a potential enemy and consider from his point of view whether such tactics would pay. I cannot think that they would pay. The killing of noncombatants, including women and children, on a large scale, would infuriate the nation, and the war would become what is called an inexpiable war.

The attitude of the United States is also a tremendous factor for Nazidom to consider. Obviously such an atrocity, unworthy even of the Dark Ages, would make every nation feel that mankind had reached a point beyond all ordinary questions of politics and war. The danger and cost of carrying cargoes of bombs hundreds of miles across the sea in the teeth of heavy counterattack, both on the incoming and outgoing journey, would far exceed the military value of the poor noncombatant people who would be destroyed or maimed.

Moreover, although a big "bag" might result from the first attempt, later visits would be equally dangerous and costly and not nearly so productive. It is astonishing how quickly people learn to disperse and to take cover. In all but the most densely built-up urban areas the proportion of blank spaces exceeds many times that of the buildings.

There is no reason to suppose that the British people would be more subject to demoralization or panic than the people of Spain or China. In both those cases—the only ones we have before us—the reaction was for more vehement resistance. Moreover, on the assumption that

*(Continued on page 56)*



# Why Rent is High

### By John T. Flynn

EACH of us who wants a decent home for himself and his family is finding the going tough these days. And it's getting tougher instead of easier.

Each time a householder pays the rent, he is paying a great deal more than he should pay and in many cases more than he, sucker, can afford. Each time he makes a payment on that dream cottage he bought, poor sucker, he is paying more than is right or reasonable.

And the reason is that the building industry, which is supposed to produce homes, is in a jam. Too many people and trades and contractors and materials dealers are levying tribute on the sick business of building. Sometimes the tribute is levied in defiance of law. Sometimes it is technically within the law, but just as vicious in its effect as if it were criminal.

We are short 2,000,000 dwelling units now. We will be worse off at the end of this year, because more houses probably will go into the discard than will be built. In the meantime, the population is increasing. Hundreds of thousands of new families are being formed. Available dwellings are feeling the pressure. Rents are rising.

With everybody wanting better and cheaper places to live, the building industry is too sick to do much about it.

Millions of building-trades workers are idle or on relief. Every phase of the industry, from the forest and the mines through to the interior decorator's salon, is in the doldrums.

Not only home building is affected.

All building operations are stagnant, from roofing on woodsheds to rearing of skyscrapers.

The reason is that building costs are too high—not only too high but prohibitive.

Those prices must come down.

Either the building industry is going to fix itself, or the government is going to step in and fix it. The latter alternative will mean investigations, scandals, prosecutions, ill feelings, mistrust and delay.

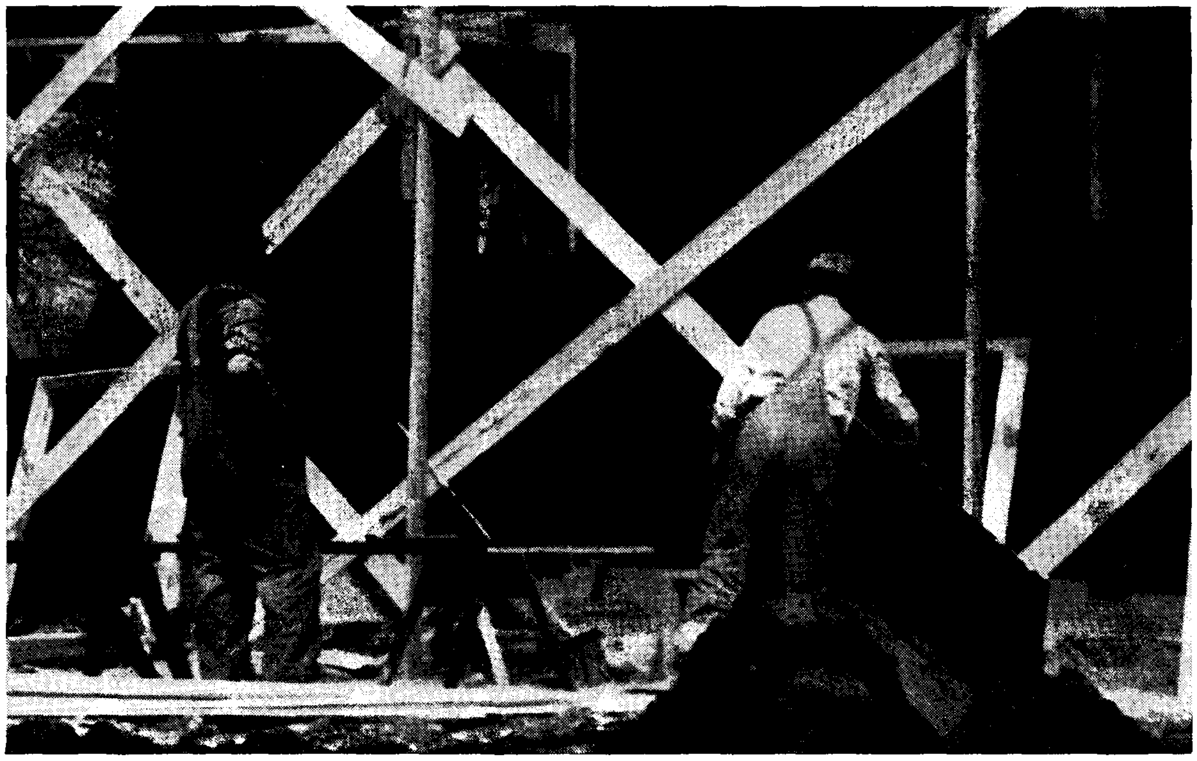
The building industry in the United States is the biggest of all golden-egg-laying geese. And the chief reason it will not lay any eggs now is that the keepers of the goose just won't let her lay. The trouble lies with the employers, the employees, the subcontractors and their laborers and the men who supply the materials from which buildings are made. It is a matter of such profound seriousness to the American people and it has been going on so long that it is just about time someone spoke out frankly about it.

First of all, let's see what has been done to the building industry by its "friends."

For every dollar's worth of building we were doing back in 1928 we were doing in 1933 just two cents' worth.

After the collapse of 1933 and the new policy of government spending and the rise in general activity, building, of course, improved. For every dollar's worth of business being done in 1928, we were doing 48 cents' worth in 1938. We have never climbed back quite to half.

We got around to making more shoes and more automobiles and more cigarettes and more of a lot of



things than we made in 1928. But we did less than half as much building.

That, however, hardly tells the story. I have said our building amounted to only 48 cents last year for every dollar's worth we did in 1928. But if we look at that 48 cents we find that government building accounted for 26 cents of it. Only 22 cents came from private industry. And half of this 22 cents of building financed by private industry was guaranteed by the government's Federal Housing Administration.

The casual wayfarer here and there may express surprise at this, because he sees what seems to him a good many houses being built. But the activity in housing construction is found in only a few very active spots. For instance, the "hot spot" of house building now is New York City, or rather the metropolitan area. And here it is focused in one part—Long Island. The best estimate I can get is that one fourth of all the housing construction going on in the entire United States today is to be found in this one section of the New York metropolitan area. Next to this is Detroit, where, with Federal Housing Administration guaranteed loans, there has flamed up an incipient house-building boom. A similar activity, though far less vigorous, is to be found in the suburbs of Chicago. Thus nearly half the house building in the United States is now focused in about three spots, and all of this is construction by the "operative" builder, the successor to the speculative builder.

This is worth sitting down and talking about. The government goes into a spasm of excitement because the United States trade with Brazil shows a falling-off. But here is an area of business where the stake in dollars exceeds all the trade of America with all the countries of the world several times over. And it is more nearly connected with our economic troubles than any other one cause. Now let's see how its "friends" have shaken it down.

Take the experience of Frank Brayton, down in Miami, Florida. Mr. Brayton was the president of a small enterprise known as the Reliable Supply Company. The Reliable was one of those little business concerns we hear so much about. It sold building materials to contractors in Miami. And it did a business of about $150,000 a year.

Then one day a gentleman called on Mr. Brayton and told him he should join the Institute.

The Institute, it seems, was a kind of state-within-a-state. It was a sort of sovereign entity organized to govern the building-materials business of Florida. The citizens of this state were the building-materials dealers of the state. The capital of this state was in Orlando, Florida. It was divided into 15 provinces. And each province was divided into five districts. It assumed to make the laws for the building-materials dealers. It fixed prices, regulated the trade and assigned territory to dealers. Also it collected taxes. The gentleman—ambassador of the Institute—told Mr. Brayton he would have to pay $1,000 to join and then he would have to pay taxes of almost half a cent on every dollar's worth of gross business he did. As he did $150,000 of business, this would mean $750 a year. In return for these taxes, the Reliable Supply Company would be a "recognized" dealer, with all the advantages appertaining thereto.

Mr. Brayton turned down *(Continued on page 49)*

# Now Then, Gentlemen:

**THE building industry is ripe for dictatorship—either of itself or by the government. Every one of us pays tribute, in cash, to waste, collusion and disorganization.**

**There never will be national recovery until the building industry recovers from its sickness. If the cure makes major surgery necessary, through an industrial dictatorship like that which Will Hays holds over the movie industry—let it come.**

**If the industry can be cured short of that extreme, all the better.**

**If the men listed below would get together they might force sense and prosperity in the building business. Some of them are directly involved in building, others like Messrs. Young, Wood and Stettinius are industrial giants whose interest, while indirect, is just as lively. Now then, gentlemen—**

**W. J. DONALD**
Managing Director, National Electrical
Manufacturers Assn., New York City

**CHARLES D. MAGINNIS**
President, American Institute of Architects
Washington

**MORTON BODFISH**
Executive vice-president, U. S.
Building & Loan League, Chicago

**H. MERWIN PORTER**
President, National Assn. of Master Plumbers
Washington

**JAMES G. McNARY**
President, National Lumber Manufacturers Assn.
Washington

**S. W. STOREY**
President, Cement Institute
Washington

**T. M. GIRDLER**
President, American Iron and Steel Institute
New York City

**EDWARD W. PALMER**
President, Associated General Contractors of America
Washington

**GEORGE H. DAVIS**
President, U. S. Chamber of Commerce
Washington

**OWEN D. YOUNG**
General Electric Corp.

**GEN. ROBERT E. WOOD**
Sears, Roebuck & Co.

**E. R. STETTINIUS**
U. S. Steel Corp.

**WILLIAM GREEN**
American Federation of Labor

**JOSEPH McINERNY**
Head of Building Trades Dept. of A. F. of L.

# Red Gardenias

## By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

RICHARD MARCH, nephew of the wealthy Simeon March, is found dead at the wheel of his car. His death is attributed to a defective heater. Eight months later, John March, Simeon's son, is killed in his garage—supposedly by carbon monoxide.

Unwilling to accept the coroners' verdicts, Simeon sends for two private detectives; he suggests that they go to Richard March's house in Marchton. The detectives—William Crane and Ann Fortune, who have decided to pose as husband and wife—arrive. No one is there to welcome them. So after waiting for some time, they retire in upstairs bedrooms.

Hearing noises downstairs, Ann awakens Crane, who seizes his pistol and looks for a burglar. He does not find a burglar—he finds Peter March, Simeon's son, who is—so he says—"cleaning up" his dead cousin's correspondence! Crane introduces him to Ann. Then, while they are chatting, a man—thin, wearing a blue overcoat, and with a handkerchief over the lower part of his face—steps into the room. The intruder has an automatic. He covers the trio, seizes a number of documents and stuffs them into his pocket. Then, after taking three letters from March, he slips out.

A few moments later, Simeon March and Carmel March, John's beautiful widow, arrive. Crane knows little of what is expected of him. So Simeon tells him, in the course of a conversation—which they have alone. Simeon describes the deaths of the two victims; he says that he has reason to believe that they were murdered.

Questioning him, Crane learns that Richard had been a wastrel, and that Carmel and John, husband and wife for six years, had not been happy. But although he intimates that he could, if he would, name a suspect, Simeon refuses to do so.

When Carmel finally leaves the house, she goes with Peter. She announces that they are "going to get drunk." As they drive away, Simeon says: "There's your murderer!" He holds Crane's eyes hard. "Tie a rope around her neck, detective."

The following morning, Ann and Crane piece together some scraps of paper that Peter had thrown away. They assemble two notes—both signed "Delia," and both making it appear obvious that Richard and some woman had been having an affair.

Ann agrees with Crane that Richard and John may have been murdered—by Carmel or Peter (either of whom would inherit twenty million dollars if the other Marches were to die). They talk it over. Then: "My suspect," Crane says, "is . . . *Carmel.*"

### II

SHE'S your suspect," Ann said, "I give both Carmel and Peter to you."

"All right," Crane said. "But what's left for you?"

"Oh, I'll dig up something."

"Don't get a secondhand suspect," Crane warned her. "They're not reliable."

"If I want, I can have the bandit."

"You can if he isn't a friend of Peter."

"How could he be a friend of Peter? He hit him in the face, didn't he?"

"I know," Crane said. "But do you think Peter would have gone after him unless he was sure the man wouldn't shoot?" He put out his cigarette. "You didn't see me going after the man, did you?"

"No, I didn't."

"You don't have to be nasty about it."

"I wasn't. I just said, 'No, I didn't!' "

"I wouldn't be surprised," Crane said, "if the man came to help Peter, to act as a lookout."

"No," Ann said. "The bandit called him March. Don't you remember?"

"Sure, but . . ."

"He wouldn't have called him by name if he was an accomplice. His idea would have been to pretend he didn't know him."

"Maybe blondes have brains at that."

Ann said, "You can see who'll drink the champagne."

"I will," Crane said stoutly.

The doorbell rang and Beulah brought in Peter March.

"Beulah," he asked, "you fix the Cranes a good breakfast?"

"Yes, Mister Peter," Beulah giggled.

"Beulah used to work for Richard. She knows the house," Peter explained. "That's why Dad had her come."

"We found her this morning on our doorstep," Crane said. "We thought she was a waif."

"How's your wound?" Ann inquired.

"It's fine," Peter said.

"You were pretty brave."

"I wasn't really." Peter March looked down at her. "I just got mad at the thought of losing those letters."

To Crane's critical eye he didn't look as though he'd gone on much of a bender with Carmel. His face was clean-shaven and there was a touch of color in his cheeks. His straight black brows, in daylight, didn't seem so heavy. A smile made his face pleasant.

"Have you heard from the guy?" Crane asked.

March looked at him sharply. "Why should I have?"

Crane's face was innocent. "Didn't you say something about blackmail last night?"

"That was just excitement." Peter March's face relaxed. "I don't think there was anything really dangerous in those letters."

Crane wanted to ask him, then, why the bandit was so eager to get them, but he decided he'd better not appear too interested.

"I hope the guy doesn't come back," he said.

Peter March smiled at Ann. "You're not afraid, are you?" He was really quite good-looking when he smiled.

"Certainly I am," Ann said.

He stared at her admiringly. "You didn't look scared last night."

CRANE thought, what the hell! Was this competition? The rich man's son and the poor employee's wife. Of course, Ann wasn't really his wife, but he suddenly decided he did not like Peter.

"I was scared, though," Ann said.

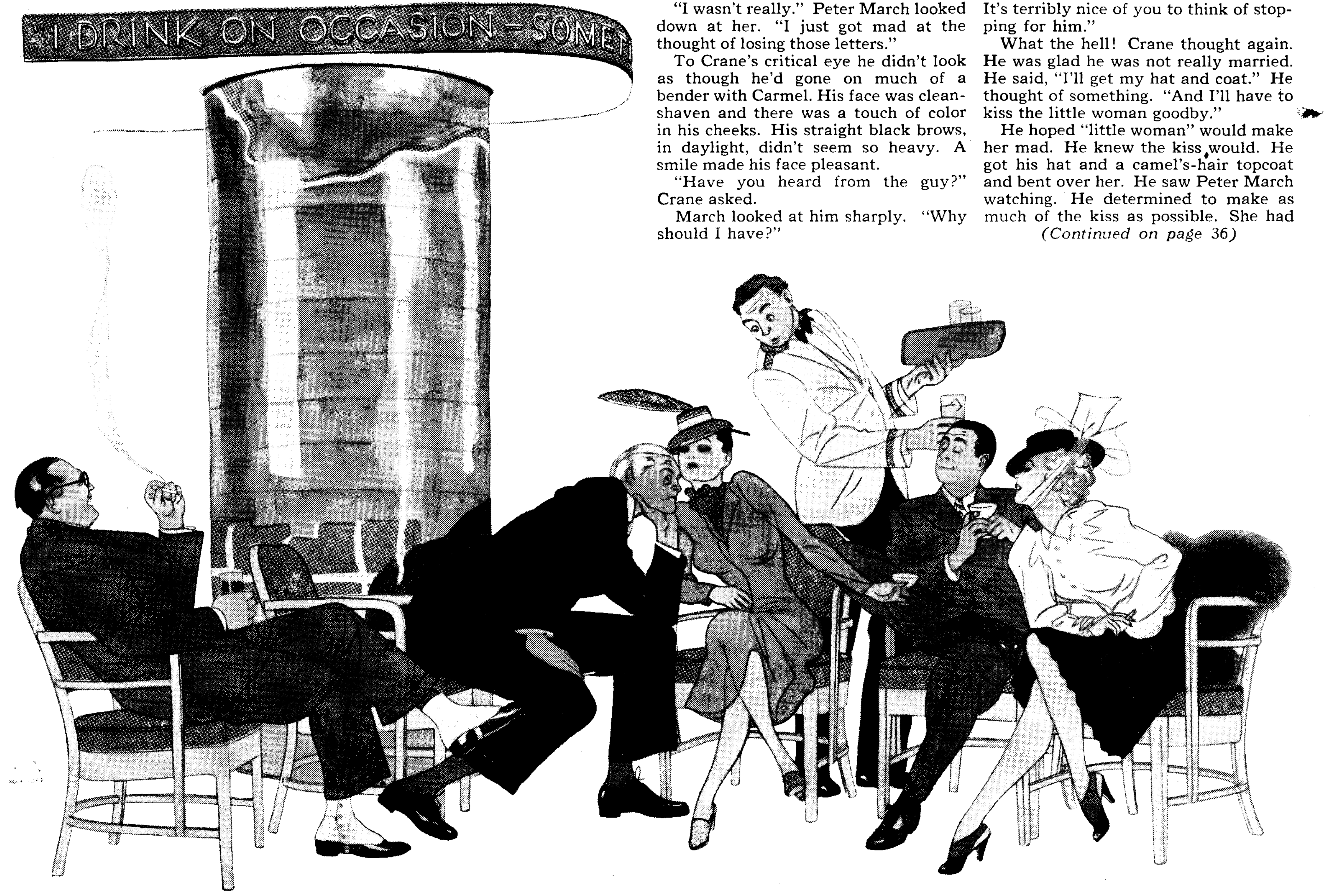
Peter said, "I won't believe it." He was looking into her green eyes. "But I'm sure there won't be any more armed men." He turned to Crane. "Like a ride to the office?"

Ann's voice was silky. "Bill'd love it. It's terribly nice of you to think of stopping for him."

What the hell! Crane thought again. He was glad he was not really married. He said, "I'll get my hat and coat." He thought of something. "And I'll have to kiss the little woman goodby."

He hoped "little woman" would make her mad. He knew the kiss would. He got his hat and a camel's-hair topcoat and bent over her. He saw Peter March watching. He determined to make as much of the kiss as possible. She had

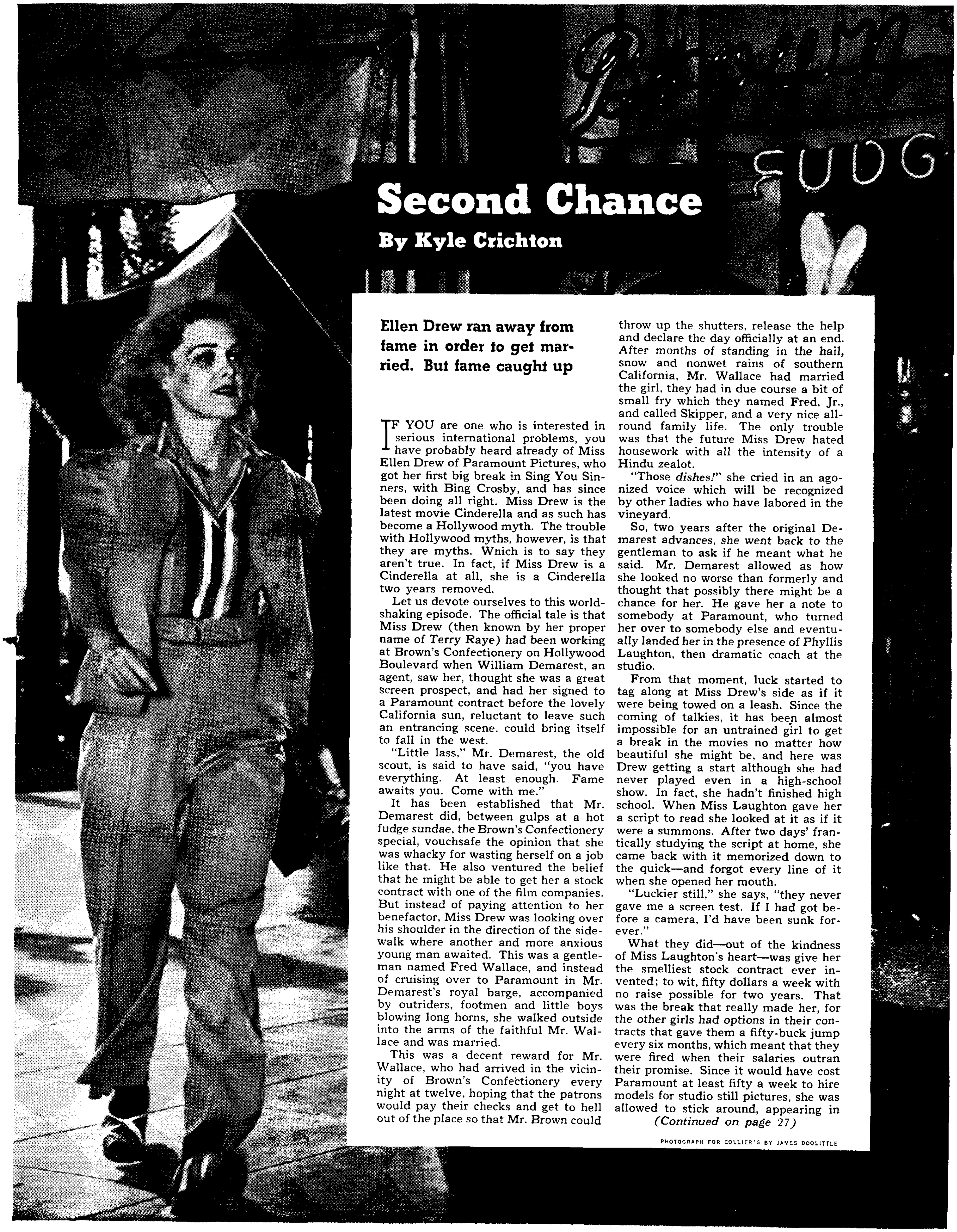
(*Continued on page 36*)



She leaned toward Crane. "What do you smell?" she asked. "I smell Nassau in May," he answered gallantly

# Second Chance

### By Kyle Crichton



**Ellen Drew ran away from fame in order to get married. But fame caught up**

IF YOU are one who is interested in serious international problems, you have probably heard already of Miss Ellen Drew of Paramount Pictures, who got her first big break in Sing You Sinners, with Bing Crosby, and has since been doing all right. Miss Drew is the latest movie Cinderella and as such has become a Hollywood myth. The trouble with Hollywood myths, however, is that they are myths. Which is to say they aren't true. In fact, if Miss Drew is a Cinderella at all, she is a Cinderella two years removed.

Let us devote ourselves to this world-shaking episode. The official tale is that Miss Drew (then known by her proper name of Terry Raye) had been working at Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard when William Demarest, an agent, saw her, thought she was a great screen prospect, and had her signed to a Paramount contract before the lovely California sun, reluctant to leave such an entrancing scene, could bring itself to fall in the west.

"Little lass," Mr. Demarest, the old scout, is said to have said, "you have everything. At least enough. Fame awaits you. Come with me."

It has been established that Mr. Demarest did, between gulps at a hot fudge sundae, the Brown's Confectionery special, vouchsafe the opinion that she was whacky for wasting herself on a job like that. He also ventured the belief that he might be able to get her a stock contract with one of the film companies. But instead of paying attention to her benefactor, Miss Drew was looking over his shoulder in the direction of the sidewalk where another and more anxious young man awaited. This was a gentleman named Fred Wallace, and instead of cruising over to Paramount in Mr. Demarest's royal barge, accompanied by outriders, footmen and little boys blowing long horns, she walked outside into the arms of the faithful Mr. Wallace and was married.

This was a decent reward for Mr. Wallace, who had arrived in the vicinity of Brown's Confectionery every night at twelve, hoping that the patrons would pay their checks and get to hell out of the place so that Mr. Brown could throw up the shutters, release the help and declare the day officially at an end. After months of standing in the hail, snow and nonwet rains of southern California, Mr. Wallace had married the girl, they had in due course a bit of small fry which they named Fred, Jr., and called Skipper, and a very nice all-round family life. The only trouble was that the future Miss Drew hated housework with all the intensity of a Hindu zealot.

"Those *dishes!*" she cried in an agonized voice which will be recognized by other ladies who have labored in the vineyard.

So, two years after the original Demarest advances, she went back to the gentleman to ask if he meant what he said. Mr. Demarest allowed as how she looked no worse than formerly and thought that possibly there might be a chance for her. He gave her a note to somebody at Paramount, who turned her over to somebody else and eventually landed her in the presence of Phyllis Laughton, then dramatic coach at the studio.

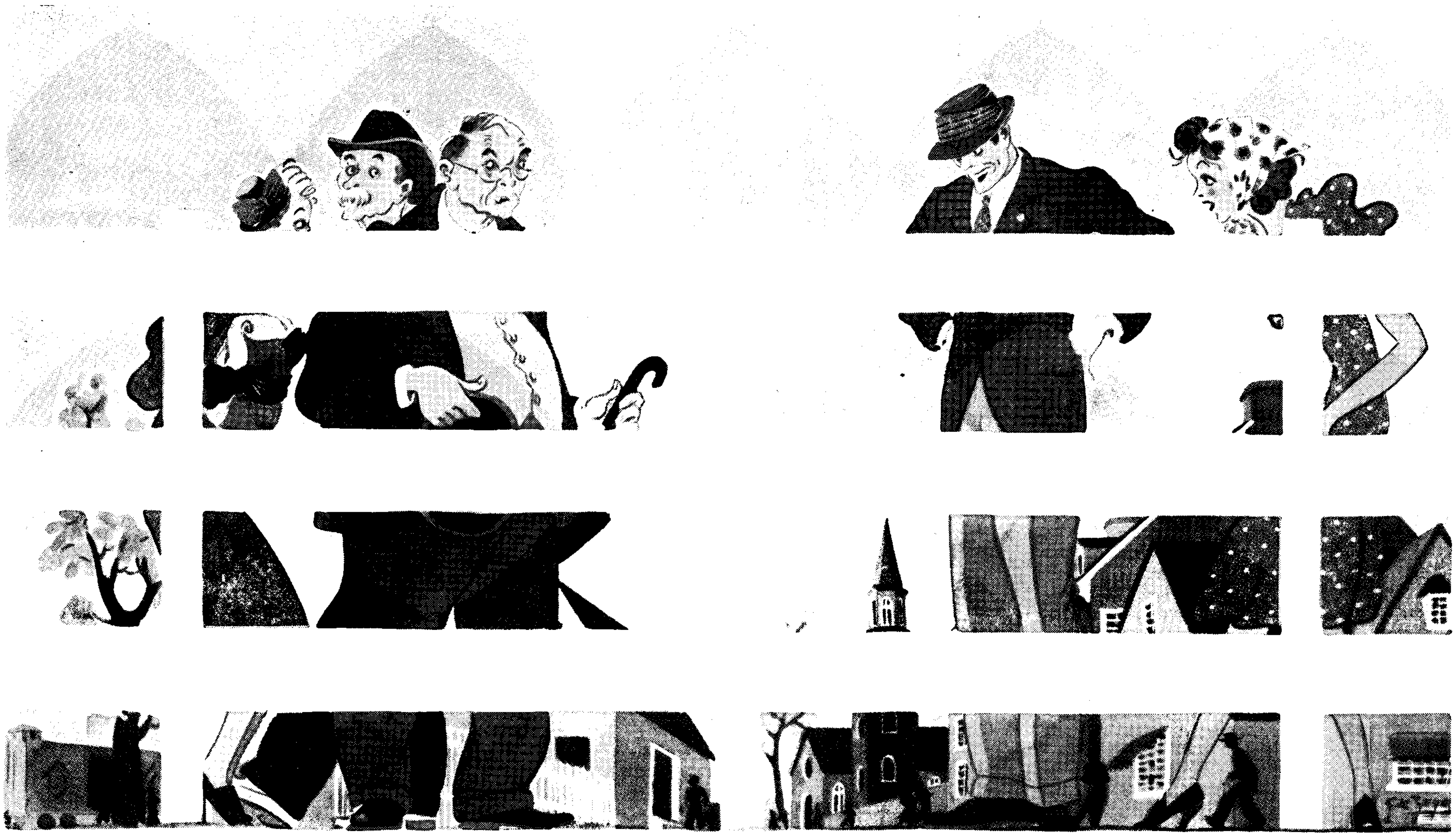
From that moment, luck started to tag along at Miss Drew's side as if it were being towed on a leash. Since the coming of talkies, it has been almost impossible for an untrained girl to get a break in the movies no matter how beautiful she might be, and here was Drew getting a start although she had never played even in a high-school show. In fact, she hadn't finished high school. When Miss Laughton gave her a script to read she looked at it as if it were a summons. After two days' frantically studying the script at home, she came back with it memorized down to the quick—and forgot every line of it when she opened her mouth.

"Luckier still," she says, "they never gave me a screen test. If I had got before a camera, I'd have been sunk forever."

What they did—out of the kindness of Miss Laughton's heart—was give her the smelliest stock contract ever invented; to wit, fifty dollars a week with no raise possible for two years. That was the break that really made her, for the other girls had options in their contracts that gave them a fifty-buck jump every six months, which meant that they were fired when their salaries outran their promise. Since it would have cost Paramount at least fifty a week to hire models for studio still pictures, she was allowed to stick around, appearing in

(*Continued on page* 27)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE



"This fence," I explained, "was built to stop you in particular from trespassing. It's here and it's going to stay here"

# Triumph of the Law

### By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**The legal trend of J. Elmira Boghey's agile mind leads him to a moral victory—at a bargain price**

BEING a lawyer looking for a practice, I fell in love with Graceport at first sight. It was small but prospering, and it was lawless.

I walked on Grace Street, the main stem.

"What is that historic-looking old building that looks like a jail," I asked a passer-by, "and has a sign 'To Let' on it?"

"That," he said, "is the village lockup. There ain't been a prisoner in it for years, and our mayor and trustees are trying to rent it and make a little."

"And what," I asked, looking across Grace Street, "is that deserted structure that looks like a courthouse? By George, I'd say it was a courthouse if it had a few sheriffs and bailiffs on the steps."

"It is the village court," he said. "The village board is looking up the law on that one too, to see can they sell it, as we don't have hardly any court work in Graceport."

"What's wrong?" I asked. "No lawyers?"

"Oh, yes, we got a lawyer. Miss Molly Grace down to the Lodge Building is a lawyer. Only one in town."

One lawyer. Well, that's as good as none: one lawyer can't make a living by himself, any more than one bee. It takes two to make a lawsuit. You put one lawyer by himself in New York and he'd be on relief, but twenty-five thousand lawyers do nicely.

I had done nicely in New York until the bar association handed up my name with some disparaging comments to the appellate division. I had done nothing wrong with malice prepense; I had put some trust funds into the stock market, fully intending to make them good, but the market took a dive. I thought it discreet, wise and advisable to step out of the picture till I'd garnered enough somewhere else to make my default good *nunc pro tunc*. I opened my legal directory and looked for a town that might need a good lawyer.

I'd inspected several, and I liked Graceport.

"YOU are mistaken in fact, my friend," I said. "Graceport has not one lawyer, but two. The one you will hear about from now on is Counselor J. Elmira Boghey, late of New York."

I went up the block to pay my respects to the better half of the Graceport bar.

I met a delightful young lady. Miss Grace had eyes of midnight blue, black brows, a complexion of snow and roses, and a figure that—well, it went this way and that way and was decidedly *comme ci comme ça,* if that means hi-lee hi-lo. She was nice.

"Good morning, Counselor," I said, and introduced myself and sat down to observe.

She was not making her coffee and cakes; she had no business. Her second-floor rear in the Lodge Building didn't look like business. It had that cozy, homey look that a lawyer's office has when he might as well stay home for all the good he's doing. Pictures of four assorted brats—nephews and nieces, I gathered—were all over the shop; there were easy chairs with doilies. Everything, I thought, but a bridge table and a tea wagon! And then I looked again, and there they were both.

And her blue eyes were painfully honest. I said "painfully." If there's one thing gives a client a pain it is to have an honest lawyer. If he wanted to give the other side a square shake he wouldn't be in a lawyer's office in the first place, or very often.

She was two-fingering a typewriter that needed a ribbon, knocking out a deed that she might get a five-dollar note for. And even while I was sitting there I saw her turn some charming business away.

A lady came in who, in my humble opinion, would peel off a couple of bills if well counseled. She was fifty or worse and was wearing an old family heirloom in the nature of a brooch of amethysts and rose-cut diamonds, worth perhaps a hundred or a hundred and a quarter nowadays, when they don't mix amethysts and diamonds any more, but indicating money in the family from away back. She wanted a divorce. And instead of agreeing with her that all men are cavaliers except for one low scut—Mr. Husband—Counselor Grace gentled her.

"I'LL have Lowell in here, Mrs. Hoburn," said Counselor Grace, "and I'll give him a good talking-to! I'll tell him the next time you make him a lovely dinner of leftovers and he throws it at you— Pardon, dear? Yes, you said he used language. But that's the least part of it, dear. Men are such infants: they use language when they're afraid. And, you know, Lowell is under a great strain. This is the fourth time you've been in here about Lowell, isn't it?"

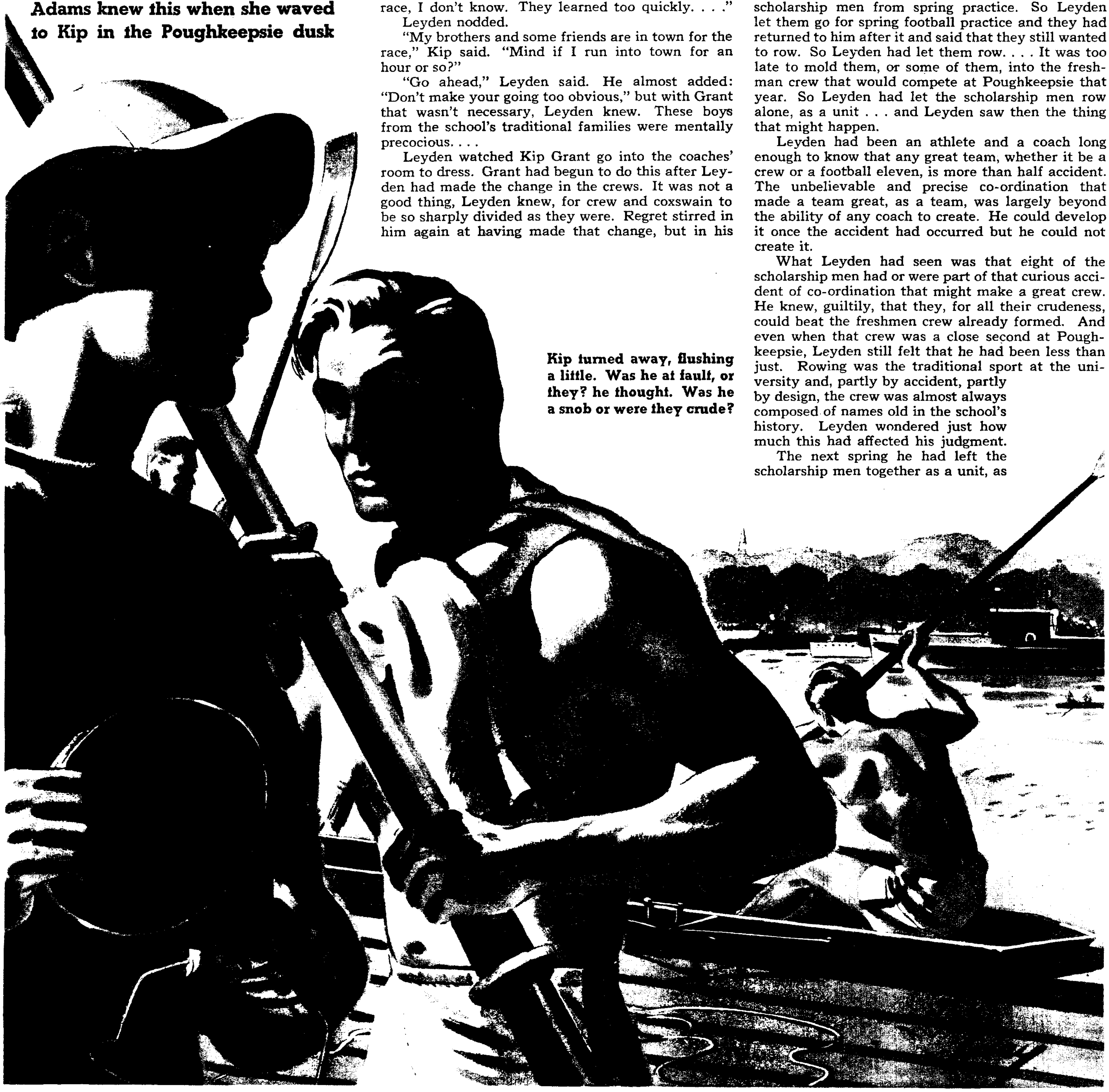
*(Continued on page 62)*

# Eight-Oared Crew

### By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

**A great man, a great team, a great crew is not always first. Mary Adams knew this when she waved to Kip in the Poughkeepsie dusk**



**Kip turned away, flushing a little. Was he at fault, or they? he thought. Was he a snob or were they crude?**

DUSK lay on the river, making all things its own color. Lights had begun to appear in the other boathouses but where Al Leyden—at 38, the "Old Man"—stood on the landing, there was only the growing shadow, quick-deepening now that the sun had gone out of sight behind the west bank of the Hudson. The shell, moving leisurely toward the landing, was only a darker shadow when it docked. Leyden stood apart from the crew, the mood of the evening heavy in him.

The crew swung the shell out of the water at Kip Grant's command and marched it past Leyden. In the blue light they looked like some giant insect, the shell held over their heads. Kip Grant walked by them, silent now and no longer harrying the crew. Too silent, Leyden thought, but he felt no better for knowing the reason for that silence toward the crew of sophomores.

He touched Kip on the arm and the coxswain turned to him. "How was it?" Leyden said.

In the dusk he could barely see the slight shrug of the other's shoulders. "I don't know. Their form is still good—when they don't have to turn on the heat." He paused and said, again: "What they'll do in the race, I don't know. They learned too quickly. . . ."

Leyden nodded.

"My brothers and some friends are in town for the race," Kip said. "Mind if I run into town for an hour or so?"

"Go ahead," Leyden said. He almost added: "Don't make your going too obvious," but with Grant that wasn't necessary, Leyden knew. These boys from the school's traditional families were mentally precocious. . . .

Leyden watched Kip Grant go into the coaches' room to dress. Grant had begun to do this after Leyden had made the change in the crews. It was not a good thing, Leyden knew, for crew and coxswain to be so sharply divided as they were. Regret stirred in him again at having made that change, but in his mind he knew that he had done the right thing. He came from poor people himself. Even if the university was or had been a "rich man's school," Leyden felt that he himself must be just. His sense of justice lay on him now like a weight. He went wearily up the wooden stairs to his own room.

TWO years ago the university had gone out and got some scholarship men to bolster up the football team, which had been bad for three years in a row. They were good boys, the new scholarship men, intelligent enough to get by the stiff entrance exams, but hailing from mine and mill and with names new to the school: Kowalik, Leary and Pivarnik; Granski, Lisbon and Guttman; the Slavs already replacing the Irish among the athletes.

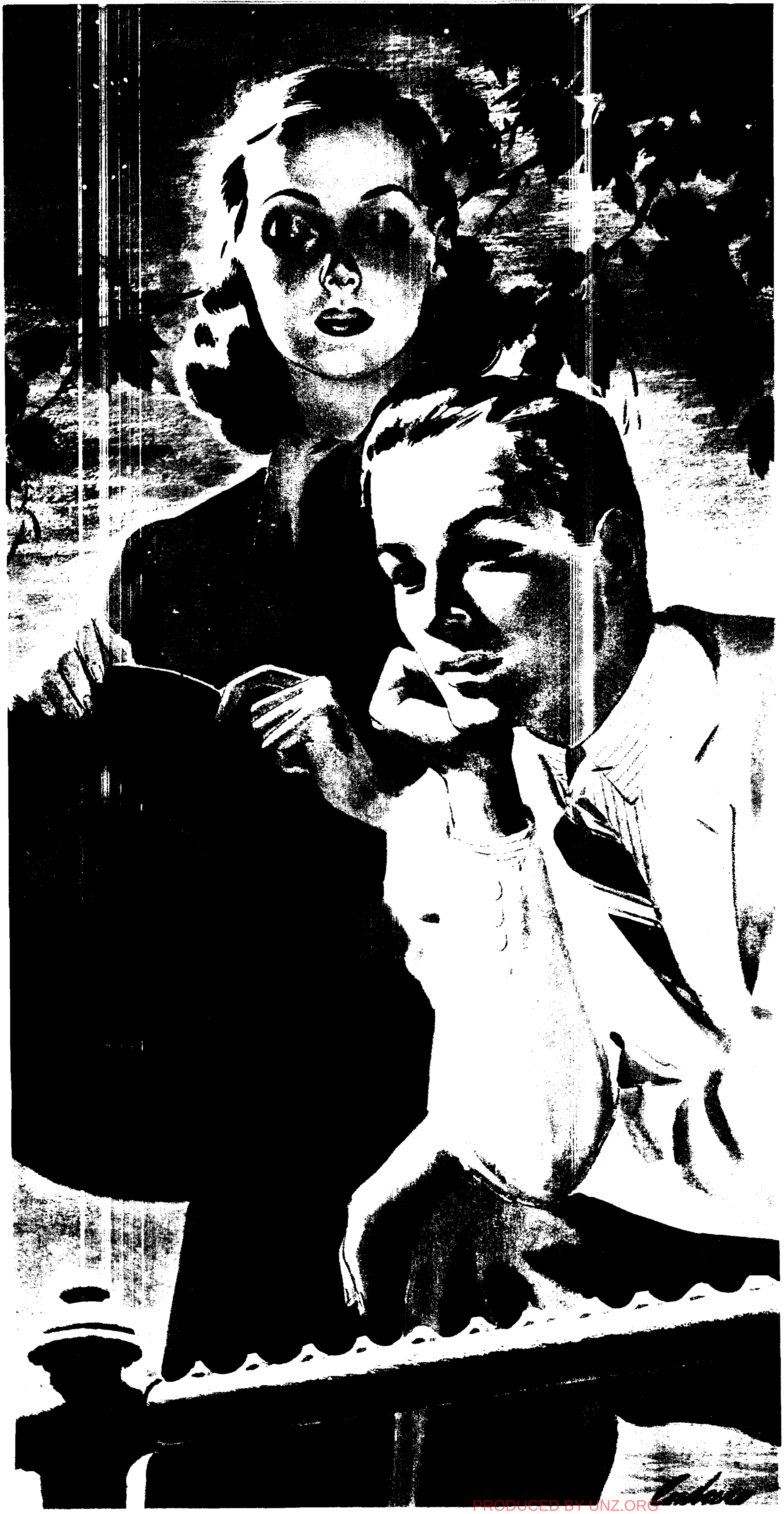
None of them had ever seen a shell; some of them had never seen a river before coming to the school. They came out for crew in the winter of their freshman year and Leyden had watched them that first day in the barge, with the ice still on the river; watched them with pride and with foreboding.

Leyden had two freshman crews that year and the football coaches complained that he was keeping the scholarship men from spring practice. So Leyden let them go for spring football practice and they had returned to him after it and said that they still wanted to row. So Leyden had let them row. . . . It was too late to mold them, or some of them, into the freshman crew that would compete at Poughkeepsie that year. So Leyden had let the scholarship men row alone, as a unit . . . and Leyden saw then the thing that might happen.

Leyden had been an athlete and a coach long enough to know that any great team, whether it be a crew or a football eleven, is more than half accident. The unbelievable and precise co-ordination that made a team great, as a team, was largely beyond the ability of any coach to create. He could develop it once the accident had occurred but he could not create it.

What Leyden had seen was that eight of the scholarship men had or were part of that curious accident of co-ordination that might make a great crew. He knew, guiltily, that they, for all their crudeness, could beat the freshmen crew already formed. And even when that crew was a close second at Poughkeepsie, Leyden still felt that he had been less than just. Rowing was the traditional sport at the university and, partly by accident, partly by design, the crew was almost always composed of names old in the school's history. Leyden wondered just how much this had affected his judgment.

The next spring he had left the scholarship men together as a unit, as



the junior varsity, and he had gone about the always difficult business of making a new crew of some of last year's varsity and some of the freshmen. It was not better than an average crew although it had a great coxswain, the senior, Kip Grant. It was a traditional crew in that it had the old names, Carteret, Grant, Morgan, Fairlee. It won one sprint race, was second in two others and last in a longer race.

THAT spring it took Leyden a long time to do the thing he felt compelled to do. In May, for the first time, he had the varsity and junior varsity meet in a brush along the river. The junior varsity, the scholarship men, won by a little. They won by a bow a week later, despite having lost their form in the middle of the race. Then, they won by two lengths in a three-mile race with the varsity.

Leyden did then the thing he had to do. He called the varsity together. "The junior varsity," he told them, "has beaten you, decisively. If you want to row at Poughkeepsie as the varsity, go ahead. . . . Knowing you as I do, I don't think you'll want to go to Poughkeepsie that way. The better way is to race the junior varsity the Poughkeepsie distance, four miles . . . and if they beat you, let them go—as the varsity. Tell me tomorrow how you want to go to Poughkeepsie."

So their captain, Jim Fairlee, had come and told Leyden quite gravely that they would go to Poughkeepsie only if they could beat the junior varsity. And they had raced and the junior varsity, stroked by Kowalik, had won by three lengths.

They needed a coxswain and Leyden had asked Kip Grant to go into their boat. And Kip had consented to but he hadn't liked it or them. And so Leyden's varsity was the eight scholarship men and Kip Grant, third generation of his family to sit in one of the university shells.

His dislike for the men he handled the tiller grips for was not unreasonable. They had displaced his friends, had broken a long tradition of which he was a part. Alumni had protested privately and Kip's brothers had even urged him not to sit in the varsity shell. They had done so half humorously, but Kip knew how they felt. He knew, too, how Leyden felt and the weight of the justice that lay heavy on Leyden. . . .

HIS brothers were waiting for him now in the private dining room they always had the evening before the race. When he opened the door of the room they were yelling at him:

"The kid himself!"

"Say, Kip, is it really true you had to learn to speak Polish?"

In a way he didn't hear them. For he had seen her face. Among the other women there, among the tall Old Blues, it stood out quietly, as Kip expected that it always might. He greeted the others and sat beside her—Mary Adams, his friend since childhood, now the girl he was going to marry. She took his hand under the table and was silent until the others had stopped shouting at Kip.

"Sure," he kept telling them, "we'll win in a breeze."

"They'll blow up in your face under the bridge," Ad Grant said. "I was watching them from the bank this afternoon through glasses."

"They'll row those other crews into the river," Kip said. Their antagonism, however friendly, did something to him. For the first time, and in surprise, he felt as though he were really part of his crew. . . .

They let him alone after a while and he was able to slip out with Mary Adams. The side streets of the town were quiet under the old trees, the wind from the river rich with spring.

"You seem quiet," Mary Adams said. "I had thought you'd be more nervous with the race so close."

"As I get older I suppose I conceal things better," he said. "If the race has made me nervous, something else has made me quiet. Something else besides you." His hand tightened on her arm. "You can always make me quiet. Just being near you."

"It makes me very happy, Kip," she said.

"The other thing," he went on gravely, "is that I've suddenly realized I've been dishonest. I've snooted those men on the crew when I should have tried to know them better. Why I did, I don't know. They're good men."

*(Continued on page 79)*

**"The other thing," he went on gravely, "is that I've suddenly realized I've been dishonest. I've snooted these men when I should have tried to know them better"**

**Looking back over 100 years of baseball, the greatest player of them all names his candidates for immortality. Two were stars on the "Black Sox"**

# Ty Cobb's Dream Team

### By Quentin Reynolds

JAMES DOOLITTLE

IN THE late spring of 1839 the Great Western steamed into New York harbor just fifteen days from Bristol, England, and all America opened incredulous eyes and dropped incredulous jaws. It was the greatest thing that ever happened, jubilant New Yorkers shouted. It was a modern miracle, and bearded sages said that the ultimate in speed finally had been attained. This day would never be forgotten.

That very month, in a pastoral setting at a place called Cooperstown, New York, a twenty-year-old West Point cadet named Abner Doubleday traced the pattern of the world's first baseball diamond. No one was either incredulous or startled over this exploit. No one, in fact, knew or cared about it. Yet next week, the one hundredth anniversary of young Doubleday's elementary engineering exploit will be celebrated all over the country, while the forgotten bones of the Great Western are scattered to the seven winds.

There are those who claim that Doubleday did not invent baseball, and they are undoubtedly right if you count games such as "one o' cat" which involved the use of ball and bat and were played during Colonial days. English yeomen were using bat and ball to play "rounders," which is older, even, than cricket, during the Battle of Hastings back in 1066. There were many games akin to the baseball that Abner Doubleday presented to his quite uninterested fellow citizens back in 1839, but the game that is played today is undoubtedly a direct descendant and heir of his game.

Next week the immortals of the game will be honored at Cooperstown. On June 12th, the eyes of the baseball world will be on the town where Abner Doubleday so casually made history. Twelve of the thousands who have played have been chosen as worthy to enter the Baseball Hall of Fame. These are the twelve whom the baseball writers of the land have selected as the greatest of all: Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Babe Ruth, Napoleon Lajoie, Tristam Speaker, Denton Young, George Sisler, Eddie Collins, Willie Keeler, Grover Cleveland Alexander.

### Baseball's Finest Life Record

Who was the greatest of these? Nine out of ten baseball men will answer promptly enough: Ty Cobb. There was nothing he couldn't do. Look at the records and you'll know that there was only one Ty Cobb. Sure, there was only one Babe Ruth and there was only one Matty and there was no one else like Wee Willie Keeler either—but Cobb was the greatest all-round ballplayer who ever lived and the greatest witness to support that positive statement is the mute, cold, calculating record book. Look:

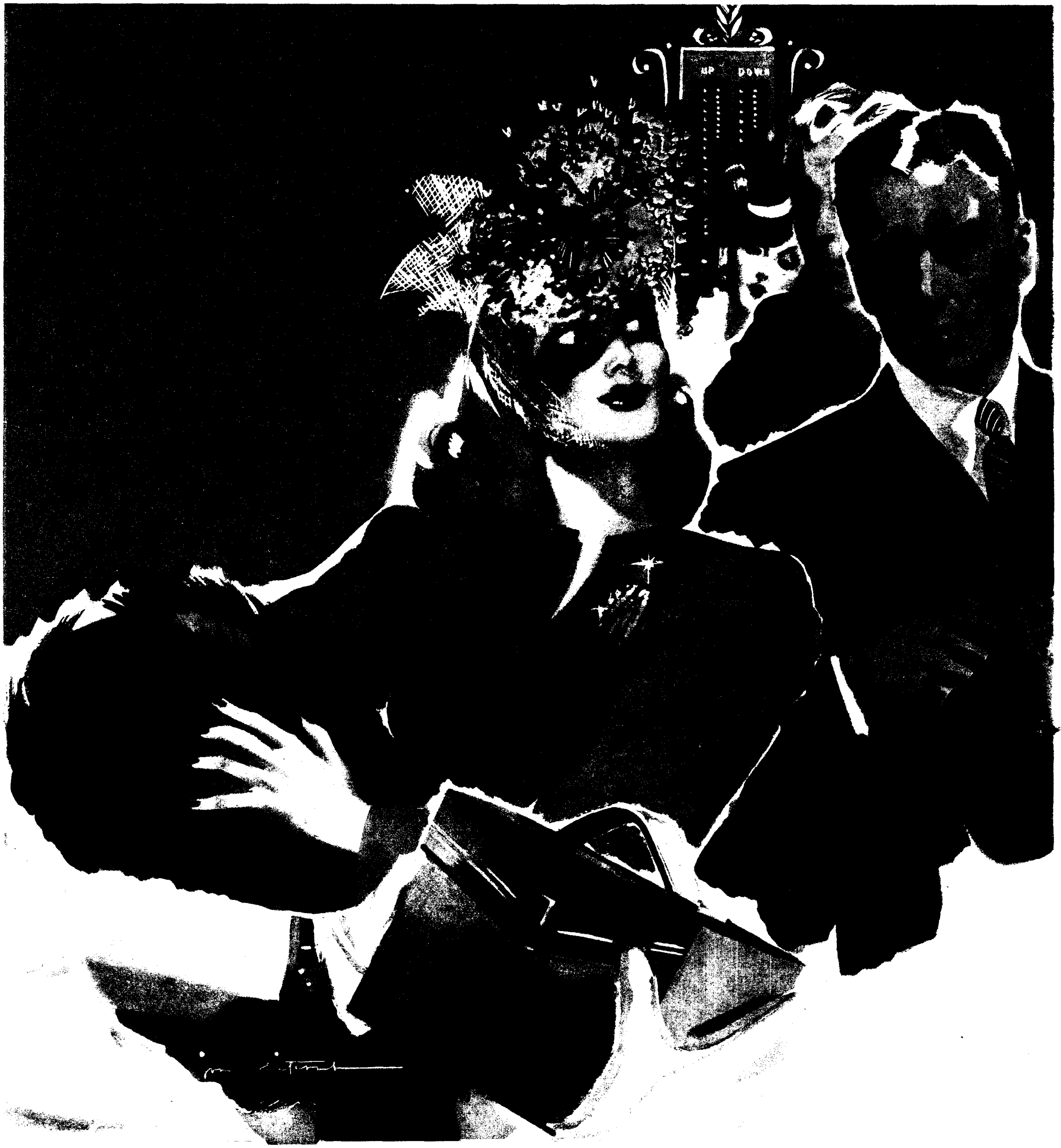
Cobb played major-league baseball for twenty-four years and hit better than .300 for twenty-one consecutive years (from 1906 through 1928). Three times he hit more than .400 and that was in the days when the pitchers could throw emery balls and spitballs and other freaks.

He led his league twelve times in hitting. He stole 892 bases during his lifetime and one year he stole ninety-six. He invented the fall-away slide and he would score from second on any kind of infield hit. Once during a world series (1909) he stole home.

He was the Beau Geste of baseball—ruthless, colorful, asking no quarter and giving none. He'd fight at the drop of a bat and he was a bad loser. Good losers are very common now in baseball. Players lose with a smile and a shrug of their shoulders; they get paid whether they win or lose. Cobb wasn't like that; he had to win. It is no wonder that in the balloting for places in the Hall of Fame the name of Ty Cobb led all the rest.

He'll be there next week at Cooperstown, punching

*(Continued on page 61)*



THE day was poor, with a stingy, gray color to it, but it was a fair enough day if a man had an overcoat. Eddie Shane had a good overcoat for walking around in, if not for taking off carelessly and throwing over a chair. The overcoat was safely checked now in her grand hotel and Shane was waiting for her in the lobby, wearing his newly pressed, good, dark blue suit, his black hair brushed for once and his clouded blue eyes watching the doors, for at any moment now she might be coming in through them.

Two years ago she had been just one of the young actresses in his company. Shane was successful then, up on the step, and he hadn't noticed the youngster much until Hollywood stretched out its golden fingers and snatched her away. Hetty Ingram. That was her name. And at first Shane hadn't noticed the lack of Ingram much. Then he discovered that the world was gone. No savor. No fight. No fun. No color.

Even the food he ate didn't taste right and what was the use of working and slaving without her eyes to watch him do it? For she had watched him all the time. He could swear to that. Learning, possibly. Studying. He would glance up at rehearsal and there she would be, looking at him. But when he had turned things over to Harris and gone out to lunch she hadn't watched Harris any. Harris was good, too. So maybe she had watched Shane for Shane.

Or maybe she hadn't. Until yesterday—not a word out of her in the two years.

A blond young man was pacing back and forth on the expensive dark blue rug of the hotel lobby. Shane knew him by sight. He was Charles McCord. Millions there, all right, for he was the son of Mrs. Charles McCord. Lately, in the Hollywood news, McCord's name had been linked with Hetty Ingram's. Charles McCord, it seemed, wanted to marry Hetty Ingram. Well, that was all right with Shane, for Shane's interest in Ingram was professional. Shane wanted Ingram back here because he couldn't work without her, and two weeks ago he had sent her a telegram and said so. "Can't work without you. How about it? Shane." Hetty Ingram hadn't answered Shane's telegram until yesterday. Then she had wired Shane: "Meet me Wednesday at twelve Garrick Hotel." And here he was. Here was Charles McCord, also, to meet her. McCord, right on the face of it, was blond, young, handsome, rich, nervous and in love. Eddie Shane had just seventy-two cents in his pocket. But the waiter at breakfast got a quarter.

Whistles outside now. A stir of important arrival. People were crowding up to the revolving doors, now, to get a breath of that scented, hothouse, Hollywood air. McCord had gone outside at last. They take love easy these days. Not up on the step. McCord hadn't gone to the airport to meet her.

Shane stood up as she came in through the revolving doors and at first he almost lost her, for she came in so quickly and he was so far back, and there were people in the way. Hetty Ingram was a redhead with sleepy brown eyes and a skin to dream about. Today she had her hands in a brown fur muff, too soft for mink. Shane moved forward. She was pale. Smiling. Quite composed. Looking around her to see the effect she made. Once she laughed and waved to someone. She posed well. Shane liked her crust. But she looked expensive enough to make a man sit down in his chair again and feel sick. Out of the world. That's what she was. Shane had had his trouble for his pains. Then someone touched him lightly on the shoulder and there she was.

"Hello, Shane," she said, looking down at him with her eyes half closed.

"Hello, Ingram," he said. After a second, he stood up.

"Joe, this is Eddie Shane," she said rapidly. "Charles, this is Mr. Shane. Harry, meet the great Shane. He's triple-threat—writes, acts, produces—I was with him in Heartbreak House. He used to let me burn incense. He used to drop lines so I could pick them up for him."

"I never dropped a line in my life," said Shane.

She widened her eyes at him then. She had changed toward him a lot, was faraway and, way down inside her, angry with him for some reason. "Where's my jewel case?" she asked dreamily, looking at Shane, and when Harry held up the jewel case she didn't look away. "My jewel case," she said to Shane.

"I can see it," said Shane. "You've been doing some terribly bad work lately, Het," said Shane.

"Good as my work has been," she said serenely. "I've been getting tired of work, so I think I'll get married."

CHARLES McCORD put his hand on her arm. "Come along, darling," he said. "We're late."

The crowd stood back, leaving them an island of space.

"Late for what?" asked Het dreamily. "Two years," she said, looking at Shane. "You're older, Shane."

"I'm fine," said Shane. "I made big money in Confession." Then he held out his hand. "Goodby, Het. You don't need me and I find I don't need you—so I'll be getting along."

But she put her hands in her muff. "You sent me a telegram," she stated.

"Oh, that," said Shane. He had his hat in his hand and for something to do he rubbed it off with his elbow, his good clean new hat. "I might have saved you that trouble," he said. "You see, Het, when a man's working too hard—or not at all—maybe he thinks 'When did I eat?' So he goes out and he eats. Or maybe, like a flash of light, he remembers someone who used to buck him up—the—the way you did me—"

"All I did," said Het, "was look at you."

"Well, that. . . . A man needs that—more than meat and drink—especially when he can't trust his judgment, when he's pulled this way and that to choose among the many offers he has—"

"Listen," said Joe patiently. "Upstairs I got drinks ordered. I got flowers. I got cameramen. And I got a newspaperwoman."

"We can't keep Mother waiting, Het," said McCord.

"Goodby, Het," said Shane with a smile. "You're up on the step—a little more power and you'll be above the waves and ready to fly."

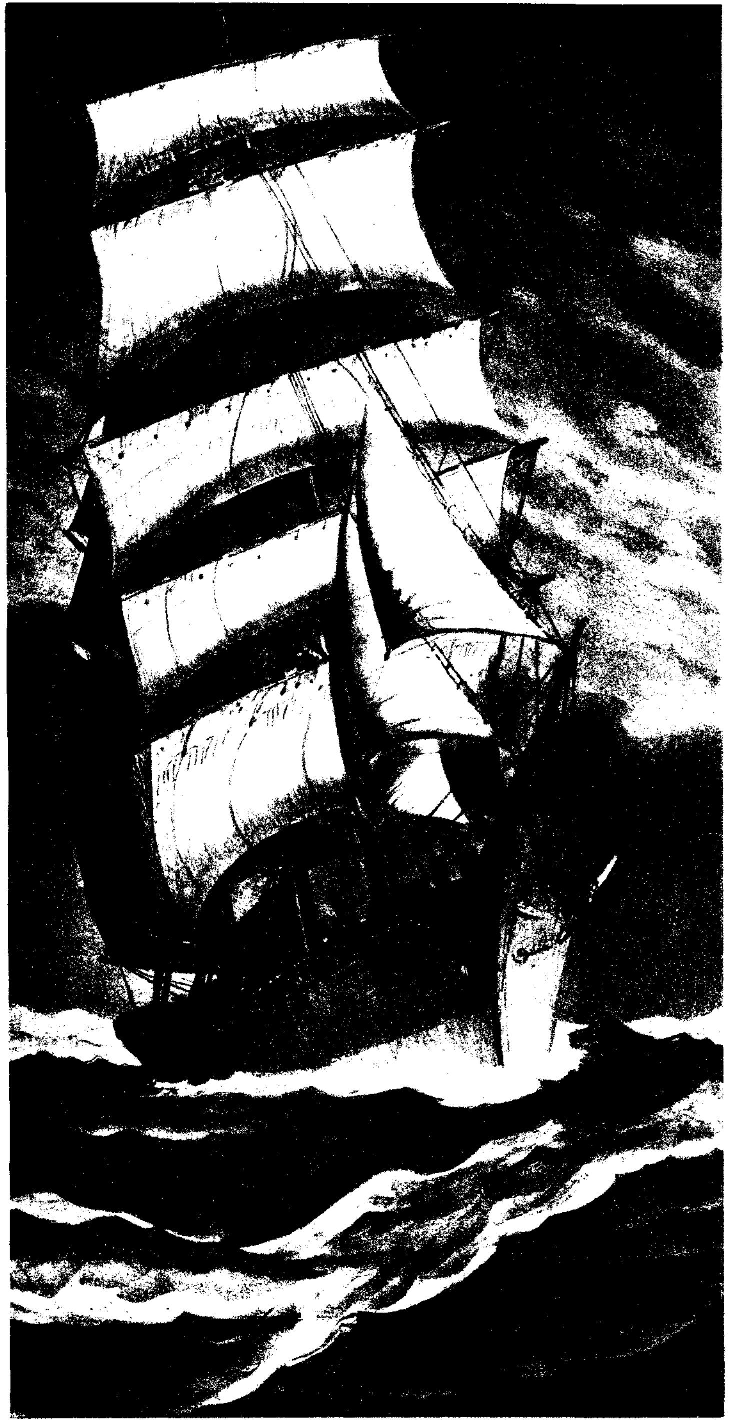
"Just to the elevator," she said. "Please." And since she seemed to have her hand linked through his arm and Shane, if he could help it, never hurt anyone's feelings, he walked beside her through the pushing, staring crowd and helped the other men to clear her a path.

Later, in the flower-filled suite, with reporters there and the telephone ringing, she was interviewed and Shane just stood around. McCord was photographed with her, and very beautiful and calm she looked sitting beside McCord on the sofa, with McCord's arm around her.

Finally everyone was cleared away from the room except herself, and Harry smoking, Joe smoking, young McCord drinking a highball and Shane standing there doing nothing at all. She lay stretched out now on the sofa. From way up there, Shane watched the ducks in the park. Half the lake was frozen, but the ducks were swimming around fine on the other half. Plenty of room for them to go places.

(*Continued on page 45*)

**"This is love, Eddie," she said, "and it's terrible. You're so necessary to me—out there I wasn't alive"**



The wind was right; we came to the harbor buoys smart as a man-o'-war, and eased to the buoy ring

# Old Ironface

### By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

**The story of an old sea dog who wasn't as hard as everyone thought he was**

WILLIAMS," said the port captain, "I want you to pack and get over to Pier 37. You're going senior second mate of the Prince Harry."

I had to swallow for a moment before I could answer him. The Prince Harry was the Line's newest and biggest, due out on her maiden voyage, and most every officer who thought he had a chance had been pulling strings to get on her. I hadn't. I didn't like liners, and anyway I knew I hadn't a chance. So I was surprised.

"I appreciate it," I said, a bit dazed. "But how did I manage to get the berth?"

"You wouldn't have," he said kindly. "You're not what we consider liner material, and you've been doing very well as mate of the Bradwin." The Bradwin was one of the Line's lousiest freighters, where they usually dumped fellows like me. "But," added the port captain, "Captain Guthrie always insists on his senior officers having had sail training. One of his peculiarities. You happen to be the only available man around at the moment." I took that standing.

"But I thought Captain Maloney was taking the Prince Harry," I said curiously. "Old Ironface . . . Captain Guthrie, that is . . . was supposed to retire." The port captain looked a little weary, as if he'd explained the business many times before, which he probably had.

"He has—he had, rather. But he's talked the Line into letting him make this first run with the new ship. She's a cinch for the Blue Ribbon, barring accidents, and Guthrie's been trying for it long enough. Besides, the publicity department thought it would be a good stunt. Guthrie commanded the Euripides, the Line's first ship. And now he commands the last. Neat, eh? Maloney's going as executive officer. You be aboard by noon." And he bent over some papers.

"Is the berth permanent?" I wanted to know, and he answered without looking up, "No. Maloney'll throw you out as soon as he's top man. But you'll probably get command of the Bradwin when you come back. I told you you weren't liner material."

"Maybe it's as well," I said and left. I didn't like liners. I'd rather be mate of a free-and-easy ship like the Bradwin than hold down a brassbound watch on a glorified ferry, even if it did pay more and the grub was better. Just a matter of opinion. It's what comes of knocking around in sail and then in tramps for years, I suppose. You have to be respectable and talk polite on crack passenger packets. But what was worse this time was I didn't want to serve under Guthrie, or Old Ironface as he was called. He wasn't a human being. He was a monument. And he was hell on officers. But I had my orders and went down to Pier 37. The Bradwin was only a few piers away, so I didn't bother to change my uniform.

MALONEY, the executive, looked me up and down when I reported, and twisted his mouth as if he tasted something bad.

"Are you the best the office could do?" he asked unpleasantly. "Well, it's only for the run. But you'd better get that uniform cleaned and pressed. You've got tramp ship sticking out all over. And rip off one of those gold bands. You're only second mate here. Come on!"

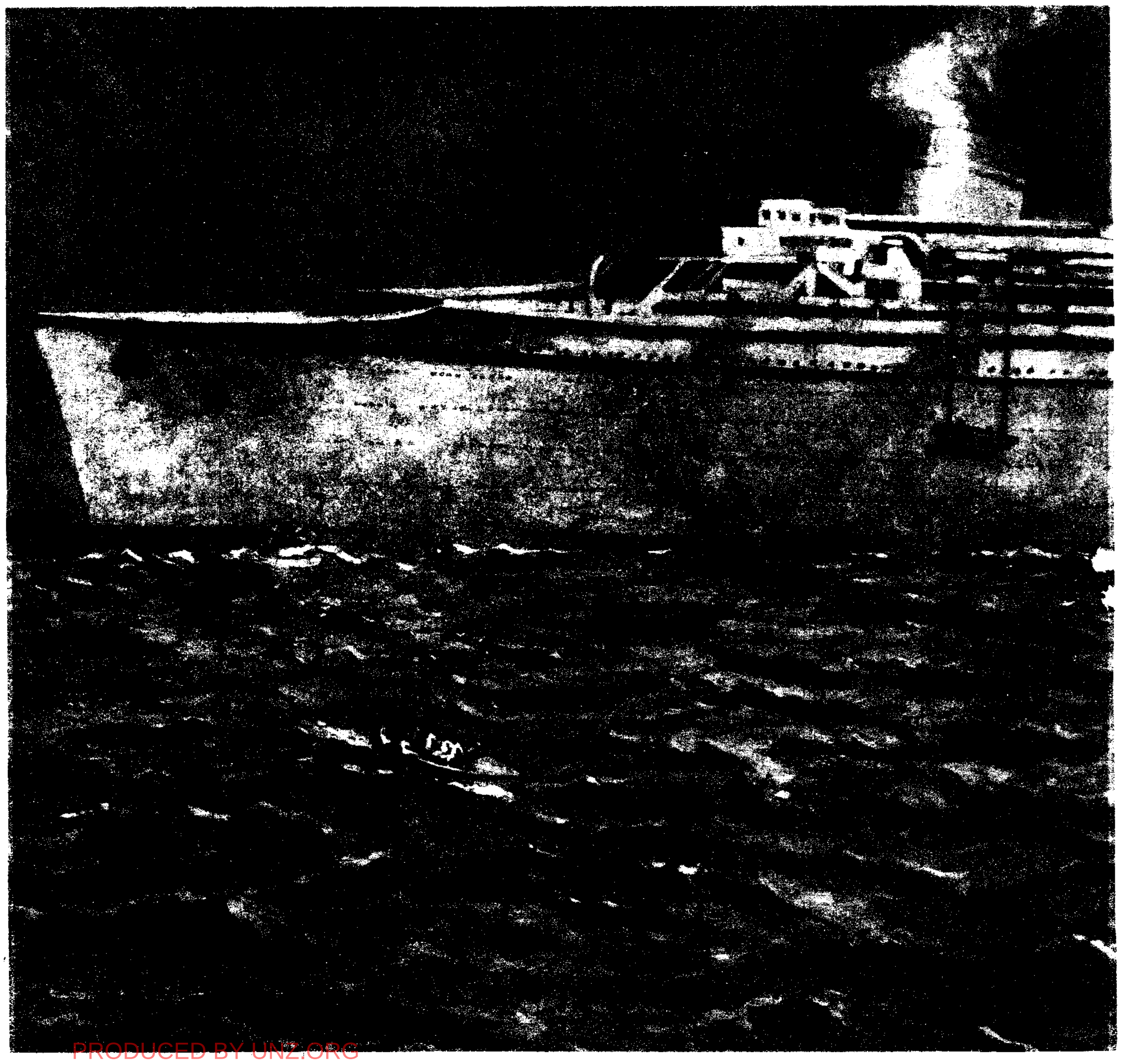
He was one of those big, pink-faced men who are always smiling and jovial, but at the moment he was pretty sour. I don't suppose you could blame him. He'd been master of the Prince Albert, another of the Line's cracks, and had been groomed for the Prince Harry. And here at the last minute the Line's senior skipper, who was supposed to retire, had stepped over him. He took me up on the bridge and introduced me.

Old Ironface was pacing up and down, his hands clasped behind him and a cigar going, while in an easy chair sat a little bony man with a squeaky voice and a bald head whom I recognized as Mr. Norman, the president of the Line. He was making the maiden voyage with us, together with half the board of directors, and he looked unhappy and a little afraid. Almost everyone was around Old Ironface, who stopped and stared at me.

He was a big, square-built man with a clean-shaven red face and hair of a silvery white, and he impressed you much as you might be impressed by Gibraltar or the Great Pyramid. You simply couldn't imagine anything really disturbing him, and when you knew his record you thought about him that way. He had a mouth like a shark's and his eyes were a very pale, cold blue that bored right through you, freezing up any stray thoughts that might be wandering around in your head. I've seen some very hard cases back away and wilt when Old Ironface looked at them. And if that didn't do it the dry, harsh, methodical snap of his voice did.

"I had a note from the office about you, Williams," he rasped. "You've been in sail?"

"Five years, sir," I told him, and he nodded and looked for a moment at the framed picture of a full-rigged ship hanging over his desk. It was the Euripides, the first packet the Line had owned and the first he'd commanded. "Nothing like sail to train a man," he said. "Your face seems familiar." I'd made one voyage as junior fourth mate with him, when he'd had the Prince Consort, but he didn't remember and I didn't remind him. He'd had me fired for fighting



with a drunken stevedore. "Well, that'll do," he said, and then as we moved to go Maloney remembered something and turned back.

"Mr. Tremlett, sir, the senior first mate. He wants permission to go ashore for an hour before we sail, to see his wife."

"Hasn't he any work to do?" inquired Old Ironface, biting on his cigar. Maloney shrugged.

"Naturally. I told him he couldn't be spared. But she . . . his wife's having her first baby and he thought he'd drop over to the hospital. I told him the thing was out of the question."

"THEN why bother me with it?" snapped Old Ironface and resumed his walking up and down. Maloney said something unpleasant under his breath and we went out, and I heard Mr. Norman's squeaky voice saying hesitantly, "That's a bit rough on the first mate, isn't it? Having a baby. We don't sail for six hours yet."

"Any man who goes to sea is a fool to marry," rasped the skipper. "If he starts having children he's a double fool. There's no place for sentiment on board ship, sir!" The same Old Ironface.

He was an icy old man, and he had no nerves, nor much of any other sort of feeling that anyone had been able to discover, except his craving to hook the Blue Ribbon; and I think that, at the bottom, was more because he hated to fail in anything. He'd always dominated, always won, always come through, grim and hard and unmoved.

But I suppose in a way it was understandable. He'd had a tough life, and two or three personal tragedies hadn't helped it. Picked up as a boy at sea, and from an open boat (sole survivor of the wreck of the Harridan), he'd been battered about from ship to ship and port to port until he suddenly emerged with the full-rigger Euripides (the same I've mentioned before), bringing her into Fuchow after an ungodly long run from London. That doesn't sound impressive, I know, until you remember he was not yet twenty at the time, had been only acting third mate of the ship until the plague had carried off the rest of the officers and some of the crew, and he'd been left very abruptly in mid-ocean with a mutiny on his hands and only two little apprentice boys to help him handle it. They say his hair was already turning white when he got the ship in.

After that he pretty nearly became a legend. His saving of the bark Sherwood is still a classic in the books on seamanship, and I remember when I was an apprentice myself his rescue of the Fortuna's passengers was a sensation along the water fronts. There were a lot of other such incidents scattered through the years, which I've mainly forgotten, for Old Ironface was one of those seamen who are always bumping into ugly or dramatic situations. He carried them all off too, some by sheer courage, some by sheer skill, some by incredible luck. All, in fact, save the one where he'd lost his wife and eldest son in the fire that destroyed the Canton Lady, when he'd been standing by on another ship, powerless to aid because of the hurricane that was blowing. After that, whatever softness might have remained in him simply dried up, I suppose. He didn't want sympathy. He wasn't used to it. He never referred to the incident again, and they told me his only comment when it was over was, "We all have to take our chance at sea. Get back on the course!"

Well, we got away at last, with flags flying and sirens opened up. Twenty thousand people on the piers to see us off, guns firing, bands playing and a whole fleet of tugs to shuffle us around and out into the channel. It was practically a national event. The biggest and best going out to smash the record, and every cabin on board choked with big names.

"It ought to mean something to Old Ironface," one of the cadets remarked to me as we stood aft while she cleared. "But it probably doesn't."

"No, it probably doesn't," I agreed. "He's got no feelings."

But it struck me just the same that even a stone wall might be moved a little. Going out on the last run after a lifetime at sea, after fifty years of command. Fifty years from the full-rigger Euripides to the giant Prince Harry. And a nice half-pay check at the end of the passage, so he could loaf around for the rest of the years and stop waking up in sweats at night wondering if everything was well. Not that Old Ironface would have ever done that. Probably never woke up in a sweat in his life.

He was standing in the port wing, steady as a rock, when I got on the bridge again. He had his great, veined hands stuck in his side pockets, his uniform cap jammed low over his eyes, and they were looking bleakly ahead. He didn't seem to notice the escort of destroyers that was to stay with us until dawn, nor did he pay any attention to the ships we passed when they opened their sirens and dipped their ensigns. It was just another voyage to him, and to hell with everyone; and he had the Blue Ribbon safely tucked away. We could hardly miss it at thirty knots, and the weather reported all clear ahead. I went over to where Maloney was standing with one of the pilots, and he looked an angry man. He was saying, "He knows damned well he's only taking her out as an act of courtesy, and because the advertising'll help the Line, but he talks to me as if I were a damned deck boy half the time."

"It's his last fling," soothed the pilot. "What do you care? She's yours as soon as his foot's off her again."

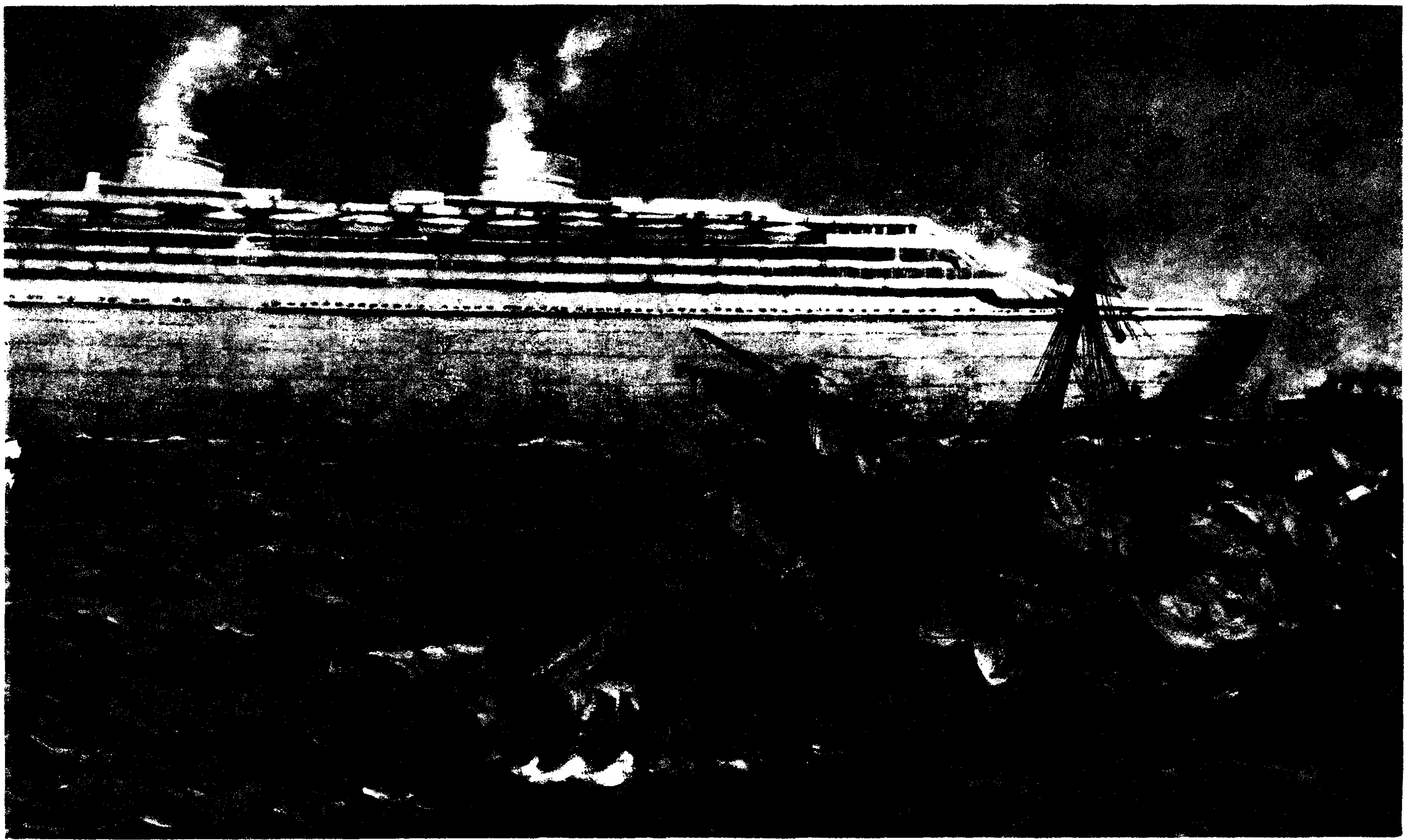
"He's had every new ship the Line ever launched. He's had half a dozen cracks at the record without luck. You'd think he'd be satisfied."

I DIDN'T blame Maloney much at that. Old Ironface had had the chances all right, and had been nosed out by one thing or another: a faster competitor launched about the same time, accidents to the engines, bad weather and so forth. He might have let Maloney land the mythical honor of the Blue Ribbon as a decent gesture. But the thing seemed to have become an obsession of Old Ironface's. It was the only thing he'd aimed for he hadn't made. Maybe at that he'd heard the new jeering name for him that was running along the water fronts, Blue-Ribbon Guthrie, and it had got under his skin. If anything ever could get under his skin.

"I raised merry hell about it," Maloney was going on. "But the damned Line talked about him being an old man and all washed up and that we should be kind. It makes me sick!"

Now it so happened that as Maloney spoke there was a brief lull of quiet on the bridge, and the words, "an old man and all washed up and that we should be kind," came clear, before the roar of the siren blotted things out again. Maloney looked quickly around and bit his lip. I stared at Old Ironface's uncompromising back, and it never twitched, though he must have caught the words and known they were meant for him. He turned slowly after a while, and his pale, cold eyes swept the bridge without expression, taking in all the curious faces of *(Continued on page 65)*

**We took him over to the Pride of Haarlem with his volunteers in the power launch. One of the lifeboats, which we were to hoist aboard the barkentine since her own boats were all gone, followed**



# Face Firs

### By Dorothy and El

Mr. Howard Greer superintends the fitting of a simple crepe dress he designed for Joan Crawford

**For bigger and more admiring audiences, says Howard Greer, Hollywood dressmaker, pick clothes that flatter your face. Here's how**

THE eggplant lamé dress was skin-tight. It clung to the girl's figure from shoulder to knee like a wet bathing suit, and it was a good figure, softly rounded, so the girl's face above it was wreathed in smiles.

Howard Greer shook his head.

"All wrong," he pronounced. "Look at her face. It's like the middle cut of roast beef."

True enough, a purple light was reflected from the gown onto the girl's face, subduing and spoiling the natural flush on her cheeks.

"We'll make it in blue," said Greer, with the air of authority that sixteen years of being one of Hollywood's great dressmakers has given him. "Blue shows off the fresh color of a naturally pink complexion."

So in blue—or it might have been silver-gray, which does the same thing—the girl went to the ball and, presumably, was its belle. All Greer's clients are dressed to be belles of the ball. It's because Greer never lets them forget their faces in deference to their figures.

"Most women go in to buy a dress thinking about their figures," explained Greer. "They say, 'Black makes me look thinner, so I can't go wrong on black.' But black sometimes defeats its end by giving you a dowdy look. Nothing is worse than a fattish woman trying to hide her bulk in black. If she did it in plum or garnet, in deep green or brown, whichever is most becoming to her face, she would be more attractive."

He grinned.

"I'd say, unless you buy a lot of clothes, don't buy black!" he declared, pleased with his iconoclasm. "Yes, it's the reverse of the old gag, but it works better. Get navy blue or dark red or gray, whichever brings out your face to better advantage."

There has been a lot of talk lately about dressing your type, even to the extent of studying charts to find out where you belong in the statistical compilation of feminine characteristics. This makes Greer so mad he writes letters to the editor. Actually, if you have to search through books for your type it proves you are no type at all, according to the man who just makes beautiful clothes and then prays for someone who can wear them. Greer is so unimpressed by the form divine that he gets a personality at its source—the face. That's the only way, he believes.

Greer has been in most of the towns of the world where clothes are worn, and made clothes for the smartest women in them. He was head of the design department at Paramount, when he first came to Hollywood. Now he has his own shop on Sunset Boulevard, where you can fit your gown in a dressing room off a patio in which tea is served every afternoon, and it's as popular a spot as the Brown Derby at that hour!

He swears no woman under thirty-five really can wear clothes. Debutantes bore him. He likes to make dresses for women who have to wear corsets to look straight—mature women, dowagers, although he doesn't confine himself to them; the day we saw him he had just finished doing wardrobes for Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.

"No woman can magnetize a room completely until she has acquired a feeling of worldliness," he says. "That's why actresses are swell to dress. They know how to act up to their clothes. They are like real cowboys on a dude ranch, at home in their leather. You can tell by their faces if there is anything behind the costume."

There are several ways of dressing your face; no one theory will do it. You must consider eyes, skin and hair, and the greatest of these is eyes. Actually, people look each other in the eyes first.

So—what kind of eyes have you? If they are pale, don't kill them with a high color. That will make them fish-like. Use dusky pinks, corn yellows, blues, wisteria—they will make pastel lights in your eyes. If you have dark eyes, contrast them with white or brilliant colors, being wary of red, the hardest color to wear. Only a redhead can always wear red, said the contrary Greer.

"Most redheads are brought up to think they have to wear green, which usually looks like the devil on them," he explained. "To me red is the best color in the world for a redhead, if you get the same tone of red that is in the hair. Then the face between the hair and the dress becomes more important. But the shade of red must always be as alive as the hair.

"For the same reason, a blonde should wear honey color. I love to dress people from head to toes all in one color, either matching their hair or their skins. If you match blond hair, it makes a girl look like a statue in the nude. It's startlingly lovely."

Anybody can wear her skin tone in a gown, whether it be tan or pinkish or off-white. It's one of the best tricks for deepening the color of your hair and eyes, the vividness of your lips and nails. Yet it is seldom done—because skin tones are light, and most women foolishly fear the appearance of too-great girth unless they wear dark colors. Greer says skin tones are even becoming on girls who say apologetically that their hair is mouse-colored.

"There can be charm in being mousy," he continued. "Use off colors of yellow and pale, orchidy blue—not definite, vivid colors, because from the neck up your mouse-colored girl won't live up to them. If the mousy woman sticks to her mousiness, her eyes will seem more vivid, not just specks floating on something."

When it comes to a brunette, her complexion determines whether she can match her hair and wear all black or all brown to get that all-in-one look. With a fresh white frill framing her face, she usually can. But if you have a brunet skin, with a great deal of creamy tan in it, you'll have to temper your effort to play up your eyes. Black or vivid blue transforms brunet skin to what Greer describes as "that Roquefort color." And the brunette is the one who usually has to guard against the reflection red throws on her face.

The woman whose hair is changing from brown to gray should never wear brown, he warns. She should wear grays, blues, greens and, if she hasn't high color in her face, deep red. Why not enhance the flattery of a few silvery threads among the brown? You don't want to look like your own daughter.

"Clothes are only a means to an end," says Greer. "You please yourself in knowing that you please someone else with your appearance. Whatever your end is, you dress to attain it." ★★★

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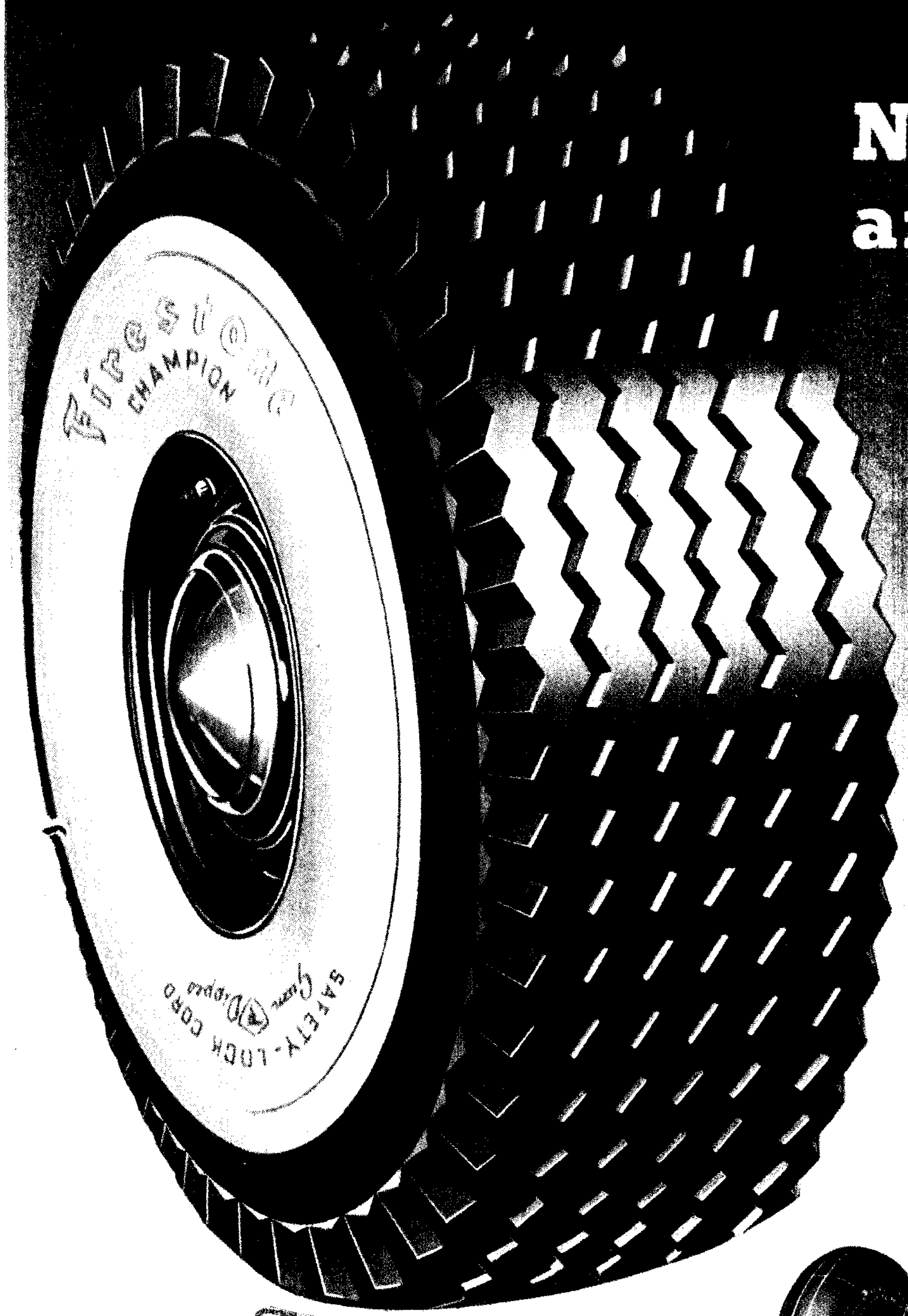

[illegible] building, you will have an unusual opportunity [illegible] building extra safety into the world's most modern tires by the world's most modern tire-building methods and machinery. You will see how the revolutionary new Safety-Lock cord body is made; how the fibers in each cord, the cords in each ply and the plies that form the body of the tire are all securely locked together by the new and advanced Firestone process of Gum-Dipping; and how the amazing new Gear-Grip tread is applied. When you have seen this dramatic "inside story" of the new Firestone Champion Tire, you too will realize *why* it delivers such sensational mileage and provides such remarkable protection against blowouts, punctures and skidding.

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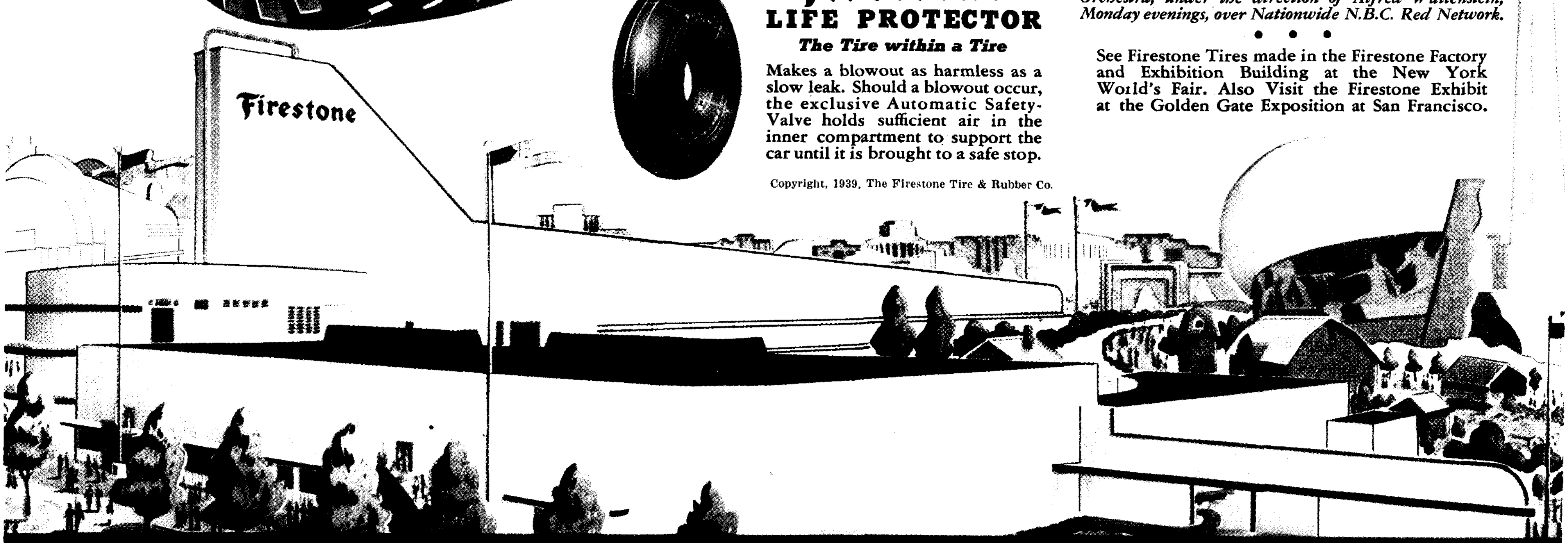
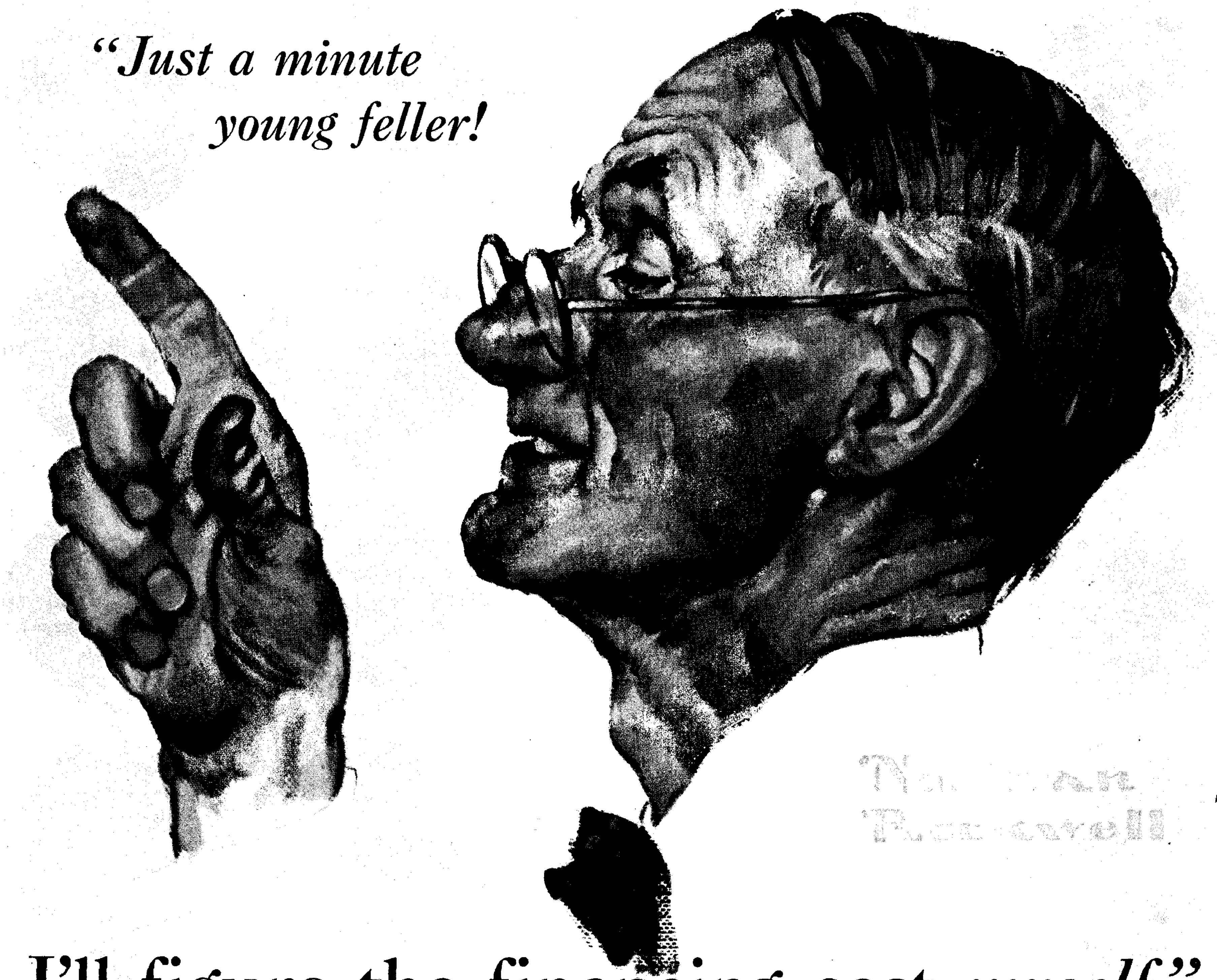


THE ONLY TIRE BUILT AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



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## Second Chance

Continued from page 15

bit parts in all the minor mistakes the studio was making. She got nowhere in great fashion.

Then Arthur Jacobson, who was assistant to Wesley Ruggles, picked her up in his search for a new face to play opposite Bing Crosby in Sing You Sinners—and she was on her way. After that came a fat part in If I Were King and just lately she was doing French Without Tears in London. This followed a little something called The Lady's from Kentucky. As an indication of how poorly she was faring when the big luck struck, it may be said that she was getting $100 a week while starring with Crosby, which is coolie wages in a region where any actor without a racing stable is held to be destitute.

In a sense, of course, it is a fairy tale and takes on an even greater tinge of fantasy when it is known that Ellen was only three pounds at birth, being the second of a pair of twins, the first being born dead. That happening occurred in Kansas City, where Papa Raye was a barber. After Papa and Mamma were divorced and little Terry acquired a new stepmother, the family moved to Chicago and were poor in a very harsh and not romantic fashion. In her second year of high school, the kid quit and took eight months at a business college, learning just enough to tantalize her and not enough to get a position. Then she got a job at Marshall Field's checking sales slips.

She got canned after the Christmas rush period, hung around home for a while and then went back to Kansas City, where she ran an elevator in the Alladin Hotel ($14 a week and pretty good, too). The family wanted her home and she returned and got a job in the Grant store in Englewood.

"Had my own counter and was responsible for everything, and on Saturday when they got in extra girls, I ran the whole works. Nobody could hit that cash register but ME."

She sold jewelry and baby clothes and made $10 a week. Papa Raye had gone back to K. C. and Terry supported her mother and herself. Then the NRA arrived and boosted her to $15 a week.

"Don't ask me what my politics are," she says. "Just guess. That little accident made me rich."

### Then the Movie Bug Hit

The manager of the store entered her in a beauty contest sponsored by the Kiwanis Club and she won the thing. That put the old movie bug in her ear and when a young couple she knew started to drive to California, she went along. She had the movies in mind but she didn't hang around the gates hoping that Zukor or Louis B. Mayer or somebody would come out and see her and faint. She got the job at Brown's and was glad of it. It paid $11.50 a week in salary and she could pick up $10 or $12 more in tips. The movie stars used to come into the place late at night and the waitresses would almost dislocate themselves trying to land them.

"Because they were celebrities?" asks Ellen. "Not on your life! Because they tipped best."

But at the moment she is not thinking about tips or counters, although the matter of customers is worrying everybody in Hollywood. The Wallaces live very modestly, have just bought a new car (second price group up), and indulged themselves in a second honeymoon in the spring, going up to San Francisco and doing a spot of night clubbing. In Hollywood it comes too high for them; they can't afford it. Mr. Wallace works hard at his job as make-up man and Ellen is in demand at the studios. Among other doubtful honors that have come to her was a screen test for the part of Scarlett O'Hara in G.W.T.W. David Selznick, being quick of eye, saw her in brief close-up in Internes Don't Take Money and forthwith had her put through the course of sprouts which came to the many who were considered for the Scarlett part.

For two weeks she did readings for George Cukor, the original director, and submitted to tests for color, costumes and dialogue under the guidance of James Wong Howe, ace cameraman. The thing cost Mr. Selznick or somebody well over $3,000 and did a great deal for Miss Drew in elevating her opinion of herself. She rather needs that, for she is a quiet and extremely modest and not-any-too-confident lady.

### Two Names Are Enough

Skipper, the baby, is now five years old and has as a pet a dog which is a cross between a Bengal tiger and the Hound of the Baskervilles. When not otherwise engaged Skipper may be found in the back yard pushing the menace around with abandon; for the rest of the family, they would prefer to sleep in the park if going home meant they had to pass Fido at the door.

When the studio felt that Terry Raye was an undignified name for a girl who might turn out well, they first invented Erin Drew and she sailed along on that until Sing You Sinners. She hopes they've made up their minds definitely now; two names are bad but three can be confusing. She is Mrs. Wallace around the neighborhood and that is all right because she hasn't gone upstage. When she wanted a stand-in, she took Evelyn Briggs, one of the girls from Brown's Confectionery. So far she has kept away from ermines, limousines and emeralds. From long experience she knows how to pick smart-looking clothes that cost almost nothing. Because he wanted her to keep in character for Sing You Sinners, Wesley Ruggles allowed her to pick her own dresses. She wore half a dozen outfits, none costing over $10; the best hat came to $6.98.

So far as can be determined the dame has never ridden to hounds, plays no tennis or golf, and makes slight, disparaging noises when referring to skeet shooting, badminton and bagatelle. But she drives a car like mad, will dance until the janitors come in and start throwing mops at her and has a pretty eye for strange garments. When she appeared at a gala opening in a white evening dress ($23.50) with black stockings, the lifting of brows was enough to create an epidemic of headaches. The only person present who thought she wasn't nuts was Adrian, the famous designer at M-G-M, who is certainly not given to touting the stars of rival studios. "Miles ahead of the other dumbbells," commented Adrian.

Which brings the legend down to date and makes one think that possibly there is something a bit Cinderellish about the story. Practically speaking, Miss Drew is a refugee from the sink and she is also a very, very lucky stiff—but the whole thing reads like something out of a book. If she ever wakes up and finds herself back at Brown's toting hot fudge sundaes to the tourists it will be only justice. The other thing couldn't possibly have happened. It must be a myth, thought up by one of those slick Hollywood press agents.

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB

GRAN'PAPPY SAYS HE AIN'T A-GOIN' FEUDIN'! HE DON'T FEEL WELL.
GOSH! HE AIN'T MISSED A SHOOTIN' PARTY SINCE OLD LIGHTNIN' WAS A PUP!!
BACK FROM THE RAID.
LOOK HERE, GRANPAPPY, WHAT WE-UNS SNITCHED FROM THE TOLLIVER BOYS - KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! FOLKS SAY YOU EAT IT TO JINE THE "REGULARS." WONDER EF THET MEANS IT WOULD HALP YORE CONSTIPATION?
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SHO'! AH COULD GO FER THESE VITTELS EV'RY MAWNIN'! TOO GOOD FER THEM TOLLIVERS!!
DUNK IT IN THE MILK, GRAN'PAPPY! AN' YOU ORTA DRINK PLENTY O' WATER.
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
THE NEXT FEUDIN' PARTY
YIPEE!
LOOK AT GRAN'PAPPY! HE SHORE HAS JINED THE "REGULARS."
BANG
BANG
P. WEBB

YES, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to *prevent* it by getting at its cause. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars!" Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

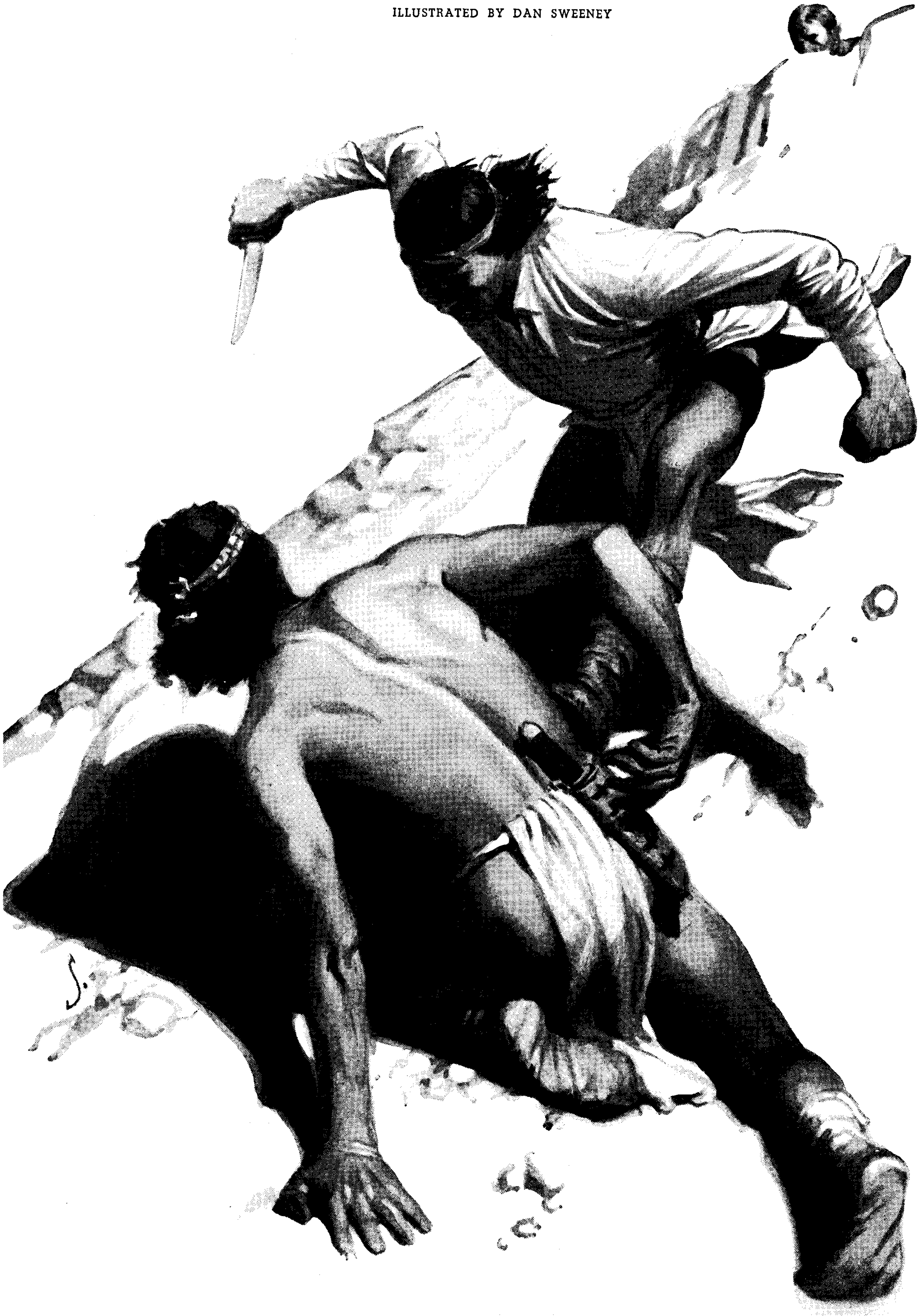
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

# The Border Trumpet

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Nachee sprang forward with his arm whipping up over his head. The Indian lunged at him

### *The Story Thus Far:*

NEAR Fort Grant, Arizona, a small wagon train is attacked and robbed—presumably by Indians who, led by one Antone, are on the rampage. Major Warren, in command of Grant, sends out a detachment to investigate the outrage. When the detachment returns, it brings along one survivor: a girl who gives her name as Lily Marr. Lily becomes a guest of the post; to Tom Benteen, the lieutenant who had found her, she intimates that the attack had not been made by Indians!

Jack Bean, an outlaw, comes to the post to see Lily. He meets her, has an altercation with her. Whereupon, to protect the girl from Bean's insults, Tom Benteen knocks the fellow down. A short time later, while Benteen is in Tucson, Bean tries to shoot him with a revolver. But Benteen disarms him and gives him a beating.

Among the new friends Lily Marr makes at the post are Eleanor Warren, the major's daughter, and Harriet Mixler, wife of Lieutenant George Mixler. Eleanor is engaged to Philip Castleton, a lieutenant. Unlike Benteen, whom everyone likes, Castleton is extremely unpopular at Grant. Nor does he improve his position when, leading a sortie against Antone's marauders, he loses two men, after falling into a trap.

In the absence of the post physician, Harriet Mixler becomes a mother. Lily and Eleanor assist her through her trying ordeal. . . . Harriet is not an "army girl." Again and again, she tells her husband that she loathes the life she is leading; she implores him to resign his commission and take her back to her old home in Virginia. But Mixler is adamant—he refuses to leave the army. And, when her baby is a few weeks old, Harriet prepares to leave him.

Meanwhile, Castleton has become jealous of Benteen. He suspects that Eleanor is becoming interested in the young officer to whom Major Warren invariably turns when he needs someone of whose judgment and courage he is sure. . . . Jack Bean reappears at the post. He tells Lily Marr that he regards her as his "girl," and he threatens to kill any man who falls in love with her. Lily then informs Benteen that it was Bean who had robbed the wagon train. And the outlaw is escorted to the guardhouse.

Benteen evolves a plan that he believes may enable the troopers to catch Antone. Major Warren approves of it, and Benteen, with a small detachment, starts out on his mission.

### VIII

BEYOND midnight they camped in the rough country northeast of Grant. In the first water-clear light of the following morning they saw smoke signals spiral up in the distance, to be repeated on another peak. Benteen spoke to Al Hazel: "Ask Nachee what that is."

Al Hazel asked it and listened to Nachee's brief reply: "He says it is a warning that we are here. They have seen us."

"Antone's band must be split again. Which one is Antone?"

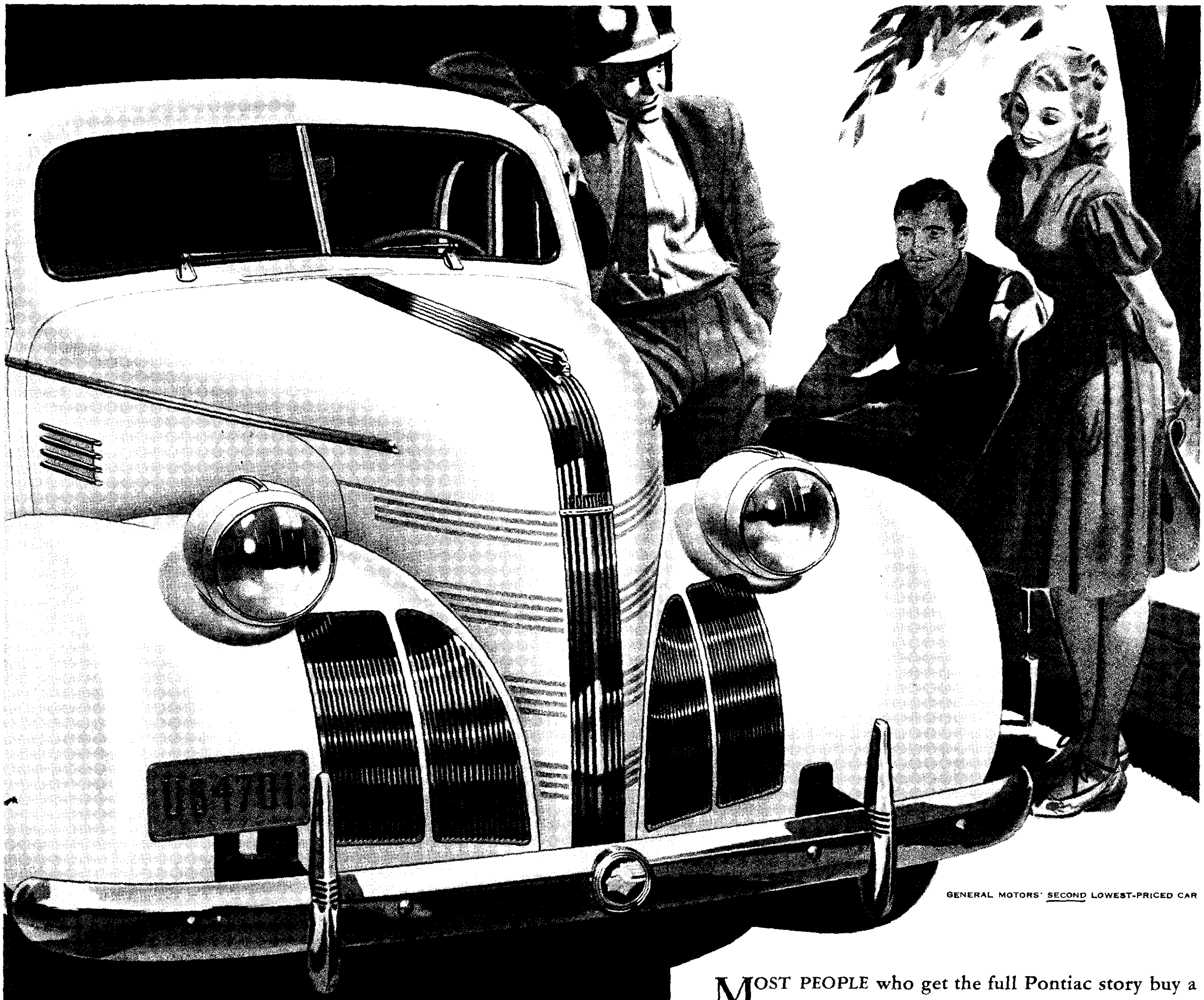
Al Hazel did the interpreting. Nachee considered the smoke signals a long while and shrugged his shoulders, speaking. "He thinks maybe it is the one in the north," said Al Hazel.

"In the Mescals. That's the way we'll go. I want them to know where we are aiming."

They ate bacon and hardtack—the hardtack fried in the bacon grease—with bitter black coffee and went on, fording the Gila and entering the rough country beyond it. They followed the broken slopes of the Mescals, dipping from canyon to ridge, and camped that night with a cone-shaped peak of the Pinals directly facing them. That day they crossed numerous tracks. Nachee said, through Al Hazel:

"There has been a raid somewhere. These are Antone's men coming back to the Pinals. You will find Antone in there, maybe. He will have Chiricahuas with him." After supper, as dark rolled

*(Continued on page 70)*



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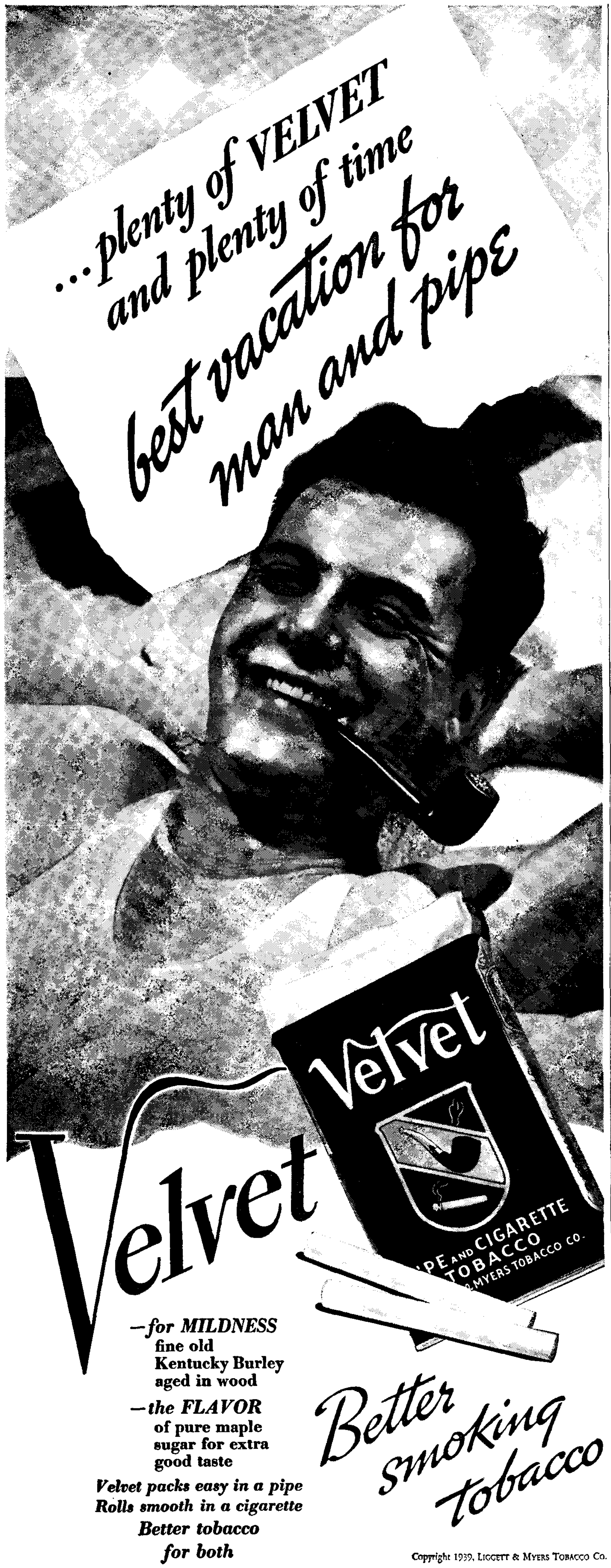
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*—for MILDNESS*
**fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood**

*—the FLAVOR*
**of pure maple sugar for extra good taste**

***Velvet packs easy in a pipe***
***Rolls smooth in a cigarette***
***Better tobacco for both***

Better smoking tobacco

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## Old Em's Kentucky Home

Continued from page 10

selling race and it is in spots such as this that she occasionally wins. But then Itchky always worries himself sick for fear somebody will claim her, the idea of a claiming race being that another owner can always claim a horse in such a race by putting up the price for which the horse is entered, which may be anywhere from a few hundred dollars on up, according to the conditions of the race and what the owner thinks his horse is worth.

Naturally, Itchky has to run old Em for as cheap a price as horses are ever run for her to win a race, but even then there is really no sense in him worrying about her being claimed as no owner with any brains wants such a lizard as old Em in his barn, and especially after what happens to a character by the name of One-Thumb Haverstraw.

This One Thumb is considered quite a joker and one day in Maryland he claims old Em out of a race for eight hundred boffoes just for a joke on Itchky, although personally I always figure the joke is on One Thumb when he gets her for this price.

Itchky is really greatly dejected over losing old Em and he goes to see One Thumb right after the race and tries to buy her back for two hundred dollars over the claiming price, but One Thumb is so pleased with his joke that he refuses to sell and then the most surprising things begin to occur to him.

A few nights later a ghost in a white sheet appears at his barn and frightens away all the colored parties who are working for him as stablehands and turns all of One Thumb's horses out of their stalls except old Em and chases them around the country until they are worn plumb out and are no good for racing for some weeks to come.

What is more, every time One Thumb himself steps into the open at night, a bullet whistles past him and finally one breezes through the seat of his pants and at this he hunts up Itchky Ironhat and returns old Em to him for four hundred less than the claiming price and considers it a great bargain, at that, and nobody ever plays any more jokes on Itchky with old Em.

Now the night of the racing officials' decision, I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant enjoying some choice pot roast with potato pancakes when in comes Itchky Ironhat looking somewhat depressed and, as he takes a seat at my table, naturally I tell him I deeply regret hearing that he will no longer be permitted to run old Em in New York, and Itchky sighs and says:

"Well," he says, "it is a great loss to the racing public of this state, but I always wish to do something nice for old Em and this gives me the opportunity of doing it."

"WHAT will be something nice for her, Itchky?" I say.

"Why," Itchky says, "I take her many places the past dozen years, but there is one place I never take her and that is her old home. You see, Em comes from the Bluegrass country of Kentucky and I get to thinking that the nicest thing I can do for her is to take her there and let her see the place where she is born."

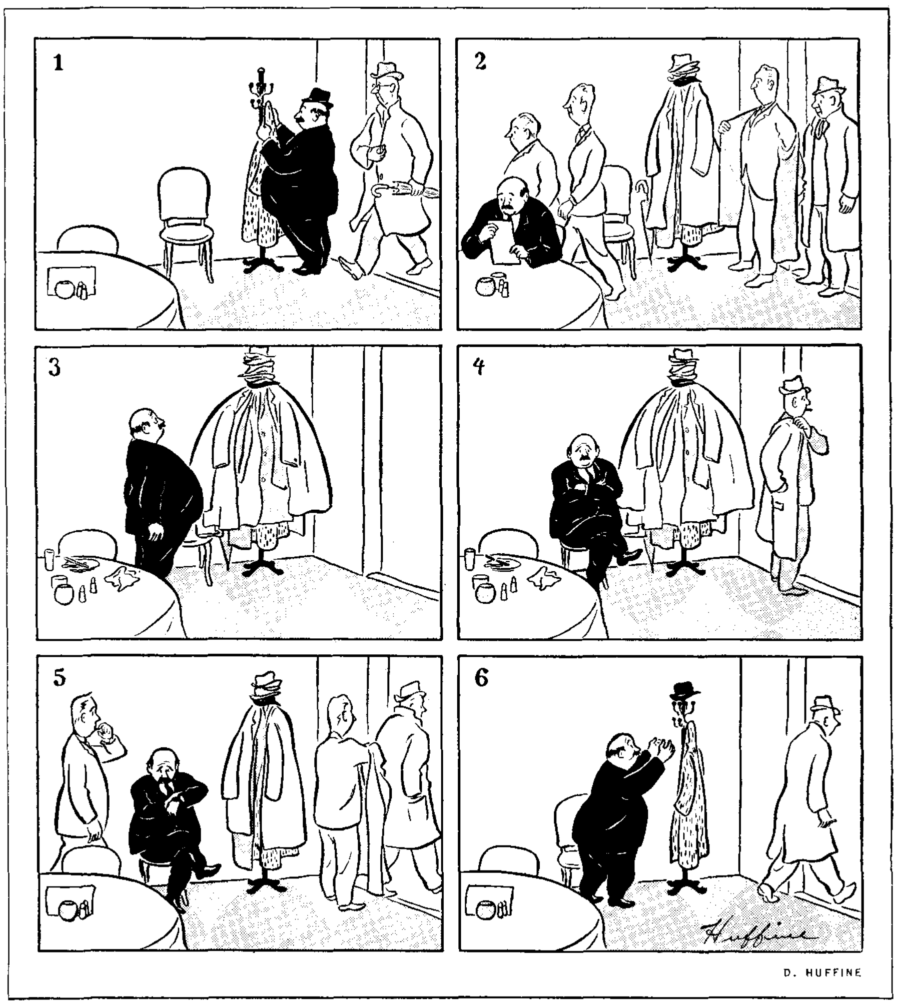
"Itchky," I say, "how is the bank roll?"

"It is thin," Itchky says. "In fact, if you are thinking of a touch, it is practically invisible."

"I am not thinking of such a thing," I say. "What I am thinking of is it will cost a gob to ship old Em to Kentucky."

"Oh," Itchky says, "I do not intend to ship her. I intend to take her there in person by motor truck and I am wondering if you will not like to go with us for company. Old Em loves company. After we let her see her old home we can drop her in a stake race at Churchill Downs and win a package."

Then Itchky explains to me that he



D. HUFFINE

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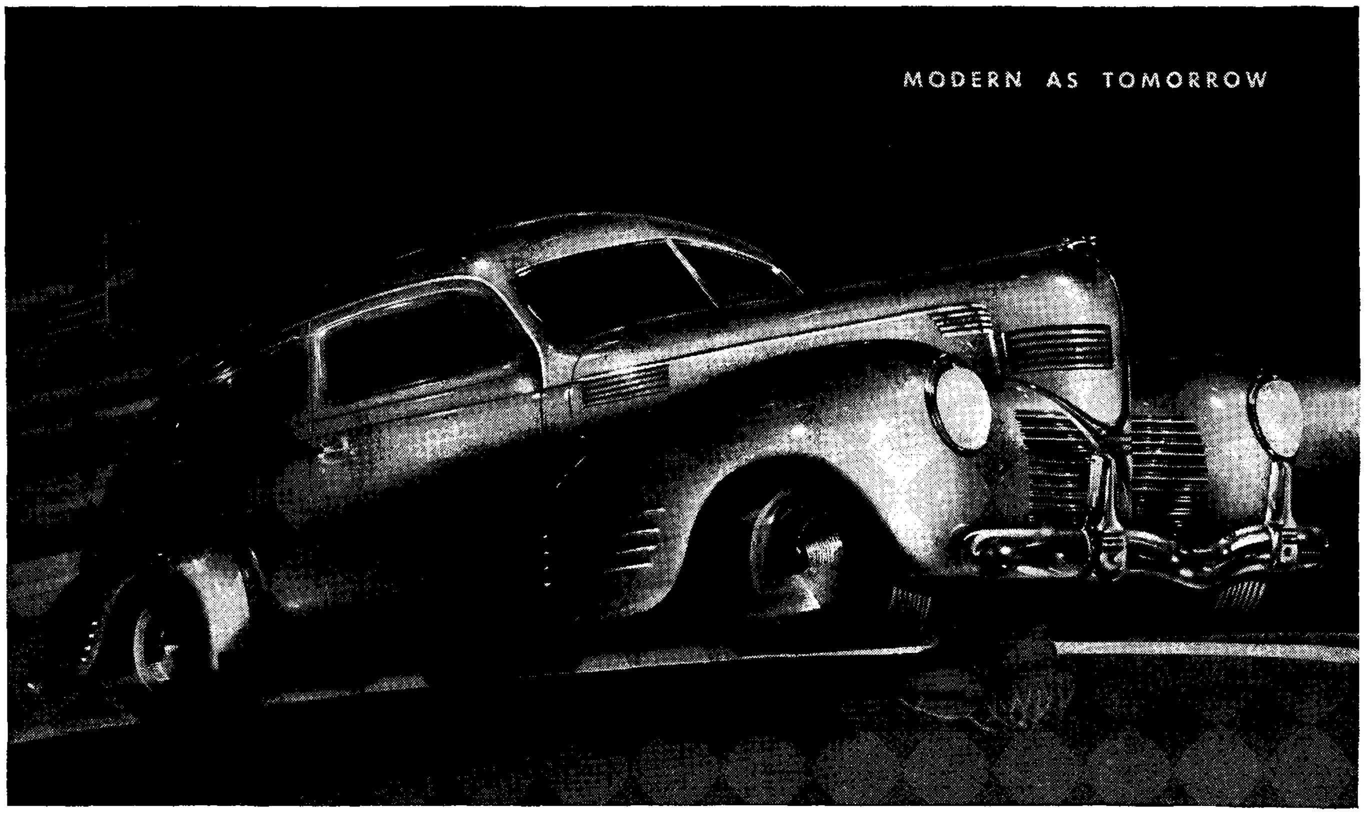
"...it's easy to see why you call it a Luxury Liner. Mrs. Martin says it's the grandest riding car she has ever known!"



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Don Herold Says:

—especially those using Mum

I can remember when a man who shaved every Saturday was supposed to be quite a tidy fellow.

Fingernails were something attended to with a Barlow knife.

Baths? I'd rather not go into that.

In our own short time we have seen American men become civilized—well, at least in their personal carefulness.

The daily shave, the daily bath—and, more recently, the daily use of Mum.

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Mum is a fragrant cream, pleasant to use, harmless to skin and clothing, which definitely stops perspiration odor without stopping perspiration itself.

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MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

acquires a truck that very afternoon from a vegetable peddler for the sum of sixty dollars and that he also gets a couple of wide, strong planks which he figures he can let down from the rear end of the truck like a runway so old Em can walk on them getting on and off the truck and that by driving by day and resting by night he can take her to the Bluegrass of Kentucky this way very nicely.

Now it is coming on time for the Kentucky Derby and if there is one thing I wish to see it is this event, and furthermore I never get around the country much and I figure that such a journey will be most educational to me so I tell Itchky he has a customer. But if I see the truck first I will certainly never think of trying to get anywhere in it, not even to the Polo Grounds.

Of course when Itchky tells me the truck costs him only sixty dollars, I am not looking for a fancy truck, but I have no idea it is going to be older than Henry Ford, or anyway Edsel, and not much bigger than a pushcart and with no top whatever, even over the seat.

The body of the truck is not long enough for old Em to stand in it spraddled out, the way horses love to stand, or her hind legs will be hanging out the rear end, so what Itchky does is to push her front legs back and her hind legs forward, so that all four feet are close together under her like she is standing on a dime.

Personally, I consider this an uncomfortable position all the way around for a horse but when Itchky and I get on the seat and Em finds she can rest her head on Itchky's shoulder, she seems quite happy, especially as Itchky talks to her most of the time.

It is no time after we start that we find old Em makes the truck top-heavy and in fact she almost falls overboard every time we take a curve and Itchky has to choke down to about two miles per hour until all of a sudden Em learns how to lean her weight to one side of the truck or the other on the curves and then Itchky can hit it up to the full speed of the truck, which is about ten miles per hour. I will say one thing for old Em, I never see a brighter horse in my life.

THE first time we stop to take her off for the night, we find that the plank runway is all right for loading her because she can run up the boards like a squirrel but they have too much of a pitch for her to walk down them, so finally we drop the tail gate and get hold of the front end of the truck and lift it gently and let her slide down to the ground like she was on a toboggan and I always claim that old Em likes this better than any other part of the trip.

It seems to be a most surprising spectacle to one and all along our route to see a truck going past with a horse leaning this way and that to keep balanced and with forty per cent of her sticking out of one end of the truck and twenty per cent of her sticking out of the other end, and we often attract many spectators when we stop. This is whenever we have a blowout, which is every now and then. Sometimes there is much comment among these spectators about old Em and as it is generally comment of an unfavorable nature, I am always having difficulty keeping Itchky from taking pops at spectators.

We sleep at night in the truck with old Em tied to the rear end and we use her spare blankets for covering as Em has more blankets than any other horse in the country and most of them are very fancy blankets, at that. It is not bad sleeping except when it rains and then Itchky takes all the blankets off us and puts them on Em and my overcoat, too, and we have to sit up under the truck and the way Itchky worries about Em catching cold is most distressing.

Sometimes when we are rolling along the road and Em is dozing on Itchky's shoulder, he talks to me instead of her, and I ask him if he knows just where to find Em's old home in the Bluegrass country.

"No," he says. "I do not know just where, but the record book gives the breeder of Em as the Tucky Farms and it must be a well-known breeding establishment to produce such a horse as Em, so we will have no trouble finding it. By the way," Itchky says, "Em comes of a very high-class family. She is by an important stallion by the name of Christofer out of a mare called Love Always, but," he says, "the curious thing about it is I am never able to learn of another horse of this breeding in this country, though Christofer is once a good race horse in France."

PERSONALLY, I consider it a great thing for this country that there is only one horse bred like Em but naturally I do not mention such a thought to Itchky Ironhat, not only because I know it will displease him but because I am afraid old Em may overhear me and be greatly offended.

The road signs state that we are a few miles out of the city of Lexington, Ky., and we know we are now down in the Bluegrass country, when we come upon a tall old guy leaning against a fence in front of a cute little white house. This old guy looks as if he may be a native of these parts as he is wearing a wide-brimmed soft hat and is chewing on a straw, so Itchky stops the truck and puts on a Southern accent and speaks to him as follows:

"Suh," Itchky says, "can you all direct me to a place called the Tucky Farms, suh?"

The tall old guy gazes at Itchky and then he gazes at me and finally he gazes at old Em and he never stops chewing on the straw and after a while he smiles and points and says:

"It is about three miles up that road," he says. "It is a big red brick house with some burned-down barns in the background, but friend," he says, "let me give you a piece of good advice. I do not know what your business is, but keep away from that place with anything that looks like a horse. Although," he says, "I am not sure that the object you have on your truck answers such a description."

Of course Itchky can see from this crack that the old guy is making fun of Em and he starts to sizzle all over and forgets his Southern accent at once and says:

"You do not like my horse?"

"Oh, it is a horse, then?" the old guy says. "Well, the party who owns Tucky Farms is a trifle eccentric about horses. In fact, he is eccentric about everything, but horses most of all. He does not permit them on his premises. It is a sad case. You may meet a disagreeable reception if you go there with your so-called horse."

Then he turns and walks into the cute little white house and I have all I can do to keep Itchky from going after him and reprimanding him for speaking so disrespectfully of old Em, especially as the old guy keeps looking around at us and we can see that he is smiling more than somewhat.

Itchky drives on up the road a little ways and, just as the old guy says, we come upon a big red brick house and there is no doubt that this is the Tucky Farms because there is a faded sign over an arched gateway that so states. The house is all shuttered up and is on a small hill pretty well back from the road and not far from the house are the remainders of some buildings that look as if they burned down a long time ago and are never fixed up again or cleared away.

In fact, the grounds and the house itself all look as if they can stand a little attention and there is not a soul in sight and it is rather a dismal scene in every respect. The gate is closed, so I get down off the truck and open it and Itchky drives the truck in and right up to the front door of the house under a sort of porch with white pillars.

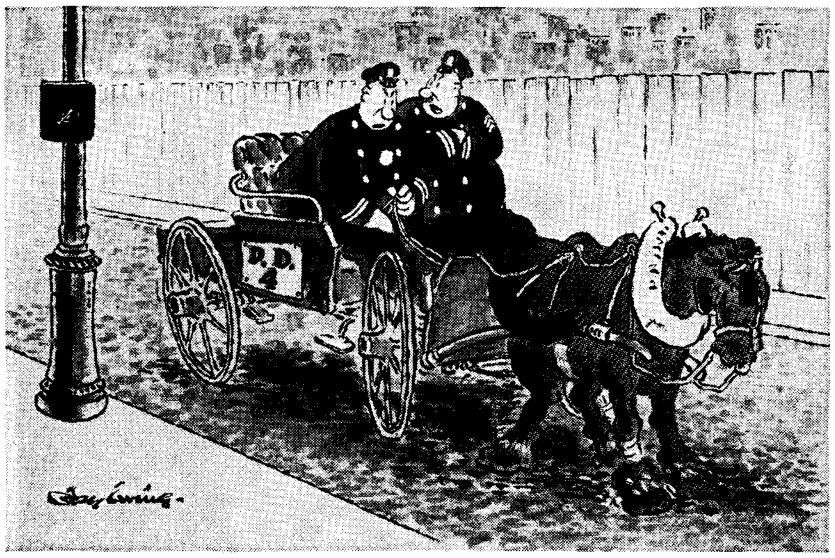
NOW the truck makes a terrible racket and this racket seems to stir up a number of colored parties who appear from around in back of the house, along with a large white guy. This large guy is wearing corduroy pants and laced boots and a black mustache and he is also carrying a double-barreled shotgun and he speaks to Itchky in a fierce tone of voice as follows:

"Pigface," he says, "get out of here. Get out of here before you are hurt. What do you mean by driving in here with a load of dog meat such as this, anyway?"

He points a finger at old Em who has her head up and is snuffling the air and gazing about her with great interest, and right away Itchky climbs down off the seat of the truck and removes his derby and places it on the ground and takes off his coat and starts rolling up his sleeves.

"It is the last straw," Itchky Ironhat says. "I will first make this big ash can eat that cannon he is lugging and then I will beat his skull in. Nobody can refer to Emaleen as dog meat and live."

Now the front door of the house opens



"Aw, quit beefin'! Yuh oughta be glad the chief didn't make us pay for th' repairs!"

JAY IRVING

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## 1939 FORD 8 TRUCKS

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FRIENDLY SERVIC

and out comes a thin character in a soiled white linen suit and at first he seems to be quite an old character as he has long white hair but when he gets closer I can see that he is not so very old at that, but he is very seedy-looking and his eyes have a loose expression. I can also see from the way the large guy and the colored parties step back that this is a character who packs some weight around here. His voice is low and hard as he speaks to Itchky Ironhat and says:

"What is this?" he says. "What name do I just hear you pronounce?"

"Emaleen," Itchky says. "It is the name of my race mare which you see before you. She is the greatest race mare in the world. The turf records say she is bred right here at this place and I bring her down here to see her old home, and everybody insults her. So this is Southern hospitality?" Itchky says.

THE new character steps up to the truck and looks at old Em for quite a spell and all the time he is shaking his head and his lips are moving as if he is talking to himself, and finally he says to the large guy:

"Unload her," he says. "Unload her and take good care of her, Dobkins. I suppose you will have to send to one of the neighbors for some feed. Come in, gentlemen," he says to Itchky and me and he holds the front door of the house open. "My name is Salsbury," he says. "I am the owner of Tucky Farms and I apologize for my foreman's behavior but he is only following orders."

As we go into the house I can see that it is a very large house and I can also see that it must once be a very grand house because of the way it is furnished, but everything seems to be as run-down inside as it does outside and I can see that what this house needs is a good cleaning and straightening out.

In the meantime, Mr. Salsbury keeps asking Itchky Ironhat questions about old Em and when he hears how long Itchky has her and what he thinks of her and all this and that, he starts wiping his eyes with a handkerchief as if the story makes him very sad, especially the part about why Itchky brings her to the Bluegrass.

Finally Mr. Salsbury leads us into a large room that seems to be a library and at one end of this room there is a painting taller than I am of a very beautiful Judy in a white dress and this is the only thing in the house that seems to be kept dusted up a little and Mr. Salsbury points at the painting and says:

"My wife, Emaleen, gentlemen. I name the horse you bring here after her long ago, because it is the first foal of her favorite mare and the first foal of a stallion I import from France."

"By Christofer, out of Love Always," Itchky Ironhat says.

"Yes," Mr. Salsbury says. "In those days, Tucky Farms is one of the great breeding and racing establishments of the Bluegrass. In those days, too, my wife is known far and wide for her fondness for horses and her kindness to them. She is the head of the humane society in Kentucky and the Emaleen Salsbury annual award of a thousand dollars for the kindest deed toward a horse brought to the attention of the society each year is famous.

"One night," Mr. Salsbury continues, "there is a fire in the barns and my wife gets out of bed and before anyone can stop her she rushes into the flames trying to save her beautiful mare, Love Always. They both perish, and," he says, "with them perishes the greatest happiness ever given a mortal on this earth."

By this time, Itchky Ironhat and I are feeling very sad, indeed, and in fact all the creases in Itchky's face are full of tears as Mr. Salsbury goes on to state that the only horses on the place that are saved are a few yearlings running in the pastures. He sends them all with a shipment a neighbor is taking to Saratoga to be disposed of there for whatever they will bring.

"Your mare Emaleen is one of those," he says. "I forget all about her at the time. Indeed," he says, "I forget everything but my unhappiness. I feel I never wish to see or hear of a horse again as long as I live and I withdraw myself completely from the world and all my former activities. But," he says, "your bringing the mare here awakens old fond memories and your story of how you cherish her makes me realize that this is exactly what my wife Emaleen will wish me to do. I see where I sadly neglect my duty to her memory. Why," he says, "I never even keep up the Emaleen Salsbury award."

Now he insists that we must remain there a while as his guests and Itchky Ironhat agrees, although I point out that it will be more sensible for us to move on to Louisville and get into action as quickly as possible because we are now practically out of funds. But Itchky takes a look at old Em and he says she is enjoying herself so much running around her old home and devouring grass that it will be a sin and a shame to take her away before it is absolutely necessary.

After a couple of days, I tell Itchky that I think absolutely necessary arrives, but Itchky says Mr. Salsbury now wishes to give a dinner in honor of old Em and he will not think of denying her this pleasure. And for the next week the house is overrun with colored parties, male and female, cleaning up the house and painting and cooking and dusting and I do not know what all else, and furthermore I hear there is a great to-do all through the Bluegrass country when the invitations to the dinner start going around, because this is the first time in over a dozen years that Mr. Salsbury has any truck whatever with his neighbors.

On the night of the dinner, one of the male colored parties tells me that he never before sees such a gathering of the high-toned citizens of the Bluegrass as are assembled in a big dining hall at a horseshoe-shaped table with an orchestra going and with flowers and flags and racing colors all around and about. In fact, the colored party says it is just like the old days at Tucky Farms when Mr. Salsbury's wife is alive, although he says he does not remember ever seeing such a character sitting alongside Mr. Salsbury at the table as Itchky Ironhat.

TO TELL the truth, Itchky Ironhat seems to puzzle all the guests no little and it is plain to be seen that they are wondering who he is and why he is present, though Itchky is sharpened up with a fresh shave and has on a clean shirt and of course he is not wearing his derby hat. Personally, I am rather proud of Itchky's appearance, but I can see that he seems to be overplaying his knife a little, especially against the mashed potatoes.

Mr. Salsbury is dressed in a white dinner jacket and his eyes are quiet and his hair is trimmed and his manner is most genteel in every way and when the guests are seated he gets to his feet and attracts their attention by tapping on a wineglass with a spoon. Then he speaks to them as follows:

"Friends and neighbors," he says. "I know you are all surprised at being invited here but you may be more surprised when you learn the reason. As most of you are aware, I am as one dead for years. Now I live again. I am going to restore Tucky Farms to all its old turf glory in breeding and racing, and," he says, "I am going to re-establish the

Emaleen Salsbury award, with which you are familiar, and carry on again in every way as I am now certain my late beloved wife will wish."

Then he tells them the story of old Em and how Itchky Ironhat cares for her and loves her all these years and how he brings her to the Bluegrass just to see her old home, but of course he does not tell them that Itchky also plans to later drop her in a race at Churchill Downs, as it seems Itchky never mentions the matter to him.

Anyway, Mr. Salsbury says that the return of old Em awakens him as if from a bad dream and he can suddenly see how he is not doing right with respect to his wife's memory and while he is talking a tall old guy who is sitting next to me, and who turns out to be nobody but the guy who directs us to Tucky Farms, says to me like this:

"It is a miracle," he says. "I am his personal physician and I give him up long ago as a hopeless victim of melancholia. In fact, I am always expecting to hear of him dismissing himself from this world entirely. Well," the old guy says, "I always say medical science is not everything."

"My first step toward restoring Tucky Farms," Mr. Salsbury goes on, "is to purchase the old mare Emaleen from Mr. Itchky Ironhat here for the sum of three thousand dollars, which we agree upon this evening as a fair price. I will retire her of course for the rest of her days, which I hope will be many."

WITH this he whips out a check and hands it to Itchky and naturally I am somewhat surprised at the sum mentioned because I figure if old Em is worth three G's War Admiral must be worth a jillion. However, I am also greatly pleased because I can see where Itchky and I will have a nice taw for the races at Churchill Downs without having to bother about old Em winning one.

"Now," Mr. Salsbury says, "for our guest of honor."

Then two big doors at one end of the banquet hall open wide and there seems to be a little confusion outside and a snorting and a stamping as if a herd of wild horses is coming in and all of a sudden who appears in the doorway with her mane and tail braided with ribbons and her coat all slicked up but old Em and who is leading her in but the large guy who insults her and also Itchky on our arrival at Tucky Farms.

The guests begin applauding and the orchestra plays My Old Kentucky Home and it is a pleasant scene to be sure, but old Em seems quite unhappy about something as the large guy pulls her into the hollow of the horseshoe-shaped table, and the next thing anybody knows, Itchky Ironhat climbs over the table, knocking glasses and dishes every which way and flattens the large guy with a neat left hook in the presence of the best people of the Bluegrass country.

Naturally, this incident causes some comment and many of the guests are slightly shocked and there is considerable criticism of Itchky Ironhat for his lack of table manners. But then it is agreed by one and all present that Itchky is undoubtedly entitled to the Emaleen Salsbury kindness to horses award when I explain that what irks him is the fact that the large guy leads old Em in with a twitch on her lip.

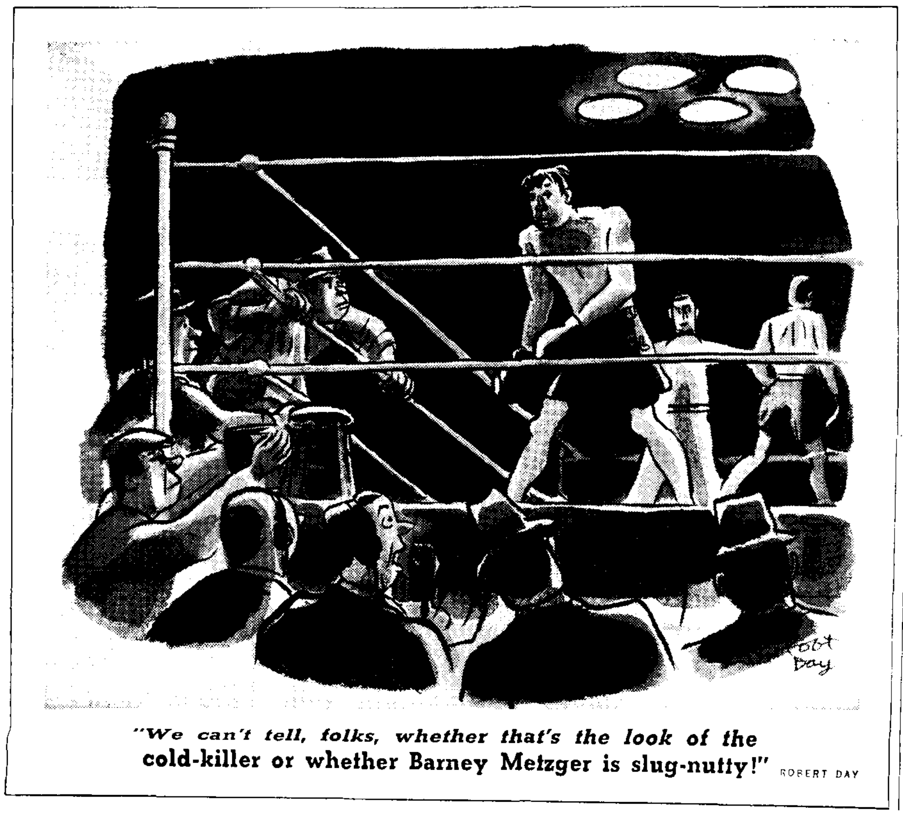
Well, this is about all there is to the story, except that Itchky and I go over to Louisville the next day and remain there awaiting the Kentucky Derby and we have a wonderful time, to be sure, except that we do not seem to be able to win any bets on the horse races at Churchill Downs.

In fact, the day before the Derby, Itchky remarks that the bank roll is now lower than a turtle's vest buttons and when I express surprise that we toss off four G's in such a short period, Itchky says to me like this:

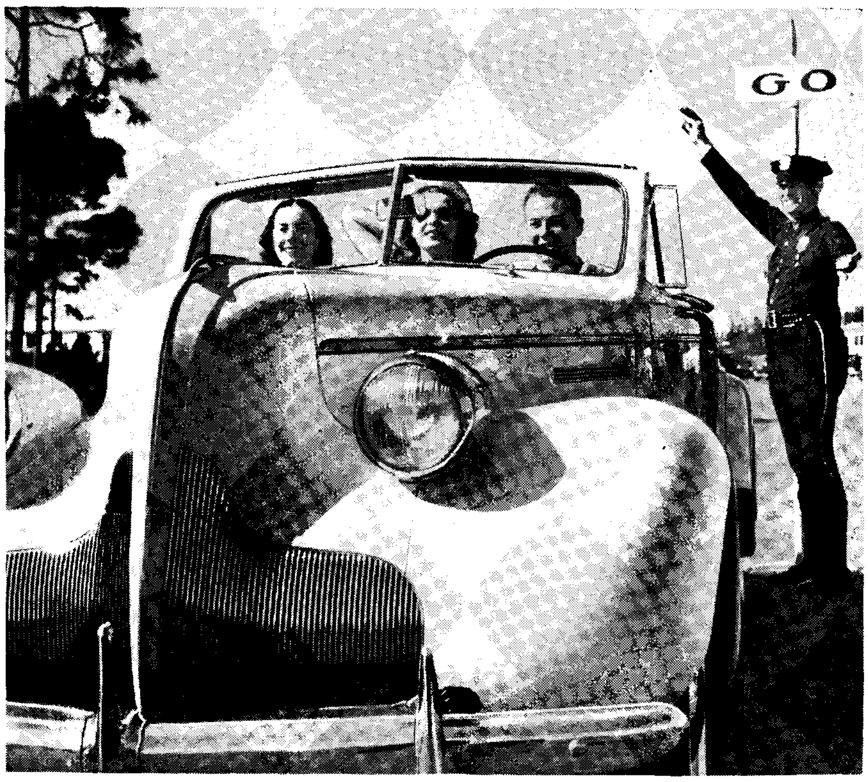
"Oh," he says, "it is not four G's. It is only three because I send the Emaleen Salsbury kindness-to-horses award of one G to Mousie. I figure she is legally entitled to this for leaving me with Em. Otherwise, we will never get even the three and besides," Itchky says, "I love Mousie. In fact, I invite her to join me here and she agrees to come after I promise I will never as much as think of old Em again.

"By the way," Itchky says, "I call up Tucky Farms this morning and Mr. Salsbury brings old Em into his study and lets her hear my voice over the phone. Mr. Salsbury says she is greatly pleased. I give her your love, but of course not as much of yours as I give her of mine," he says.

"Thanks, Itchky," I say, and at this moment I am somewhat surprised to notice a metal ash tray removing Itchky's derby hat from his head and, gazing about, who do I observe standing in the doorway and now taking dead aim at Itchky with another tray but his ever-loving wife, Mousie.



"We can't tell, folks, whether that's the look of the cold-killer or whether Barney Metzger is slug-nutty!" ROBERT DAY



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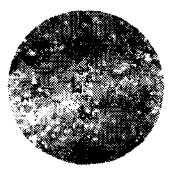

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# Red Gardenias

Continued from page 14

to endure it; she was posing as his wife.

"Goodby, now, darling," he said.

It wasn't quite the triumph he thought it would be. He kissed her with gusto. She bit his lip with even more gusto.

On his fine mahogany desk the black-and-silver clock read ten past three when William Crane pushed the button for Miss Kirby. She was his secretary. She entered his office and waited in front of his desk, notebook in hand.

"Miss Kirby, I suffer from visions," Crane said.

An alarmed expression came upon Miss Kirby's thin face. "Yes, sir," she said dubiously. She was a pale, middle-aged spinster with horn-rimmed glasses and a mound of hair on top of her head.

"I keep seeing refrigerators, washing machines, washing machines, refrigerators, washing machines," Crane said. "Thousands of them, Miss Kirby. Millions of them."

Miss Kirby seemed about to fly from the room.

"They glisten, Miss Kirby. They will not stain or lose their luster. They dress the kitchen, make the basement look like the living room."

Under the impression this was a flight of the advertising mind, Miss Kirby began to take notes.

"They're orange-juice- and gin-proof, guaranteed to freeze diapers in ten seconds with the rugged Rapo-Arctic finger-tip, free-wheeling action. They have the highest humidity, the lowest frigidity, the greatest rigidity, the finest . . .

"Miss Kirby, where does a man in my condition go?"

Some of the alarm left Miss Kirby's face.

"Well, Mr. Richard March used to go over to the Morgan House taproom about this time in the afternoon. *He* used to say thinking of iceboxes gave *him* chills."

Crane looked at her. "Did Mr. Richard March come back to the office later?"

"No, sir."

Crane seized his coat and hat. "Thank you."

He was followed out of the office by Miss Kirby, who halted to confide to Miss Anselman, the assistant production manager's secretary, that she didn't think Mr. Crane was going to do at all.

"He doesn't seem to be serious," she said.

THE Morgan House taproom was like home after a long visit with foreigners. It was cool and dim and there was an odor of limes in the air. He sat in a red-leather-upholstered armchair, leaned on a red-lacquered table.

He'd no idea there was so much to manufacturing. He was really confused between the March Rapo-Arctic refrigerator, with the finger-tip blizzard control, and the foam-flinging March Acrobat washer. He had walked down scores of assembly lines, fingered bright parts, nodded wisely to technical lectures on current consumption, shelf features, soap consumption, rinsing temperature zones, humidity controls, crispers, automatic ironing, fruit storage, clothes capacity, food capacity . . .

He ordered a double Scotch and soda. After a time a man came into the taproom and walked up to his table.

"You probably don't remember me," he said. "I'm Dr. Woodrin. I met you at lunch, at the City Club."

"Sure," Crane said. "Sit down. Have a drink?"

The doctor ordered ale. He was a healthy man with a round pink-and-white face and light blue eyes. His complexion was so fresh it made him look under forty, but Crane was sure he was nearer forty-five.

"After I leave the hospital I drop in for a bottle of ale," Dr. Woodrin explained. "I usually run into somebody to gab with."

Crane said, "My secretary told me this was Richard March's afternoon headquarters."

"He used to be here in the morning, too."

"A good idea," Crane said.

After Crane got another Scotch and soda, they talked. They discussed Marchton. Dr. Woodrin said he'd lived in the town for fifteen years. Before that he'd been chief physician for the International Oil Company in Texas and Oklahoma. He was a graduate of Rush Medical, in Chicago. He was now chief of staff of Marchton City Hospital.

"It's a nice position," he said, "but not much money."

CRANE, after a time, worked the conversation back to Richard March. He told the physician he had the Richard March house, wanted to know how it came to be so elaborately decorated.

"That's Alice March," Dr. Woodrin said. "You'll understand when you see her. She dresses the same way."

"She divorced him?"

"They were divorced. It was sort of a standoff." He drank the remainder of his ale. "She didn't get any alimony, but was allowed to divorce him. I think Dick's lawyer, old Judge Dornbush, was too smart for Alice's lawyer, Talmadge March."

"Who's Talmadge March?"

"Richard's younger brother." The doctor looked at Crane over his glass. "Their story's like those Greek plays we used to read in college."

Crane took his word for that. Anyway, it was a strange one. Alice had been Talmadge's girl; they were engaged to be married when the handsome Richard met her. The doctor said he supposed it was, for Richard, more the challenge of the engagement, the lure of someone's property, than love; and, besides, the brothers always had hated each other.

Marchton's tongues moved a great deal over the elopement, moved less when Alice left Richard five years later, but regained vigor when Talmadge appeared as her attorney in the divorce suit. The gossip reached a climax when, five months before Richard died, the divorce was granted with no settlement, no alimony, Dr. Woodrin said. The town wondered what Richard had on his wife. It must have been good; she had plenty on him. There was speculation as to whether Talmadge was involved beyond the role of counsel; it was popularly believed he was still in love with Alice.

"It was a triumph for Talmadge, then," Crane said.

"No. Richard didn't care. He was through with her."

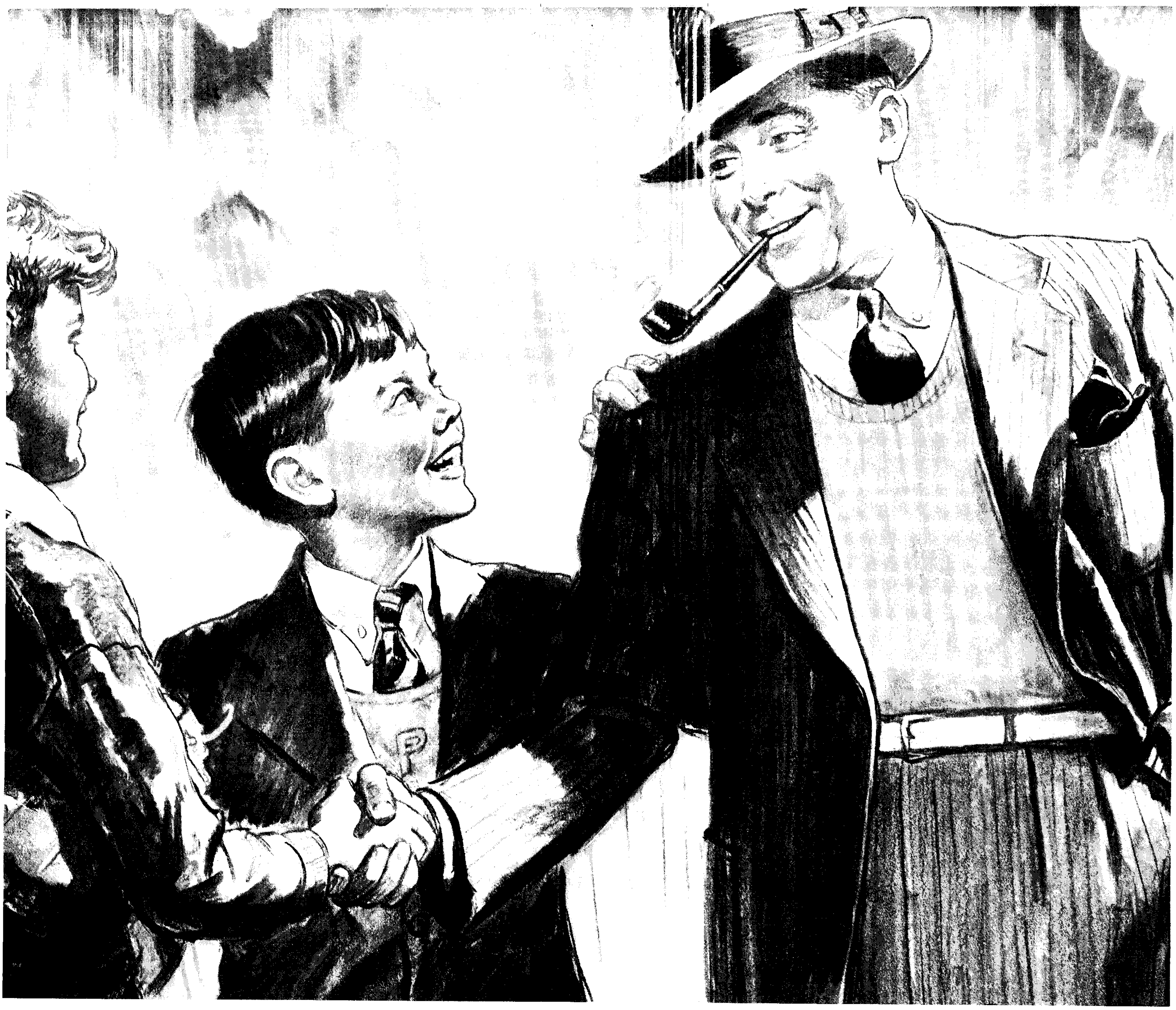
Crane learned Talmadge March was not connected with the March business. He had refused to enter the company, had opened his own law office. He was moderately successful and, the doctor added, he had a large income from the interest his father had left him in the company. It was larger now that Richard was gone.

"That was a funny death," Crane said. "Richard's, I mean."

"It was," Dr. Woodrin agreed. "I've often thought about it. You know I was there when he was found."

"You were?"

"I'll tell you about it." The doctor



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# "THAT'S MY DAD"

EVERY father gets a warm feeling around his heart when he hears his son say "That's my Dad".

The spirit behind his words is so revealing—the look in his eyes and the tone in his voice—when he says "That's my Dad". In his boyish way he is proudly saluting his hero—the pal he adores and admires.

It's a real responsibility to have a youngster say "That's my Dad". It calls for understanding and thoughtful control. It calls for moderation. When a boy discovers for the first time that his father—his own Dad—has been using liquor unwisely—immoderately—something fine between them may be lost.

The House of Seagram selects "Father's Day" as an appropriate time to repeat the viewpoint we have expressed so often in the past five years—"Fine whiskey is a luxury, one of the pleasures of life to be enjoyed *only* in moderation—*never* at the sacrifice of another person's happiness."

## THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

*Fine Whiskies Since 1857*

*Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp. Offices, N.Y.*

DELAY IS DANGEROUS TO ME

"A DOCTOR is always wanted in a hurry. So, with the possibility of life and death hanging in the balance, I take no chances with my car. And one thing I do every thousand miles is drive into a Texaco station and say 'Marfak my car.' And then I KNOW that the chassis, anyway, is sound and healthy."

And that's just the practice of thousands and thousands of motorists who want absolute assurance that their cars are in fine shape—always.

The Texaco Dealers who give this Marfak Service are specially schooled so they're on speaking terms with every grease cup on your car. What's more, they don't stop with efficient lubrication. They render a dozen or more little services, often neglected, but vitally important to carefree, safe driving.

And the lubricants they use: each is best for its particular job from stem to stern. Take Marfak. It's the toughest lubricant yet devised by the Texaco Engineers and it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease. It gives absolute lubricating protection for a full thousand miles.

This 40-Point Service costs surprisingly little, too, yet brings you carefree motoring.

• • •

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

Let us MARFAK your car

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THE 40-POINT LUBRICATION
AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

crooked a finger at the waiter. "Two more of the same, Charley."

Crane said, "Let me get these."

Dr. Woodrin shook his head at Crane. "It was one of those dry, clear nights in early February," he began. "It was cold, but there was a three-quarters moon. We'd all decided to take a drive after the Country Club dance."

He had come out of the club, he continued, with John March and Carmel, Peter March and Alice and Talmadge just as the orchestra began to play Home, Sweet Home. The orchestra had been bad and they were all glad the dance was over. Alice, who was ahead with Peter, called over her shoulder: "Dick must have passed out."

They could see Richard sprawled over the wheel of his big sedan, his head cradled in his arms.

Carmel had called to Peter, ahead: "Dick's engine's on."

Peter went to the sedan and opened the door by the driver's seat, the doctor said, and shook Richard's shoulder. "Come on, old boy," he had said; "time to go home." He shook him again, violently, and said, "Dick!"

CHARLEY, the waiter, put ale and a double Scotch and soda on the table, accepted the quarter tip. Crane said, "Thanks."

The doctor said, "Peter sounded scared and I ran over to him."

They pulled Richard from the sedan, he continued, stretched him on the ground, and he had jerked loose the rear vision mirror and held it against Richard's lips. It hadn't clouded!

"I knew he was gone, but I sent someone to call an ambulance," Dr. Woodrin concluded. "They worked on him at the hospital; he had been dead for some time."

"Who'd been dead?" a woman's voice asked.

Startled, Crane pivoted to encounter Carmel March's dark eyes. She was smiling. She wore a gray coat tailored so that it was tight over sleek hips and high breasts and padded at the shoulders.

"Who'd been dead?" she repeated.

Back of her were a man and a woman. Crane knew at once that the woman was Alice March. She was blond and plump and there was a sweet smile on her face, as though it had been painted there.

"Hello, there," Dr. Woodrin said. "Join us?"

It *was* Alice March. The man with her, a middle-sized man with a bored face and languid manners, was Talmadge March. "How d'you do," he said to Crane. He didn't offer his hand.

In response to Crane's invitation, they ordered Martinis. Crane drank his double Scotch and soda with them.

Carmel sat next to Crane. "For the last time, who'd been dead?"

Dr. Woodrin said, "I was telling Mr. Crane about the former owner of his house."

"The late-lamented Richard?" Talmadge inquired.

Crane thought his lightly contemptuous attitude was hardly proper in front of the widow (even the divorced widow), but Alice March smiled sweetly. She seemed pleased.

Carmel asked, "What about Richard?"

"Just the usual story of his death," Dr. Woodrin replied.

Talmadge drawled, "I suppose our local Galen told you of the mystery?"

"No," Crane said. "A real mystery?"

"A lady." Talmadge's amused eyes were on Carmel. "A woman, anyway."

"Hell," said Dr. Woodrin, "that mystery's been buried a long time."

"Has it?" Talmadge took a sip of his Martini. "I wonder."

Dr. Woodrin said, "He's talking about lipstick marks on Richard's face."

"Fresh lipstick," Talmadge drawled. "Naturally there was speculation as to the identity of the lady."

Alice March, her voice sweet, said, "It narrowed down to two or three, I believe."

"Not to you, though, dear," Carmel said.

Crane got an idea the two women didn't like each other.

"The marks looked green," Dr. Woodrin said. "I don't know anybody who uses green lipstick."

"I saw them." Talmadge's smile was mocking. "The moon plays strange tricks with colors." He looked directly at Carmel. "But the lady of the green lipstick never came forward."

"She never explained what she was doing," Dr. Woodrin said sadly.

"Hell," Crane said, "she must have been kissing Richard."

"A very fine piece of deduction," Talmadge drawled.

"The kiss of death," Crane said. "That's what she was giving him." He liked the phrase. "The kiss of death."

Carmel March's eyes, suddenly jet-black, examined his face for a second. He grinned foolishly at her. She looked frightened, he thought.

Talmadge said, "There was *another* clue."

"How do you know so much about this?" demanded Dr. Woodrin.

"I was there, and I have eyes . . . and a nose."

Crane gaped at him. "A nose?"

"There was an odor of perfume on Richard's coat." Talmadge's speech was so affected it made him sound feminine. "I caught it as I helped put him in the ambulance—you remember, Woodrin, I lent a hand?"

Woodrin nodded.

"What was the odor?" Crane asked.

"Gardenia perfume."

Carmel said coldly, "You're making that up, Tam."

"Am I, darling?"

Crane got an impression they had forgotten him. He was conscious of an undercurrent of genuine emotion, of a tensity in each of them, with the possible exception of Dr. Woodrin. He supposed they ignored him because they thought he was either slightly simple or drunk. He determined to maintain this impression.

Carmel's face was like a delicately tinted dancer's mask. "You have a lawyer's imagination, Tam." She did not change expression when she talked.

"If I have," Talmadge countered, "how is it you gave up gardenia after Dick died?"

THAT'S done it, Crane thought. Now for an explosion. He wondered why Simeon March hadn't mentioned the gardenia business. He watched Carmel for the eruption, but none came.

She laughed, genuinely amused. "What a fine detective you are!" She leaned toward Crane so that his face was in the hollow formed by her neck and shoulder. "What do you smell, Mr. Crane?"

Crane took a deep breath, then said gallantly, "I smell Nassau in May."

"No," she said.

"I smell the Sabine hills after an April rain. I smell flower-strewn boats at Xochimilco. I smell the cherry blossoms of Nippon. I smell a hot tub filled with English bath salts."

Everyone laughed except Carmel, who said:

"No; specifically."

Crane said, "I smell gardenias."

Talmadge didn't seem embarrassed. "I thought I might trap you into a confession, Carmel." He grinned at her over his Martini. "A lawyer's trick."

"I think it's in pretty poor taste." Carmel remained close to Crane. "If it was a joke."

Dr. Woodrin was lighting a pipe. "You've a macabre sense of humor, Tam."

The taproom was beginning to fill, and men and women, as smartly dressed as a New York cocktail-hour crowd, passed by their table.

"The *haut monde* of Marchton," Talmadge drawled.

"They look nice," Crane said. "How about another drink?"

They were perfectly willing. While Charley collected empty glasses, the conversation turned to duck shooting. The season had been open for a couple of weeks, but there hadn't been many birds. The cold weather had made them hopeful for next Sunday's shooting. Talmadge asked Crane if he'd like to shoot with them, and Crane said Peter March had already suggested it.

"It's usually fine shooting," Dr. Woodrin said.

For the first time Talmadge spoke without affectation: "Wonderful shooting."

CRANE learned that the river lands where the March family and friends shot duck had been acquired by Great-grandfather March when he emigrated from New England in 1823. He had farmed by the river and died there, and had willed the land as a perpetual estate for the family until there should be no direct male descendants. Then it could be sold.

"Old Jonathan March's idea," Talmadge explained, "was to provide a backlog for the family, a place they could return to when defeated by the outside world."

"He didn't know his grandsons would nick the world for about twenty million dollars," Dr. Woodrin said.

"I think it's a nice idea," Crane said. "Is the land worth anything now?"

"About five thousand dollars," Talmadge said.

"It's swell for duck shooting," Dr. Woodrin said.

"We wouldn't sell it if we could," Talmadge agreed. "Besides, the doctor wouldn't let us. He's been appointed trustee for the Jonathan March estate."

"It's a responsible job," Carmel said, smiling. "Administering an estate worth five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars is a lot of money as far as I'm concerned," Dr. Woodrin said.

A bellhop halted by the table.

"Mr. Crane?"

Crane said, "I believe I am."

"Telephone," the bellhop said.

"Telephone what?"

"For you, sir."

"For me? A telephone? What kind of a telephone?"

"A telephone call, sir."

"How disappointing!" He stood up, made a sweeping bow. "Kindly pardon me." He followed the bellhop.

He heard Talmadge say, "A bit high, I'd say." He heard Dr. Woodrin say, "Makes Richard look like a teetotaler." He heard Carmel say, "I like him."

He felt very pleased he had fooled them into thinking he was drunk. He giggled a little at the thought of his cleverness, and carried out his role so thoroughly he had to be helped into the phone booth.

He spoke into the phone: "Crane & Company; novelties, knickknacks, knickers."

It was Ann Fortune. She said, "I've traced Delia."

"Huh? Delia? Oh, Delia. How?"

"Simple deduction."

Crane groaned. "Please. You sound like Philo Vance. Pretty soon you'll be dropping your g's."

"If you come home I'll drive you to the Brookfield house."

"In whose car?"

"Peter March left one here for us."

"For us," Crane repeated ominously. "I suppose you've been roistering with him all afternoon?"

"Why, yes, I have."

"Why isn't he at work?" he demanded. "Why does he have to fiddle around our little dovecote while I freeze, careening from ice cube to ice cube?"

There was no answer. Crane said, "I suppose you called the office and got everybody aware of the fact I wasn't there."

"I didn't call the office," Ann said.

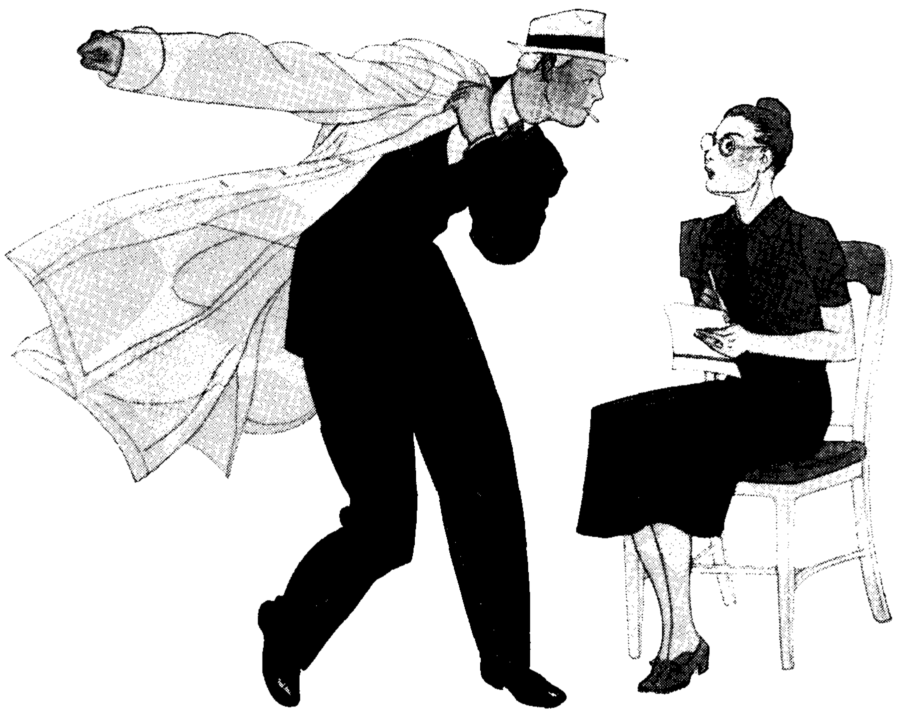
"But, how did—?"

"I simply asked the telephone operator to ring the best bar in town."

THAT morning, after she had conferred with Beulah about dinner, Ann Fortune put on her black caracul coat, freshened her lipstick and telephoned for a taxi.

"The nearest dairy," she told the driver.

This was her first attempt at detection and she felt a little excited. She wondered if the trail would lead her into one of those situations she had so often seen in the William Powell-Myrna Loy mov-



Crane seized his hat and coat. "Thank you," he said.

"Jumbo here is so strong he reminds me of some people's breath. Don't take chances with your breath—tame it with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

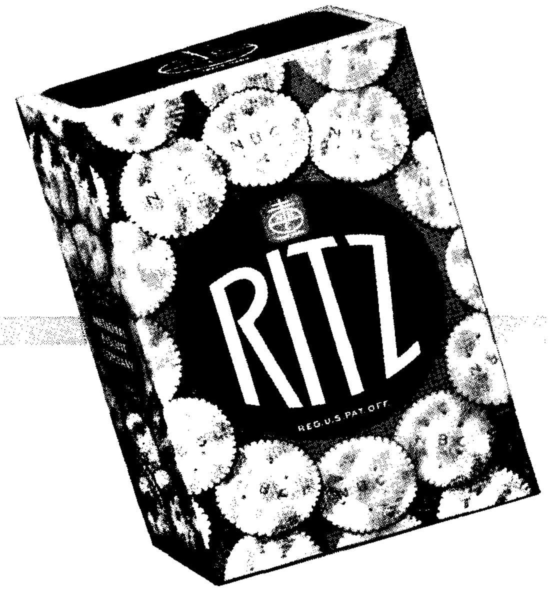
"Folks are really 'going overboard' for the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS! Have you tried them?"

"How's this for a poem inspired by BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS?
'Yum-yum,
Butter-Rum!'
Short—but it tells the story."

"Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!"

When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the 250-foot Life Savers Parachute Jump. It's a real thrill!

"He's stone deaf until you say RITZ!"



**Everybody Listens** when you say, "Have some Ritz!" For this grand little cracker fits in cozily with every food — cheese, soups, salads — with drinks and milk. Or does a gorgeous job of satisfying all by itself. Just dive in the package — ah, ha! — *see!* — you can't stop eating 'em. Irresistible flavor has made Ritz America's largest-selling cracker. Ritz is always crisp because its crispness is *sealed in!* Always delightfully *oven-fresh* because it comes to you in a moisture-proof package. Order Ritz from your food dealer today!

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ies: possibly to a penthouse with a suave villain from whom she would be saved in the nick of time by the arrival of Bill Crane.

The only trouble was that she felt no confidence in the arrival of Bill Crane anywhere in the nick of time; he was more likely to stop for a drink on the way and come too late.

Not that she didn't like Bill Crane; it was just that he didn't seem to take things seriously. Take the case they were working on: Richard March and John March dead from gas and Simeon March accusing Carmel, his daughter-in-law, of having murdered them. It was a serious affair! But Bill, apparently, wasn't doing anything about it. He acted as though they were on one of those Long Island house parties he used to take her to in New York when he wasn't working. He acted . . .

"This do, Miss?" the driver asked.

It was the Prima Dairy. She smiled a little at the squat white building. It didn't look like the sort of place Myrna Loy would be detecting in.

However, she *did* find out something. Her smile almost disorganized the young clerk who took her order for milk and cream, but he retained possession of enough faculties to tell her that the dairy had the only rural service for Brookfield and Blue Lake in Marchton.

Delia's note telling Richard to shut off milk deliveries must have been written two summers ago, since Richard had been dead since February. Ann asked the clerk if he could find a Brookfield account in which the milk had been shut off for a week end around the middle of July of that year. The clerk found one for a Raymond Maxwell, 12 February Lane, Brookfield.

Under the M file in the regular account book, the clerk found the house on February Lane was owned by a Charles G. Jameson, Brookfield real-estate operator. Bills had been paid by postal money orders, but there was a letter from Mrs. Maxwell, opening the account. Ann's heart jumped when she caught sight of violet ink and Delia's large handwriting.

THE clay road to Brookfield was so thickly lined with trees it seemed as though the sedan were going through a long tunnel. Crane brooded over the lecture he had just been given on the evils of strong drink. A warm afternoon sun sent saffron rays angling through elms and oaks and maples, spotlighted bright masses of party-colored leaves. In the air there was a smell of smoke.

He had to admit, though, Ann had done a neat piece of detection in tracing Delia through the dairy. "I guess I owe you a bottle of milk," he said.

"Champagne," Ann said.

"All right. What kind of champagne do you like?"

"Demisec, in magnums."

"You'll get it," he said, and added, "I hope it makes you very sec."

This terrible pun made him feel better and he told her what he'd heard in the taproom.

He told her about the discovery of Richard's body, of the lipstick on his face, and of the smell of gardenia on his coat. They wondered why Talmadge March had tried to trap Carmel. Or had it been his idea of a joke?

"I'm beginning to think Richard was having an affair with Carmel," Crane said.

"In addition to our Delia?"

"Richard was a gay dog."

"Do you think Carmel'd deceive her husband with his first cousin?" Ann asked.

"I don't know."

A break in the tunnel of trees brought them out into bright sunlight. On the right was a black field, stacked evenly with Indian tepees of cornstalks and dotted with plump, bright pumpkins. A black-and-white calf, chained to a fence post, grazed in the ditch beside the road.

Crane added, "Look at Peter, too. She's quite friendly with him."

"Peter told me this afternoon he wanted to get Richard's letters to protect a lady," Ann said. "From hints he dropped I got the idea the lady is Carmel, and that the letters were important." She glanced at his face. "And that gave me an idea."

The road curved to the right, crossed a small stone bridge and entered a valley. Apple orchards, fruit trees and cornfields lay on either side of them. They passed a wagon loaded with yellow feed corn.

"I think you're wonderful," Crane said.

"Be serious. If Carmel were your wife and were having an affair with Richard, what would you do?"

"I'd lock her up in the coalbin."

"Please be serious."

"I'd be angry with Richard."

"Exactly."

CRANE blinked at her. "You don't think John killed him?"

"He could have discovered Carmel in the car with Richard (that fits in with the gardenia), sent her into the club, then killed Richard."

"How?"

Ann smiled. "That's as far as I've gone."

"I've got an idea." Crane lit a cigarette, put it in her mouth. "I'll tell you if you're not mad at me."

"I've never been mad at you."

"No?"

"Well, I wish you wouldn't drink so much."

Crane was about to tell her of his plan to make people think he was a drunkard so they'd disregard him, but it didn't sound so convincing when he was sober.

"All right, I won't," he said. "Here's the idea."

He reconstructed the murder (if it had been a murder) for her. Richard, he said, had passed out. Then John, or someone else, had fastened a rubber hose to the exhaust of his sedan, run the free end through a partially open window, and started the engine. Then, when Richard was dead, he removed the hose.

"I think that's very clever," Ann declared.

The road came to a good cement highway and Ann turned to the left and increased the sedan's speed. The sun was barely above a long ridge ahead of them and the air was cooler. Haze hung like muslin over the distant countryside.

Crane was frowning. "Only then I don't see who killed John," he admitted.

Ann held her cigarette out the window to let the wind remove the ash. "John killed himself. Remorse."

Crane looked at her smiling face with respect. "That makes it pretty neat." He pulled the tan camel's-hair coat around him. "But the old man is certain Carmel did the murdering."

Ann said, "That's a good theory, too."

Crane had another thought. "Maybe Carmel signed her notes to Richard with the name Delia."

"She didn't. Her handwriting's different."

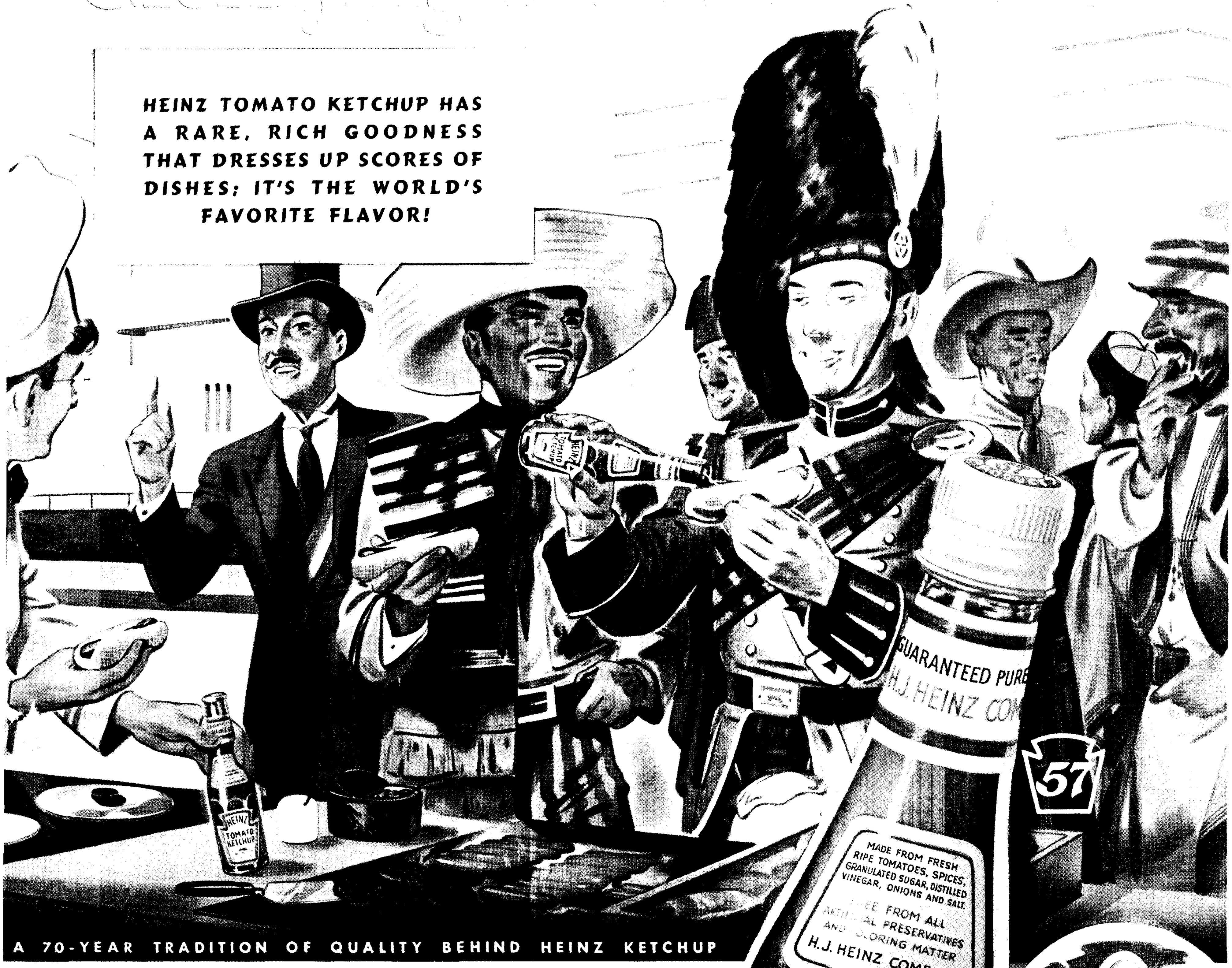
"You've been busy, haven't you?"

"One of us has to work."

Crane retired in high dudgeon. He had begun to be a little alarmed about Ann Fortune. It would be an awful thing if she solved the case single-handed. He would never live it down. He had a dreadful feeling he might have to go to work.

"I need a drink," he said, and then, as Ann looked at him, added, "of nice warm tea."

*(To be continued next week)*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GUARANTEED PURE H.J. HEINZ CO
57
MADE FROM FRESH RIPE TOMATOES, SPICES, GRANULATED SUGAR, DISTILLED VINEGAR, ONIONS AND SALT.
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WHETHER you ask for Heinz Tomato Ketchup in Russian, French or Spanish, the familiar octagonal bottle spells *good eating.* For this racy condiment endows scores of dishes with an old-fashioned flavor everybody loves! It's the cooked-down goodness of Heinz "aristocrat" tomatoes, Heinz aged-in-wood Vinegar and piquant spices. Keep Heinz Tomato Ketchup always on the table—another bottle handy in the kitchen for cooking use—if you would give your fare *gusto!*

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MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY

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YOU'LL LIKE HEINZ CHILI SAUCE ON FISH AND GAME
HEINZ CHILI SAUCE

TRY HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE WITH MEAT LOAF AND STEAK

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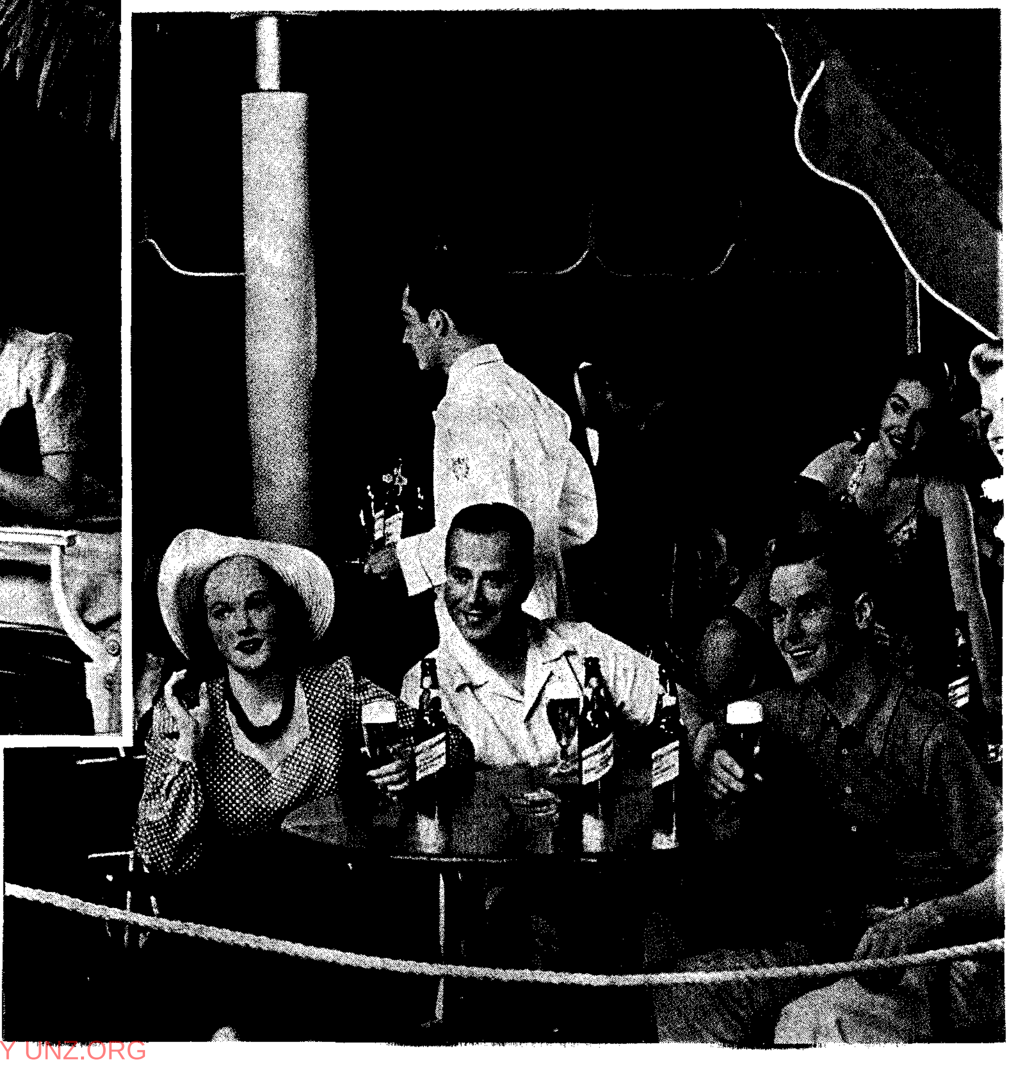

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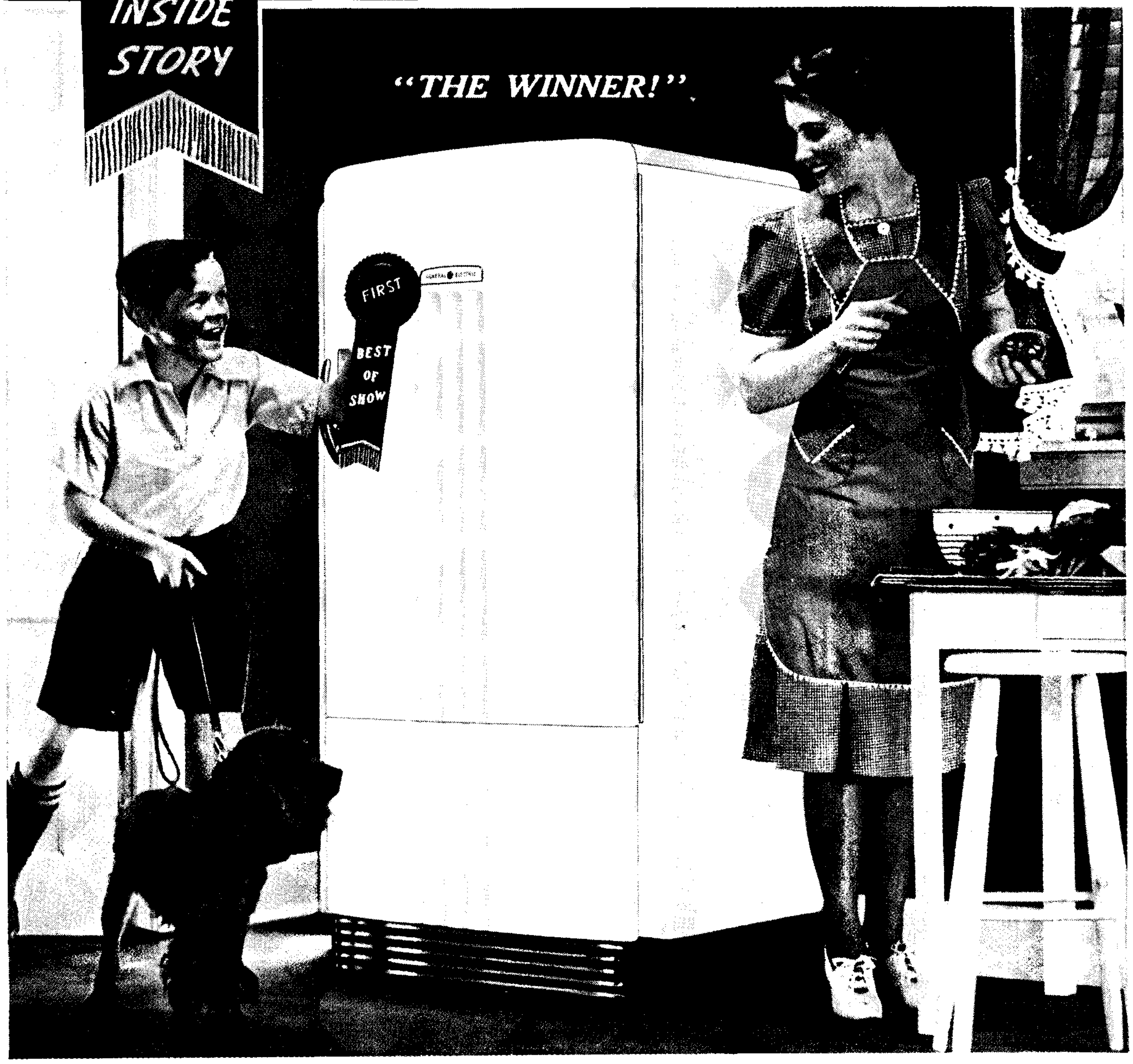

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See G-E "House of Magic" At Both World Fairs

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

# Up on the Step

Continued from page 21

"That's it," burst out Shane excitedly, speaking for the first time. "Find the medium you were born for and then go ahead. If you flop in the movies, don't rush into marriage. Take your time and walk around and look ahead. Then maybe try the stage again. Or something new."

Nobody said anything. Het lay there with her eyes closed. The place was sweet with flowers, heavy with smoke. Everyone was discouraged, let down. Only three reporters had come up here. Only two photographers. And the newspaperwoman hadn't shown up.

"All right," she said, stirring after a while. "Who's flopped in the movies? Charles, when do we go to see your mother?"

Downstairs Shane said goodby again.

"You're coming along," she said.

"Not to meet his mother," Shane said.

"I'm certainly not going to meet her alone," she said.

"You won't be alone. You'll have him with you," said Shane.

"Of course," she said. "But would you believe it if I said I was frozen with fright?"

"Yes," said Shane. "I would." So they all walked along beside her. A small crowd, gathering, looked at her and at her hat.

"MUST we go around in a drove?" asked Charles.

"Harry's from the studio. Joe's from the New York office. And you've already met Mr. Shane," she said.

"Mr. Shane is not official," said Charles.

"I think," said Shane, "that I won't go along."

"I think I won't go along either," she said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Charles.

The car drew up. The door was opened. "Thanks, boys," she said, shaking hands with Harry and Joe.

She stepped languidly into the car. Charles stood back, looking at Shane.

"I'll just ride with the chauffeur," said Shane.

"You'll be cold up there, Shane, without your overcoat," she said.

"It's only a short distance," said Charles.

Charles stepped in beside her. Shane sat in front. The chauffeur closed the doors and got in. The car floated into action. Charles held her hand, kissed her cheek.

"Don't be afraid, darling," Charles said.

"Charles—what does marriage mean to you, Charles?" she asked dreamily, as if she had never got to the point of asking before. "I mean—what does it represent?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Charles. "Getting away, for one thing. I hate New York. I'm never here unless I have to be."

"You mean we wouldn't live here?"

"Hell, no," said Charles.

"I lived two years in a furnished room in New York," she said wistfully.

"My idea," said Charles, "would be for us to build a big house in Hawaii—or in Bali—any place as far away from here as possible—of glass, perhaps, with a swimming pool and a private beach for the children and never see anyone but the family—just keep the family to the family."

"Keep what family to what family?" she asked.

"Ours," said Charles triumphantly.

And here they were. The car glided to the curb. The house was so tall it seemed to bend over and look down.

When they were ushered into the library where Mrs. McCord sat awaiting them, there seemed to be layers and layers to Mrs. McCord.

"Mother," said Charles, "this is Hetty Ingram."

As Mrs. McCord looked Hetty Ingram up and down she was impassive. Her eyes moved in her head but nothing else of Mrs. McCord moved at all.

"And who is that?" she asked, looking at Shane.

"A man named Shane," stated Charles.

"Tea!" said Mrs. McCord to the doorway. "Don't stand, Miss Ingram."

Miss Ingram sank down in a chair so large that she was practically lost.

"I eat practically nothing," Mrs. McCord said to Shane. "And I never exercise. My ankles are too small."

"So I can see, ma'am," said Shane.

Mrs. McCord ate a pecan from the silver dish beside her.

"Few people interest me, Mr. Shane," she said, "but I can talk to you."

"Go ahead," said Shane.

"Miss Ingram would be wasted," said Mrs. McCord.

"Wasted where?" asked Shane.

"On Charles," said Mrs. McCord.

Charles McCord threw out his hands in a hasty gesture. Then, turning away, he clasped both his hands behind him and walked over to a window.

"Charles is a bore," continued Mrs. McCord, "even to himself. He finds it hard to get through the days. The nights, for Charles, are easier."

"You mean, through the nights he sleeps," said Shane.

"Not at all," said Mrs. McCord. "Practically, Charles doesn't go to bed at all. I am devoted to Charles but I realize his limitations."

"I see you do, ma'am," said Shane.

Tea came in just then, very impressively, on a vast silver tray carried by a butler who had the assistance of a maid. Tea was elaborate here.

"Charles drinks too much, Mr. Shane," said Mrs. McCord deliberately, after the servants had gone. "He is unstable, weak, rather charming and an escapist, like his father. I put in one hell of a life with his father, Mr. Shane, who was quite mad about me. Rather recently I prevented another girl, who is now very happily married, from marrying Charles."

"NOW that we're speaking together, ma'am," said Shane, "I think Miss Ingram shouldn't waste herself on a marriage with anyone. Miss Ingram is a rare and delicate personality. Aside from her beauty, Miss Ingram could become a sensitive, exciting and compelling actress if she could for once let herself go. In fact, she's right on her way to being all that now if she's not stopped by a stupid marriage."

"You've never said any of those things before, Shane," said Hetty Ingram, speaking for the first time.

"I never knew them before."

"When did you find them out?" asked Ingram.

"You're trembling, aren't you?"

"Yes. It's—just the stuffy cold in here," said Ingram.

"You see," said Shane to Mrs. McCord. "Sensitive."

Mrs. McCord knocked the ash off her cigarette. "Perhaps she's afraid of me," Mrs. McCord said as if Miss Ingram were not present.

"I'm not afraid of you," said Miss Ingram. "I can handle people. But I hadn't thought far enough into this. There was Charles, and he wanted me,

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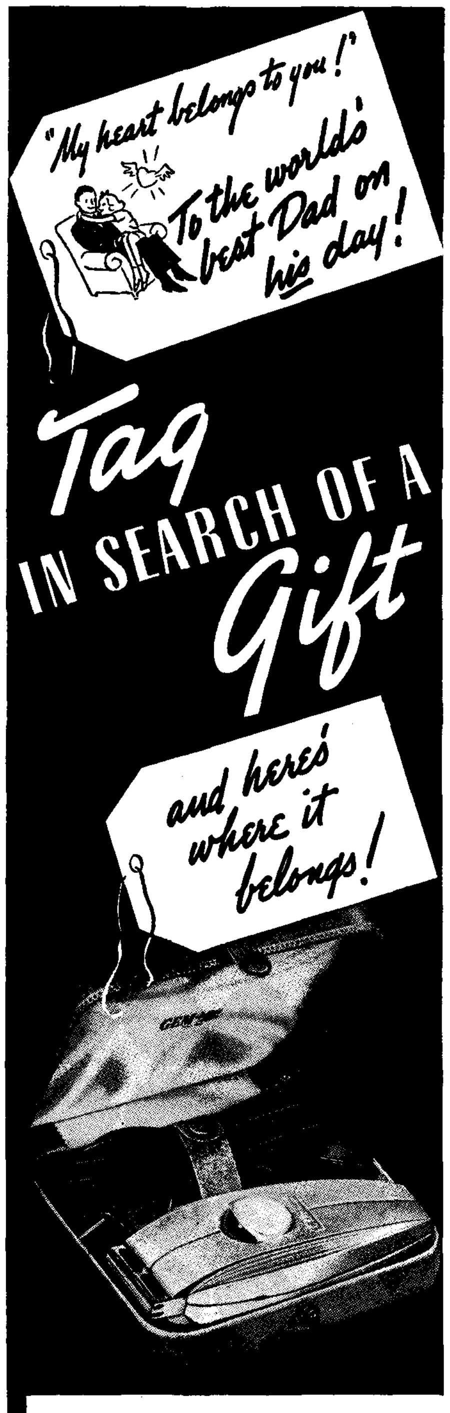
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so I thought 'Why not?' I go only where I'm wanted."

"Then the whole matter is settled," said Mrs. McCord.

"We haven't heard yet from Charles," said Shane.

"Well, if Het's willing," said Charles with considerable bluster, "I'll marry her, Mother, without your consent."

"But, dearest Charles," said Mrs. McCord, "that is silly. You can't live on your income, you can't touch your principal and I will never stake you to marry Miss Ingram. So how can you build your dream house?"

"What dream house?" asked Miss Ingram.

"Oh—in Bali—with a pretty wife and children. Charles had planned it for the other girl, but perhaps he has a different idea for you, Miss Ingram?"

Miss Ingram stood up. "No," she said, wearily. "Same idea. No different."

"Mother," said Charles in a loud, domineering tone, "I love Hetty Ingram with all my being and I shall not consent to give her up."

Mrs. McCord flicked the ash off her long black cigarette. Miss Ingram pulled on her gloves. Mrs. McCord held out one plump white hand to Miss Ingram and the other to Mr. Shane. They both shook hands with Mrs. McCord.

"Thanks, Mrs. McCord," said Ingram. "Goodby, darling," she said to Charles.

"Find your treasure, sister," Mrs. McCord said to Miss Ingram in a rough, hoarse voice.

As they left the house Ingram glanced up behind her at the windows. "Locked," she said. "Net under lace under satin. Stone walls. Iron bars. Let's walk," she said. "Let's breathe in the free air."

"Were you crazy about him?" asked Shane.

"I had a kind of kindness for him," said Ingram.

"How?"

"Oh, they sort of love you and are helpless and you feel kind."

"God forbid that you ever feel kind for me," said Shane.

"You," said Ingram as if she had never thought of him. "You can take care of yourself."

"I can, indeed," said Shane.

THEY stepped along. Miss Ingram's hat was not made for walking.

"Well, she came clean at the finish," Shane said to Ingram. "She began as a Ziegfeld show girl herself, before she married Mr. McCord. This is grand, free air," said Shane. "You can breathe it in and breathe it in and it doesn't cost you a cent. Which is just as well," added Shane with a short laugh, "for I must have left my roll in my overcoat." Shane touched her arm and she stood still. "Look," he said. "Seventy-two cents. All the change I've got. And I was going to take you to the County Down."

"I've got money," said Ingram, looking at the small change in his palm. Fine hands, Shane had. Not hot and grasping. Not slack and uninteresting.

"We'll ride till the clock goes to fifty or maybe to fifty-five," said Shane, "and the rest to the driver. At the County Down, I sign. Did I tell you about my new offer?"

"No, you didn't," said Miss Ingram.

"I've got a fine, new offer," said Shane, "and—and maybe a contract to sign—" Here Shane searched in his pocket. "I had a letter somewhere—"

"In your overcoat," she said.

"It is," said Shane.

"I knew it would be," she said. "My feet hurt," she stated and she stood on one foot and then the other. "Gosh!" she said. "And a hole rubbed in one heel. . . . I haven't walked in two years. In the movies you never walk. . . . Oh, how I'd hate to be poor again!"

"You won't be poor again," said Shane.

They hopped a taxi and rode downtown until the meter registered fifty-five. "Let us out here," Shane said to the driver.

"I thought you said the County Down," said the driver. "That's still two blocks."

Shane spoke to Ingram. "You're not getting a blister on your heel or anything, are you?"

"No. But I'll pay for the ride. I'm through with walking, for life." Miss Ingram was cross. Her heel hurt and she had just lost a good-looking young man who loved her very much.

"Let us out here," Shane said to the driver.

SO THEY got out of the cab. Shane paid and the driver got seventeen cents.

"That's a fine fur you're wearing," said Shane. "How much have you in your pocketbook?"

"I don't know. About a hundred and thirty dollars."

"You're not poor yet," said Shane.

"I hate to bring the matter up, Mr. Shane," said Miss Ingram, "before anyone as stubborn and difficult to go around with as you, but Charles was worth about seven or eight million dollars to me."

"Charles wasn't worth a cent to you," said Shane.

Then they were in through the swinging doors of the County Down and the wind was gone, the dust in the eyes was gone, there was a great cheesecake facing them on a glass shelf, and there were trays of pastries facing them, both Danish and French. Mike himself showed them to their booth.

"Mike," said Eddie Shane, "do you remember the kid?"

"Wait a minute, Eddie," said Mike. "You tell me who she is and then I'll remember her."

"She's Het Ingram," Shane said with some pride. "She used to come in here with me two years ago—that is, not ever with me alone," amended Shane, "but sometimes after a late rehearsal with the crowd."

"Yeah," said Mike. "Now I remember. Where you been all this time, Het?"

"In the movies," said Het shortly.

"And that explains everything," said Mike.

"Listen, Mike," said Eddie Shane, "I've got a fine chance in a new field—I got a letter—"

"In his overcoat," interpolated Miss Ingram, "which is checked at the Garrick Hotel."

"On a cold day like this," said Mike, bugging out his eyes, "what's his overcoat checked at the Garrick Hotel for?"

"Never mind," said Shane. "To you, it is, that's all. Now after tonight I'll be in the money. Or maybe I won't be. So is it okay if I sign for the dinner and put the price of the tip on the check?"

"Eddie Shane," Mike said to Miss Ingram, "is as safe as the U. S. mint."

"Safer," said Miss Ingram. "At the moment."

"She thinks I'm broke," said Shane. "You tell her, Mike—you tell her—"

Mike put his hand on Eddie Shane's shoulder. "A finer, cleaner man never stepped Broadway than Eddie Shane," said Mike. "A pal. A trouper. And, in all that pertains to his work, an artist of the very first caliber. He staked me to my first little place on Eighth Avenue. He's made big money in his day, and when he had it he threw it around."

"And he will again," said Het Ingram.

"What's that?" said Shane. "Say that over."

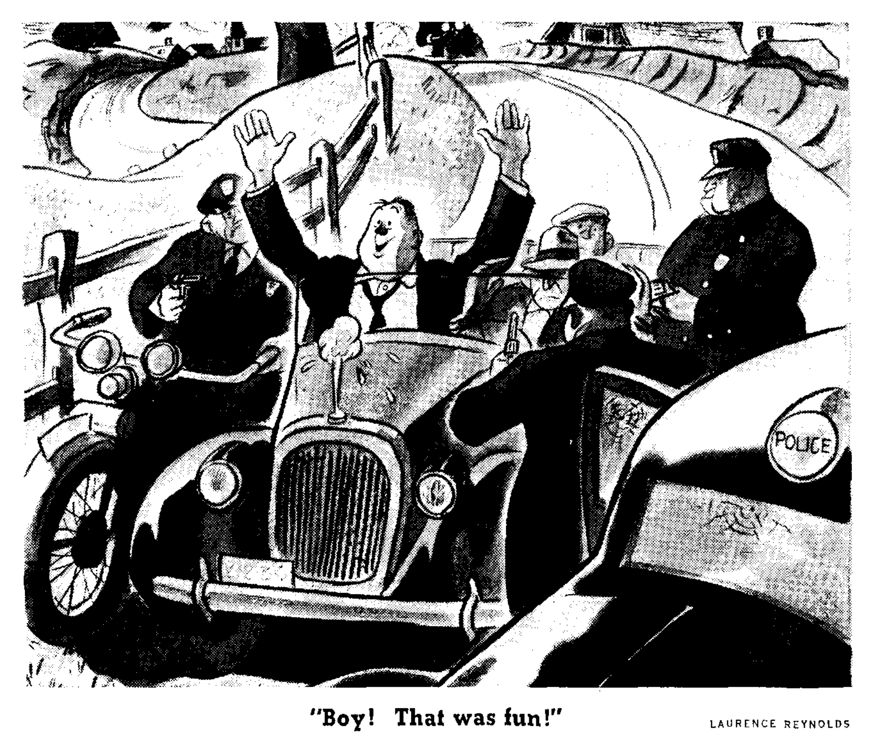
"Listen, Mr. Reddy," said Het. "I've got money. I can pay."

Mike held up one hand. "When you're with a big man like this, kid?" he said. "Let him sign. Let him *sign*."

THEY had hot turkey sandwiches for their dinner with plenty of turkey, plenty of gravy, with dill pickles and spicy, cut-up cabbage on the side. The coffee was transcendent. And for dessert Shane had cheesecake. It seemed to give Shane satisfaction to sign and to add a dollar to the check for the waiter.

For a moment or so Ingram leaned back and closed her eyes. For this was Broadway again—the cigarette smoke, the noise, the talk, the crowds, the free-and-easy acquaintance, the work, the dream, the never-having-enough-money—slopping along in the wet, plugging along in boots through snow, walking high-heeled in the hot sun—in your room washing out your silk things, your nearly silk things—a chicken sandwich from the delicatessen brought home in a box—a cheap finger wave—runs in your stockings, beginning at the top—finding it tough to get up the room rent—working for Shane, slaving for Shane, going home to dream about Shane, getting away at last from Shane, as far away as across the continent—getting clear away—

"Shane?" said a loud voice in the next booth. "Eddie Shane? Him make a



"Boy! That was fun!"

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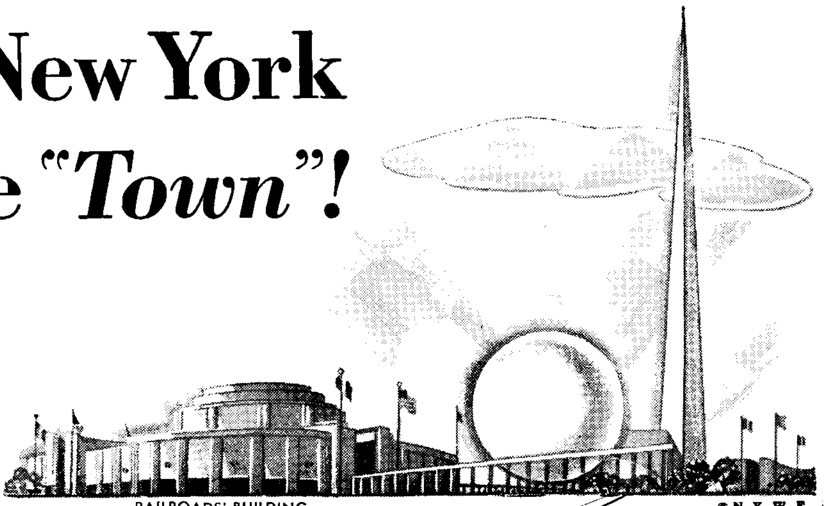
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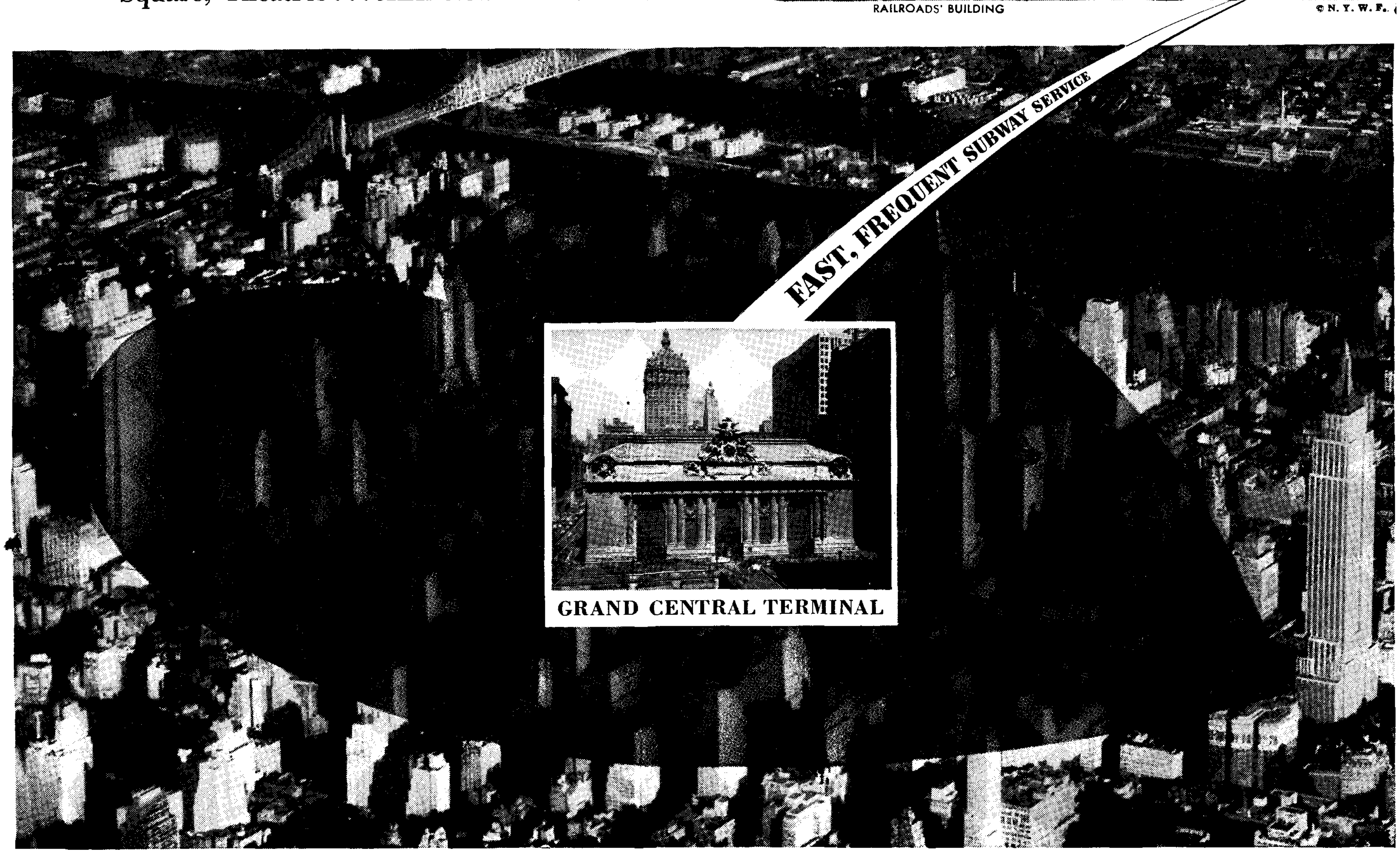

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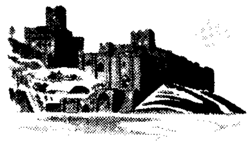
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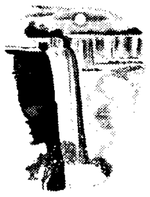
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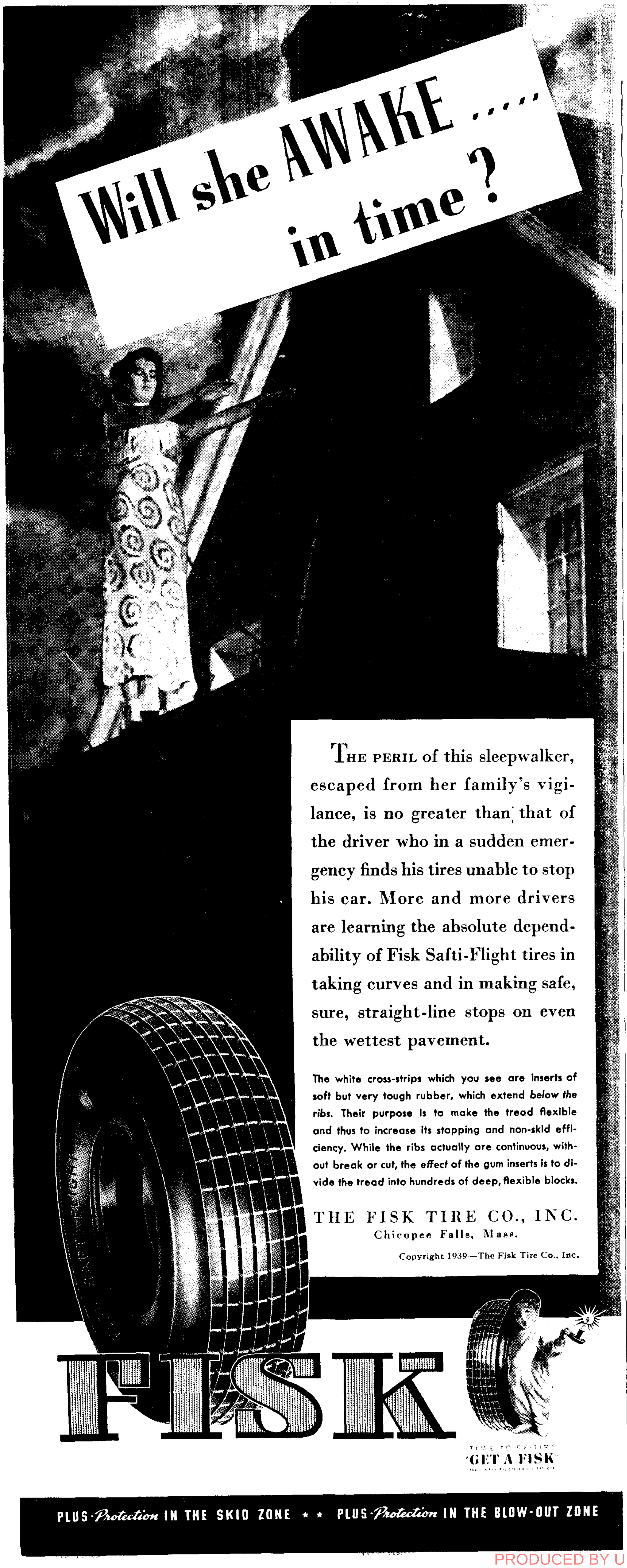

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PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

comeback in a new medium? He hasn't a chance. He hasn't had a hit in two years. And his spirit's broken."

"When a man like Eddie Shane," interrupted a louder voice, "I mean a high-minded fellow like Shane—when he falls for a girl it's curtains unless he gets her—that's all."

Het Ingram opened her eyes. Shane was looking at her. Oh, yes, he was looking at her. Het closed her eyes again.

"Would you believe how wrong Broadway gets things?" said Shane bravely, after a moment.

"I would," said Ingram. "Are you going to say anything—deny—"

"When they're friends of mine? And make them feel bad?" said Shane. "By the way"—he rose to look above the booth at the clock—"what time is it?"

"Why?" asked Ingram.

"YOU sit here," said Shane, "and wait for me. Anyway, it'll be quick, clean-cut. Either you click like that"—Shane snapped his fingers—"or you don't. You hear right away. You don't have to wait until morning for critics to pan you. You go straight to the people—and not to a snooty first-night audience, either — you go everywhere — farms, tank towns, clip joints—and they listen —they listen. . . . You reach out through the dark and you speak to them and you make new friends—people who couldn't ever hope to see you on Broadway—millions of new friends you make —the people out there—Americans—"

"What is this?" asked Het Ingram.

"I'm excited," said Eddie Shane, "and you've made me late. You sit here, Het. If you want a drink—ice cream, or anything—just sign my name—goodby, Het —if I flop I won't come back."

She gathered up her muff, her bag, her gloves. She said nothing.

"Goodby, Het," said Shane. "I've got to run for it. They shut the doors—"

When Shane reached Broadway, Ingram was just behind him. At the corner she caught up and they crossed together. The wind had increased and at Fiftieth her hat blew off and landed under a cab. Shane retrieved it with a dive and after that they ran, the girl carrying her hat in her hand. Later in her dreams she often ran along those long corridors with the shops on either side, and the impression of the tremendous, sustained weight of the building above her, and then on to an express elevator, and then off, to run over the deep-piled velvet carpets of a corridor, and find all doors closed—

But their door was still open—

"Mr. Shane!" cried a young man with a loop of gilt braid across his uniform, and another man who was waiting simply held up his wrist watch. Then Shane was gone from her, and she sank down on a chair. The place was full of people, an audience. There was a stage up there but no scenery, just two tables with four or five people sitting at them, all dressed up, with scripts before them, waiting for Shane, waiting for the tick of eight o'clock. Shane wasn't dressed up, thought Ingram anxiously. Would it be all right if he wasn't dressed up? The audience was applauding him now.

"I'm late," Shane said to the audience, "because Het Ingram was with me. Wouldn't you be late if Het Ingram was with you?"

Everybody turned to look at Ingram then. She bent her head, shut her eyes and held on to her hat in her lap. There was some applause for her, a man held up his hand, a bell rang and they were on the air.

It was a famous Irish story Shane had adapted for his first broadcast, and he didn't hurry any. He took his time. But with his first spoken sentences you felt the winter cold of the place, you saw the hedges and hills and the road stretching ahead. And suddenly, exactly when Shane wanted you to be, you were right with him on that road, poor with him, lonely, practically beaten, but keeping on, never giving up, meeting the people on that road and the events that came with them—you trudged with Shane, fought when he fought, hoped and schemed with him. You stood a little aside when he made love, but you were there and you listened, for how Shane could make love! And at the end of the road Shane wasn't alone and he wasn't walking. He was driving a caravan and he had his girl beside him. You watched them go over the hill and after he was gone Shane still carried you along with him, for tonight Shane was truly Shane, released and restored after two years, with her here, sweeping his players, his audience and his listeners along with him, pulling them up with him, up, giving them a lift of the spirit, a happiness, a glow.

Even before Shane went off the air, the company telephones began ringing and at the end the studio audience gave it to him standing, bringing him back again and again to bow. Het Ingram, sitting there with her hands clasped tight together and her eyes shut, heard once again, in a theater, cheers for Shane.

Afterward he took her back to her hotel in a taxi.

"Look," he said when they were out in the stream of traffic, suspended between the moment of leaving and the moment of arrival, and with little to say —"fifty dollars in advance. They tell me I've got a sponsor already. Over the phone. They're the boys who pay you the money, maybe as high as two hundred a week, maybe not."

"More likely two thousand a week," she said huskily. "Think in terms of money for once, Mr. Shane." She gulped. "Like I do."

"Like you did," said Shane. "Until they let you out."

Ingram looked away from him out of the window. "So you know," she said.

"That's why I sent you my telegram," he said. "I only let you go in the first place because I couldn't pay you the money you wanted. But money wasn't what you wanted."

"Why wasn't it?"

"You got money out there and you flopped. You wouldn't have flopped if you'd been getting what you wanted, out there. You wouldn't have come straight back to me."

"SO WHAT I wanted," she said, "so what I've been working for, shooting for, not getting these two long years, was to come straight back to you."

"It was," said Shane, "or else you'd have made good out there. You're smart and you're pretty. But your heart was far from the rest of you. You were all tied in knots because you were so lonely for me. Professionally, I mean."

"Then how do you figure it out, Mr. Shane," asked Ingram sweetly, "that I came back to marry another man?"

"You didn't. You only thought you did."

At the hotel she shook hands with him. "Good night, Mr. Shane," she said definitely. "You needn't come in."

"Good night," said Shane. "I have to come in to get my overcoat."

She was waiting for the elevator when Shane, with the coat folded over his arm, joined her. They rode up together. She unlocked her door. The place was dark and cold. Shane closed the windows. She switched on the three lamps. A basket of flowers, with a card attached, stood on one table. On the card was written: "Congratulations. Mrs. Charles McCord."

Neither of them looked at the flowers. Shane sat down on a green brocade chair. Ingram walked up and down. Ingram had thrown off her coat trimmed with sable. She had pitched away her hat, her muff, her gloves, her bag. There was Shane's overcoat, folded over the back of his chair. Here was Shane, professional, friendly, critical, kind, impersonal as he had always been. No more. No less. As he always would be unless something happened. But, anyway, he was here. He wasn't the width of the continent away. He was here. . . . And suddenly Ingram felt stifled. For the first time in her life she wanted to scream. She wanted to reach her arms up, clench her fists, stand on her toes, yell, make things happen. Faster and faster she walked up and down. And Shane watched her.

"Why don't you go?" she said to him savagely. "What are you sitting here for? You're driving me crazy. What are you waiting for?"

Shane said nothing. He just sat and waited.

"I'm dumb all right," she cried out. "I'm blown to here, to there. I go places. I do things. And all the time I'm locked up inside. I can't get anything out. I go through the motions. I smile. I eat. I sleep. I work. . . . But I'm dead on my feet. I can't act because I'm all closed in. I can't come true. It's all inside of me here, eating me up, and I can't get it out. . . . It's killing me—and I can't get it out."

"Try," said Shane. "I'm waiting."

"Can't you help? Can't you do anything but wait? Won't you—say something?"

"No," said Shane. "I'll never believe it unless it comes from you—unless for once you let yourself go."

"But you know—you must have known all along—"

"I know you're my girl," said Shane. "I know I can't work without you. I had to have you back. I know you're my beauty, my baby, my love—I know that. But you've got to bring yourself alive by saying it. If you love me, for God's sake, say it." But she couldn't say it.

"Come here, Het," said Shane then gently, without moving. "Come close."

Finally she came. She stooped. Then she knelt. She put her cheek against his overcoat. "Your overcoat," she said. "Holes—I love your overcoat—"

There were a few tears on her eyelashes. Her mouth was open a little, like a tragic mask. "It hurts," she said. "It's like birth or something—to get it out. This is love, Eddie, and it's terrible. You're so necessary to me—out there I wasn't alive—"

He lifted her up, held her against him. Her eyes closed and her head fell back. "There—there," he said. "Now it's all easy between us, my darling—we're through the waves now—and ready to fly, why, we're up on the step—"

She sighed. She turned her head on his shoulder. "Together," she said.

## Why Rent is High

Continued from page 13

the privileges of citizenship in the Institute. And then things began to happen to him. After all, being a retailer, he had to buy his supplies from wholesalers and from manufacturers. But the Institute got the names of all the wholesalers and manufacturers who sold to him. They notified them that the Reliable Supply Company was not a "recognized" dealer. One by one the Reliable got letters from its sources of supply. They appreciated his business, they would like to continue their pleasant and profitable relations, they felt his credit was good, but—they dared not sell him because then all the "recognized" dealers would boycott them. And so the Institute destroyed the business of the Reliable. One year it did $150,000 worth of business. After the Institute went to work on it, it did only about $30,000 worth. It had orders for 100,000 feet of Georgia pine. It could not get more than 5,000 or 6,000 feet toward filling these orders.

The technique is simple. The retailer who will not join is boycotted and cannot buy from established manufacturers. The manufacturers who will not comply with this practice are boycotted. Independent dealers and contractors on one side and manufacturers on the other were caught in the compulsion setup by the Institute. You could not be a "recognized" dealer in Florida without the consent of the Institute and if you were not a recognized dealer you could not do business.

Of course this is not confined to Florida. There was the California Lumbermen's Council. Leagued against the contractor on one side and the manufacturer on the other, it aimed to prevent anyone from getting into the lumber business save by joining its membership. It fixed prices and sent the price list out to its members. It told the manufacturer how much of his product he could sell in the state. It told the dealer what percentage of the state's business he could do monthly. It kept out of its membership the people it did not want and used its great weapon to drive such people out of business. And this great weapon was the boycott. In Gilroy, California, there was a dealer named Atkinson. He had been a member of the council but had resigned. After that, wholesalers and manufacturers refused to sell him. However, in some way Atkinson continued to get some supplies. He found a wholesaler who was willing to take a chance. The lumber would be sent to Atkinson's yard between midnight and 4 A.M. The yard foreman had to be there at that ghostly hour to receive the "bootleg" load from the truck that was "running" lumber. Another wholesaler would send him a boatload of lumber, landing it at a dock in the dead of the night and leaving it unlabeled on the wharf. Then a truck would cart it away before morning to Atkinson's yard.

Another wholesaler was found selling lumber to an unrecognized dealer. The secretary of the council went to him and demanded that he either stop selling this dealer or charge him from $2 to $3 a thousand more for his lumber, and turn this excess sum into the treasury of the council as a penalty.

At one time prices were fixed at 30 per cent above cost. One dealer told the Federal Trade Commission that the prices he was given as compulsory were so high that, had he charged them, he would have been selling at 40 per cent above his costs. And still another said that prices were 50 per cent above what they were when he first joined.

From these small incidents, which can be duplicated in most of the states of the Union, it is now possible to get a glimpse of what is the matter with building. Remember, a contractor is a producer. He is a producer of houses. Some contractors may produce a hundred or even a thousand houses in a year. In every other field of production the manufacturer buys his materials in quantity and gets them, for the most part, direct from manufacturers. Suppose the automobile makers had to buy parts from dealers instead of directly from the producer. In modern production every device of progressive organization is used to cut costs and make possible the products of American in-

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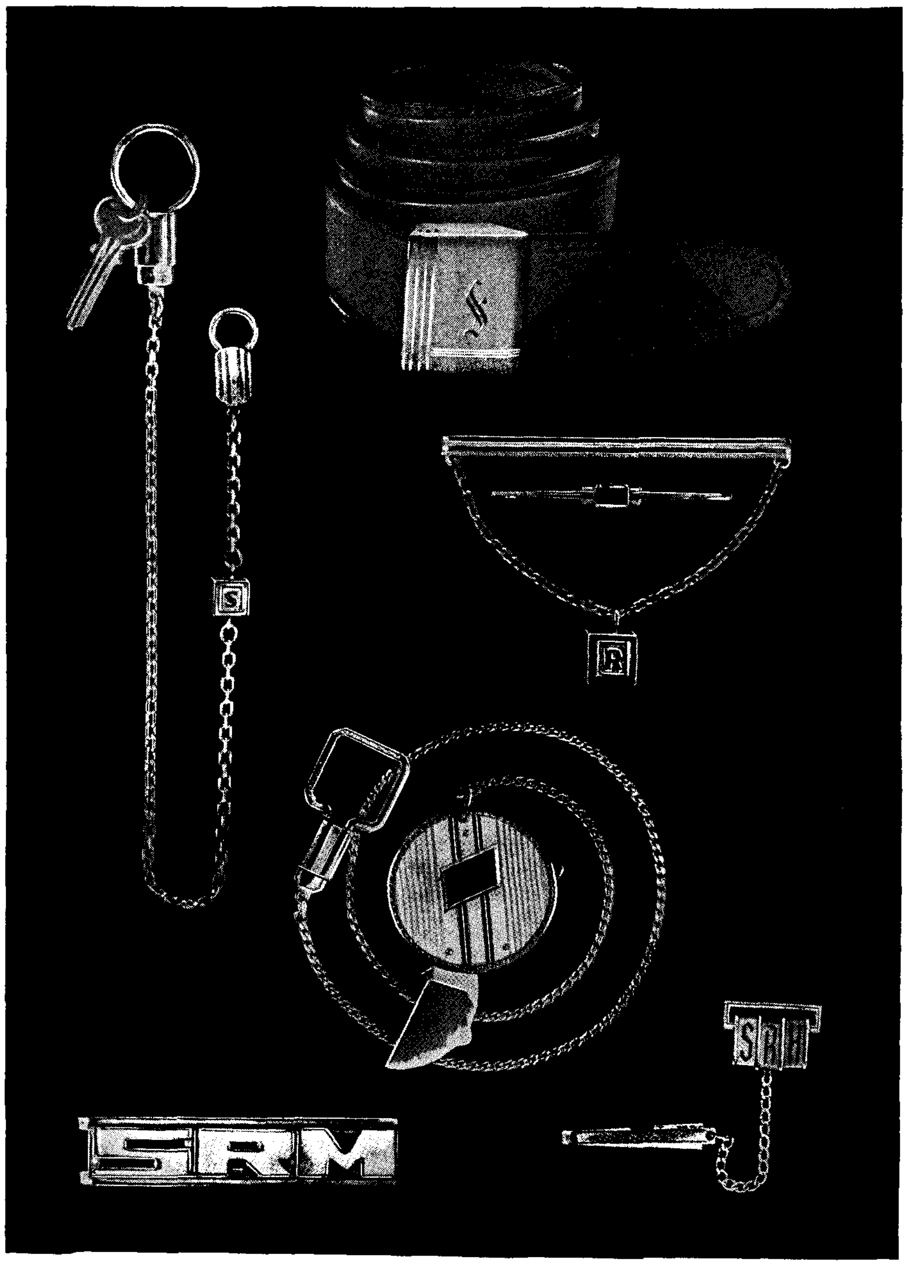

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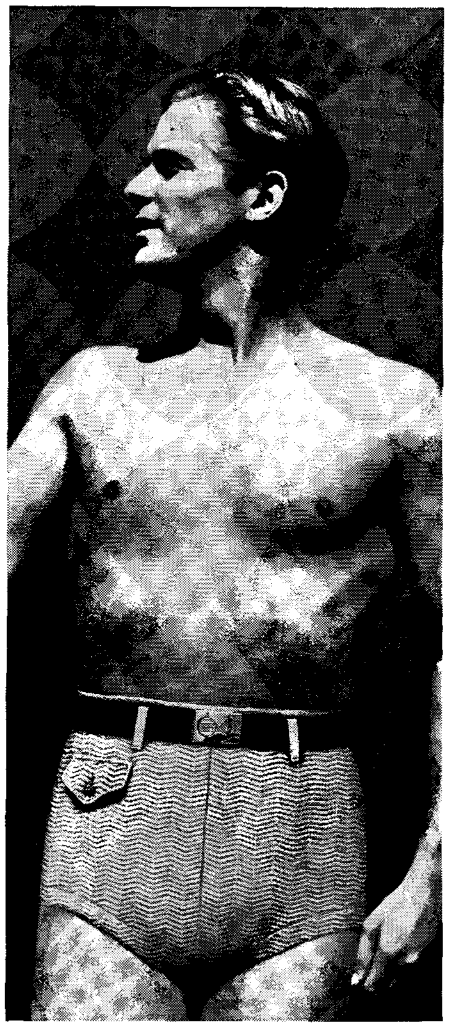

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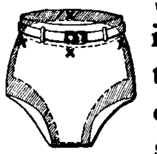

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dustry at the lowest possible prices. But here in the building industry all the materials that flow to the producers of buildings are sluiced through a bottleneck and that bottleneck is dominated by combinations of dealers organized to keep down the number of dealers, to limit production, to keep up prices. We'll see more of this.

Now while all this sounds very highhanded, the truth of the matter is that it's easy to understand the things, however mistaken they may be, that stream through the minds of the men guilty of these combinations. They have the idea that the building-materials business suffers from too much competition. That too much is produced, which in turn tends to lower prices and profits. Also they feel that the dealer is an established institution, that he renders a service to the community and that therefore he should be protected. And so they get together to hold down the flow of goods into their communities and to hold up prices. They succeed. But they succeed also in cutting down building. And when they do that they inflict not only on themselves but upon the community an injury more serious than the one they seek to escape.

But these dealers are very frank in asserting that they have the right to make the laws for the industry. Thus, for instance, Pittsburgh had its Building Supply Club. It frankly asserted in the pledge its members signed that "It is the sole right and prerogative of organized dealers in building materials serving any community to determine who shall be qualified as a recognized dealer in that community and when such recognition shall be accorded."

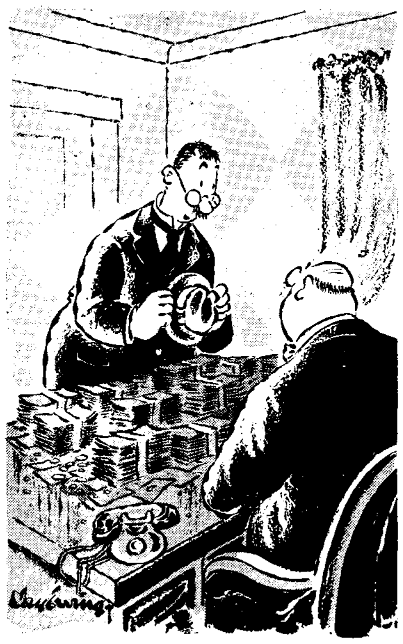
### The Cement Squeeze

A number of these dealers' councils and clubs and institutes formed an alliance and held a convention in 1936. That convention recommended:

1. That no cement manufacturer should ship cement to any dealer outside the territory allotted to that dealer by his club or institute.
2. That cement manufacturers desist from all warehouse operation—from selling direct from their warehouses in different places.
3. That the transportation of cement from manufacturers to dealers by truck be prohibited by the trade.

This law of these private dealers against the use of the truck in transporting cement was a peculiarly highhanded regulation. Take the case of a large cement dealer in northern New Jersey. He sold cement and ready-mixed concrete. He bought his cement from producers in what is called the Lehigh Valley district in Pennsylvania. He found that he could sell cement cheaper if he hauled it from the plant in his own truck instead of having it delivered to him by railroad. Accordingly, he invested a large sum, over a hundred thousand dollars, in trucks. But when he came to get cement he was told he would have to pay fifteen cents extra per barrel on all the cement he took away by truck. He found that even with this penalty he could still haul and sell cheaper than if he had to use the railroad. So the manufacturers refused to deliver cement to him at any price. The reason for this is alleged to be that the use of the truck tends to break up the base-point structure, which is founded entirely on railroad rates. That is, the dealers quote their agreed prices, which include freight rates from certain points. And so they try to compel railroad transportation to protect that price-fixing arrangement.

The tightness of this combination is evidenced by what the dealers were able to do to the United States government when it began to buy cement for its relief and recovery projects. The biggest user of cement in the United States must buy from the local dealer. The local dealers force this upon the manufacturers. The only exceptions were the United States government and the utility companies for power projects. But when the government started to spend billions on government projects for recovery purposes, the head of the alliance went to the procurement officers of the government and demanded that on all of its relief projects it buy its cement from local dealers. It forced the government to surrender, in spite of the fact that for years all ordinary government purchases were made direct from the producers. The result is that if the government is using some immense amount of cement on a PWA project it must route the order through the local dealer. He performs no service. He does not obtain the order. He does not deliver it. It is delivered direct from the producer. All he does is to make the necessary bookkeeping entries and add for himself his cut on every barrel. Mr. MacQueen, the secretary of the alliance, had a right to feel proud of himself over this deal. He wrote triumphantly in his report that this was "one of the finest pieces of work that the industry ever engaged in"—"bucking a department of the United States government" and thereby securing "for dealer distribution $50,000,000 worth of cement business."



**"Here it is, sir. Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. I spent a nickel for carfare"**

JAY IRVING

In Wisconsin a large number of building-supply dealers formed themselves into a combination to do not only many of the things described above, but also to keep contractors from buying materials from anyone outside the state of Wisconsin. Thus they set up a complete trade wall around the state to protect their price structure just as the nation sets up a tariff wall around the country to protect the national price structure from the low-wage producing countries abroad. But meanwhile, what becomes of building?

The Federal Trade Commission keeps up an incessant warfare on these practices. But the job of pursuing them in the country as a whole requires more equipment than the commission has ever been permitted to have. They are broken up and quickly re-form under some new disguise. The combinations referred to above were attacked by the commission, some only last year. They require an immense amount of investigation to reach. And when a case is proved all the commission can do is to issue an order to "cease and desist." Then the bad practice crops up again in some other spot, in some other form, but always designed to do the same thing, to keep prices of building materials up, to limit competition, to keep down supplies and thus load a languishing industry with high costs that strangle it.

While the building-material dealer is thus weaving cobwebs and hemp rope around the building industry the building laborer is doing the same thing.

Labor is an important part of the cost of building. Raise labor costs and you raise the cost of building. The wages of all workers in all industry have been rising for years, as they should. But at the same time the productivity of the workers has also been rising. Modern machine methods have made the output of each individual laborer very much greater. At the same time, of course, the wages of the building-craft laborer have also been going up. But the building laborer has steadfastly resisted any kind of technical improvement to increase his output. On small houses he still uses the methods and tools that were in use fifty years ago. So that what we actually have is this: While all other labor has been paid more for producing more, building labor has been paid more for producing less.

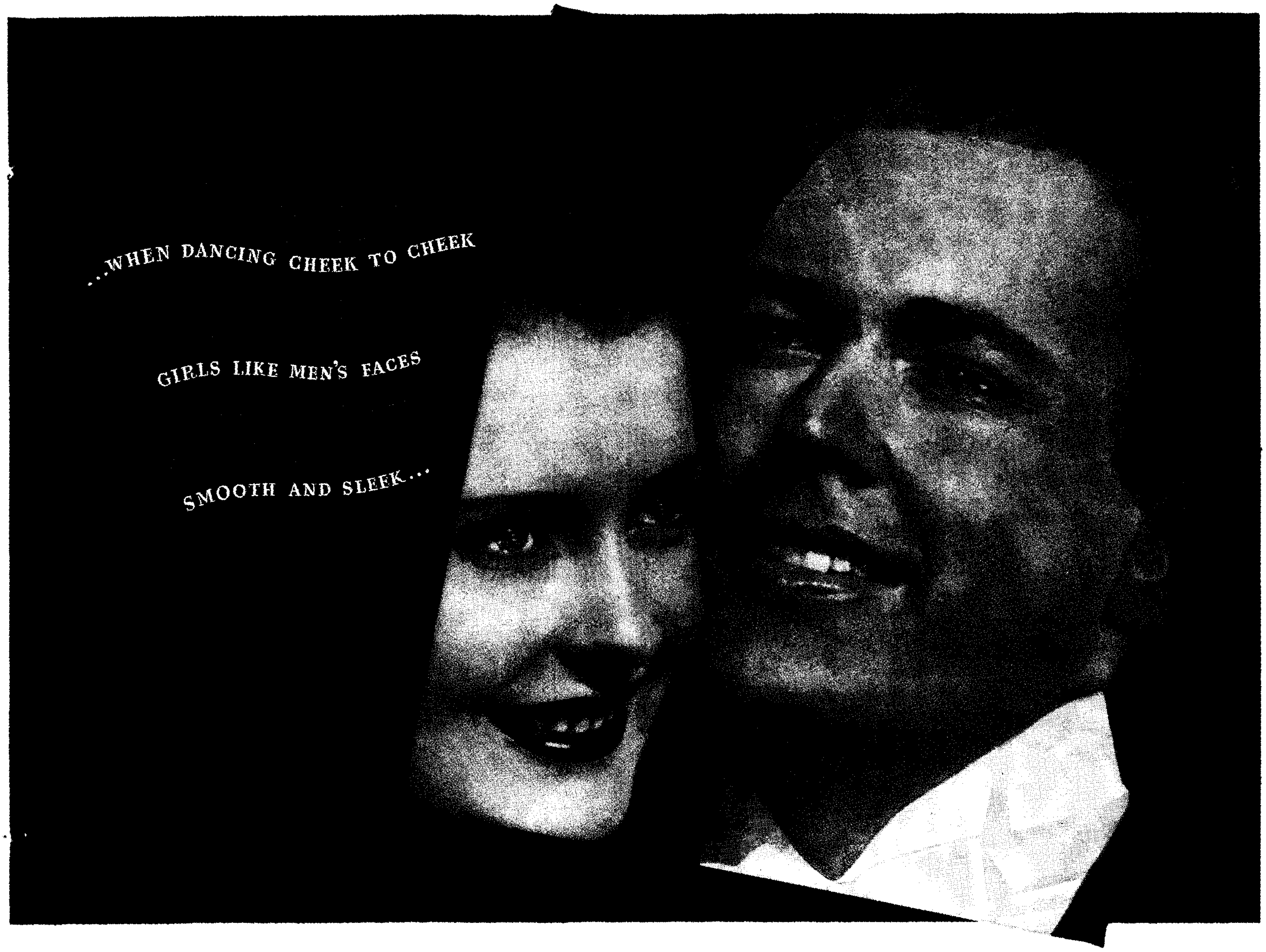
### Where Modernism Isn't Wanted

This refers to hourly wages. But because of the lethargy of the building business, the laborer has been working very many fewer hours. Therefore, while he is being paid more per hour, he is earning less per year.

It is a little more serious than this, for in the building industry wages have gone up much higher than in any other industry. But all the time production has continued by the old-fashioned handicraft methods. The carpenter still saws up the lumber at the building site. The bricklayer still piles one brick on top of another patiently. The plasterer still does his work much as he did it fifty or a hundred years ago. And they keep up a persistent battle against the introduction of new methods.

Now it is easy to make the mistake of flying into a rage, as some employers do, at the high wages in the building industry. The position of the worker, however mistaken, is easily understandable. After all, while production has not increased, the prices of the things he has to buy have gone up. The standard of living has risen. Then, besides, the building industry is a seasonal one. Bad weather, cold weather, continual gaps between jobs, all have the effect of reducing greatly the number of days a building worker can earn his pay.

Suppose a worker gets $7 a day and works 26 days a month all year. He will earn $2,184, which is not a high year's pay for a skilled worker. But if he loses two months of work in the year, he will have to get $8.40 a day to earn his $2,184. If he loses four months a year he will have to get $10.50 a day to earn $2,184. If he loses six months' work, he will have to be paid $14 a day during the other six months to make up $2,184. And it is safe to say that there are mighty few building laborers who get as much as six months' work in a year. Most of them do not get four months. Therefore, the worker says to himself, he must get that $12 or $14 wage to enable him to live. And, to help his brothers by spreading around the work, he insists on the five-day week and the six-hour day. He cannot be accused of greediness because he does not make enough to live on. The only thing he can be accused of is shortsightedness. Because it is these high wages, along



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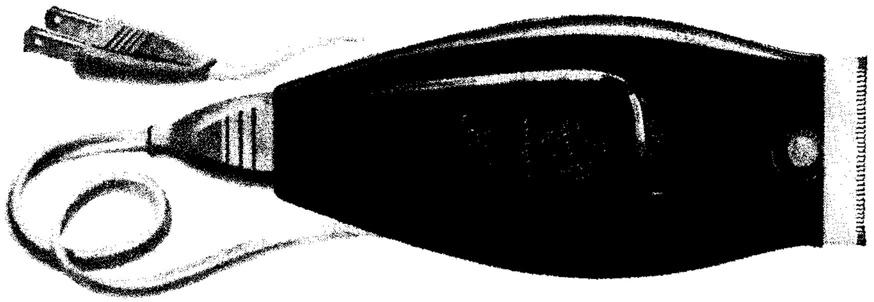

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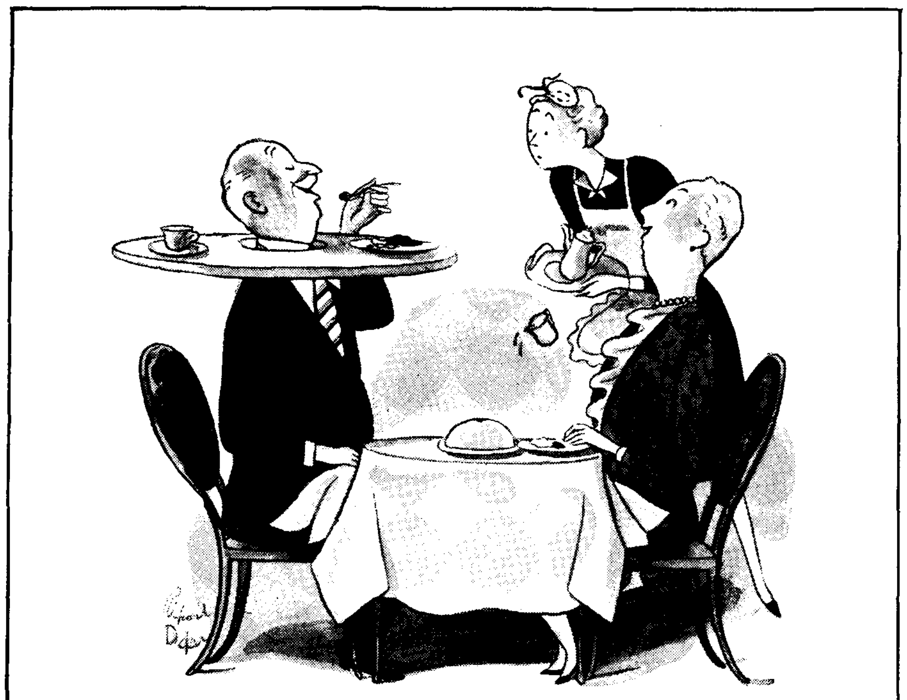

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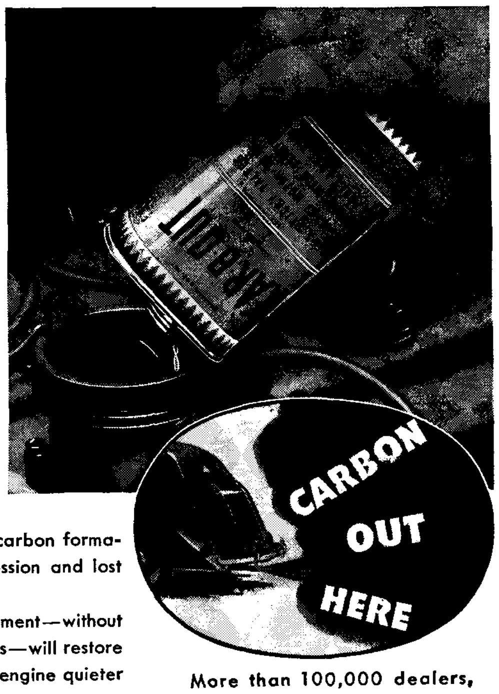

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with some of the other factors outlined here, that are killing the business that supplies him with his work. The less work, the higher he seeks to push up the wages. The higher he pushes them, the less the work. It is a vicious circle in which the industry itself is being squeezed to death.

As wages have risen, costs of building have risen, helped along by the other factors referred to here, until the building of houses or apartments or commercial structures has become unprofitable. And there is less work for the idle artisan than there was before he got his wage raise.

### More Pay—Fewer Jobs

From 1923, when the building boom of the Coolidge days got well under way, to 1929, the average wage of building labor in the country rose from $1.06 to $1.35 an hour. On an eight-hour basis this meant a raise from $8.48 to $10.80 a day. But by 1928 the boom began to level off. Great numbers of building workers were thrown out of work so that by 1931 the situation was critical. Yet during those three years of 1929, 1930 and 1931, despite the panicky spread of the depression to the industry (and to all industry) and when wage cuts were being imposed and accepted everywhere and the demand for building labor was becoming extinct, the building trades forced the wage up from $1.35 an hour to $1.42 an hour. Wages rose from $10.80 a day to $11.36 a day. The fly in the ointment was that few were getting any wages at all.

Then, in 1937, the building industry began, not really to recover, but to wiggle its toes a little and show signs of life. The government was subsidizing housing and guaranteeing housing loans to put a little more life into the old girl. In the midst of that effort various crafts demanded more money. The plasterers, for instance, were getting $12 a day for an eight-hour day. They struck for a six-hour day, still at $12. This meant a boost of from $1.50 to $2 an hour—a raise of 33 per cent in a depressed market for a sick industry.

Again I warn that we must guard against being unfair to the plasterer. We have to know what was going on in his deeply troubled mind. Even at this high wage few plasterers have been making as much as $1,000 a year. They foolishly supposed that a boost in the rate of pay would increase their earnings 33 per cent. Also, they saw great numbers of their fellow workers in idleness. Actually they made work for fewer men, because building, already so expensive, was given a serious blow.

But it is not merely this matter of wages. The building industry still lingers in the handicraft stage. Workers have stoutly resisted every effort to introduce new methods into the industry. And so in these depression years they have kept a vigilant eye for any efforts to cut corners on costs. To get back to our plasterers. The inevitable effect of the high plastering wages was that architects began to look for ways to reduce plaster in a building. They began to specify the plastering of walls, but left the ceilings to be finished in plain cement. Ceilings in large buildings have to be cemented anyway. To this the plasterers replied with a new rule which the International adopted. They decreed that in any building where the walls were plastered the ceiling must also be plastered. This was indeed a highhanded demand. Nevertheless, they struck to enforce it and tied the building industry up for four months. In the end they capitulated when they were made to see that the building industry might well get around that rule by abandoning plaster altogether, even on the walls.

And thus this struggle to squeeze out of the building industry sustenance that is not in it goes on endlessly with the tragic result that the industry itself falls under the blows of those most concerned in keeping it alive. When you argue with them, they say, as one man in Minnesota said to me: "You would suppose we are all getting rich out of the prices we are extracting from the industry but we can show you that even at present prices and wages we cannot make a living." That is true. But maybe they could make a living if they changed their approach.

It is a fact that in the few spots where house building has been active the work has been done by building workers at wage levels well below the union rates. Since most of this work is being done with bank loans guaranteed by the Federal Housing Administration, efforts have been made in Congress to compel payment of prevailing rates of pay in these projects. But competent authorities say with emphasis that if this were done the FHA lending program would promptly fold up.

There is another aspect of this building industry that is far more serious in its implications, though perhaps, in the present languishing market, it exercises no immediately direct influence. This has to do with the work of the racketeer. One of the grave stains on the labor movement has been the history of the building trades. It must be said at once that the vast majority of union workers have nothing to do with this. Many of them refuse even to believe it. Mostly they are the victims rather than the beneficiaries of it. Also it is true that the great majority of union leaders in the building industry are hard-working, honest men trying in their own way—muddled though it be at times—to wring from the trade as much of a living for their members as possible. But in all periods when building has become active, immediately the building union racketeer appears.

### A Racketeer-Ruined Trade

Back in the period following the war we had a serious pause in the building trades. Despite desperate shortages of houses, house building had ceased. Large-scale building had also run into a slump. In New York, the legislature launched what became a famous investigation of the whole industry, conducted by Samuel Untermyer, one of the greatest investigators. Untermyer promptly revealed that the three forces strangling business in New York were the depredations of Robert Brindell, leader of the Building Trades Labor Council, the price agreements of the material men and the various devices of subcontractors to do away with competitive bidding and hold contract prices up. Brindell was sent to Sing Sing for his extortions practiced against contractors and owners. Several of the materials men were sent to jail. The various combinations were broken up. And there flowered up immediately that amazing boom in building, which was the most important single element in the prosperity of the 'twenties.

Untermyer broke up these combines, but before the building boom had climbed to its top other labor leaders had succeeded to Brindell's powers and practices. One of his successors, Brandell, was also sent to jail. Then later another, Mr. Paddy Commerford, went to jail charged with violations of the income-tax laws. But Commerford's real offense was not that. He was indicted and charged with calling strikes to drive business into the hands of favored materials men. Finally his own members turned against him and charged him with using the funds of the powerful hoisting engineers' union for his own purposes and those of his colleagues. A court expelled him from the union and later he was convicted under the favorite income-tax charge, which is the final resort of prosecuting authorities. This was only a few years ago, in the very midst of the building depression.

Of course, this does not occur in all cities. It is found most frequently in the big ones. Chicago and New York, two of the greatest building centers, have been most plagued by these types of leaders. In New York at this moment there are several gentlemen who seem to be excellent candidates to step into the shoes of Messrs. Brindell, Brandell and Commerford as soon as the building industry looks up a bit. And builders and contractors know that.

In many places and in many trades—though not everywhere—the subcontractors are united under codes, some of them holding over from the old NRA days. The object of some of these groups is to control the prices of jobs. Subcontractors are supposed to bid on jobs offered to them, the work going to the lowest bidder. But in such groups the subcontractors send their bids, not to the contractor, but to the office of the code authority or the "club." There the proper officials decide who should get the job, then the bids are fixed up to make that person the lowest bidder and proper price is assured him.

### Anything to Boost Costs

There are collusive agreements found between subcontractors, labor leaders and materials men that in certain instances make great additions to the cost of building. For instance, in New York secondhand brick is the subject of an enormous industry. The wrecking contractors take down buildings. They sell the brick to the brick dealers. The brick has to be loaded on trucks by members of the wreckers' union and has to be transported by those trucks, which must be piloted by members of the truckmen's union. A year or two ago a series of agreements between the wreckers, the truckmen and the brick dealers resulted in a raise of 25 or 30 per cent in the cost of secondhand brick.

This story could be lengthened out endlessly. All these conditions are not found, of course, everywhere. But all of them are found in many cities and some of them everywhere.

The manufacturer plans production with infinite care, organizes all the processes and series to eliminate every waste, to bring down the cost of materials, to get them in the most direct and quickest way, many enterprises even producing their own raw materials, routing the materials of final production with the smallest waste of time and energy, introducing every conceivable machine device to increase production at lower cost, saving at every point. Meanwhile, the builder is compelled to produce his product—his building—by the most primitive methods, while everyone whose skill and energy he must command is organized to increase costs and slow up the job.

Of course, one method of handling this would be to precipitate a great national investigation. That will come one of these days if the industry itself doesn't clean house. But that would take several years and meantime building must be got under way.

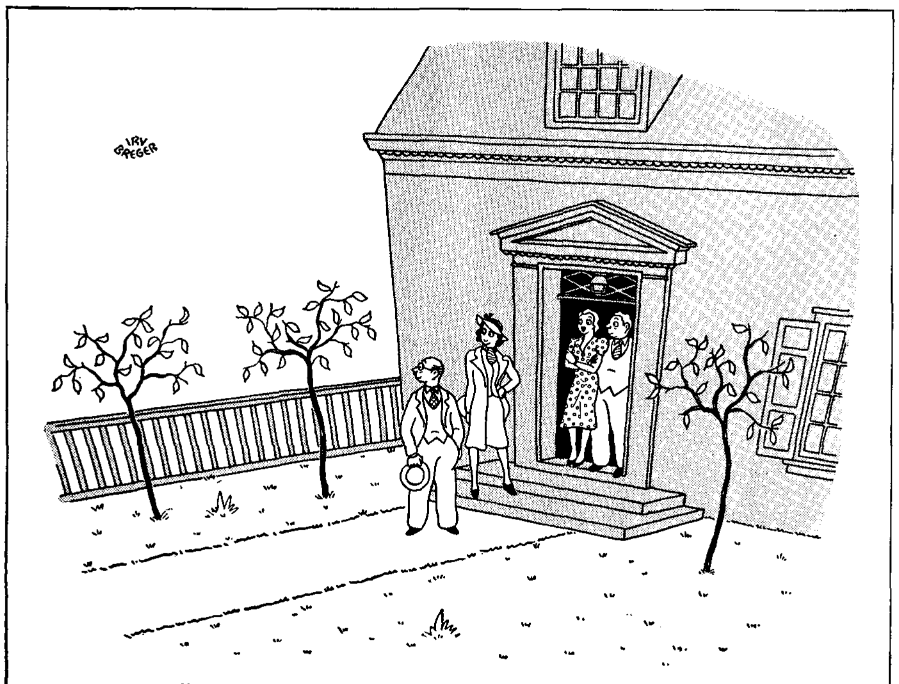
It may be that the leaders in the building industry and the related industries should come together and face the gravity of this situation.

There are a group of men—powerful leaders of powerful groups—who alone can do anything about the deplorable condition pictured in this article.

They may have felt, in the past, that the methods and practices that have grown up in the industry were essential to its health. Its failure now to reveal any signs of vigorous life ought to make them feel that, perhaps, changes are needed in those practices.

The situation presented is no longer one affecting the building industry. It affects the life of the whole nation. There can be no revival of sound business in the consumer industries until long-term private investment revives. There can be no revival of long-term private investment until the construction industry revives. There can be no revival of the construction industry until costs of construction are brought down to a point where building operations are profitable to the investor. There can be no such reduction in production costs until every craft group that engages in building is ready to make its contribution toward reducing costs. These groups include the architect, the contractor, the subcontractor, the manufacturer of materials, the building-materials dealers, the laborers and the financiers.

A handful of men among them exercise a powerful influence over the minds and policies of these groups. These men should come together at once and take the initiative in provoking a national conference that will undertake to deal with these problems, to free the building industry from its chains.



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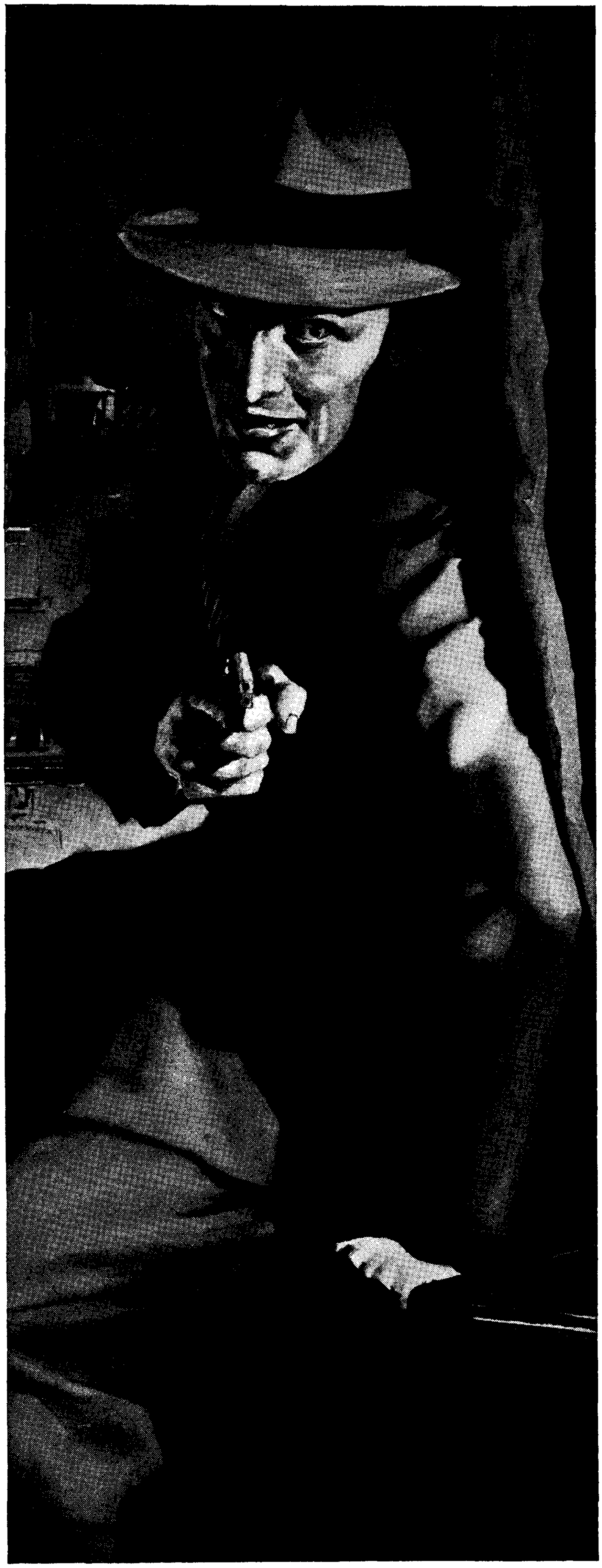


"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

# Midnight Visit

## By Robert Arthur

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AUSABLE did not fit any description of a secret agent Fowler had ever read. Following him down the musty corridor of the gloomy French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt let down. It was a small room, on the sixth and top floor, and scarcely a setting for a figure of romantic adventure. But Ausable, in his wrinkled business suit badly in need of cleaning, could hardly be called a romantic figure.

He was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost the New England twang he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years before.

"You are disappointed," Ausable said wheezily over his shoulder. "You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You visioned mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine.

"Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music hall with a sloppy fat man who, instead of having messages slipped into his hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only a prosaic telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!"

The fat man chuckled to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his discomfited guest enter.

"You are disillusioned," Ausable told him. "But take cheer, my young friend. Presently you will see a paper, a quite important paper for which several men have risked their lives, come to me in the next-to-the-last step of its journey into official hands. Someday soon that paper may well affect the course of history. In that thought there is drama, is there not?"

As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

And as the light came on, Fowler had his first authentic thrill of the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times.

"Max," he wheezed, "you gave me a start. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing here in my room?"

"MAX" was slender, a little less than tall, with features that suggested slightly the crafty pointed countenance of a fox. There was about him—aside from the gun—nothing especially menacing.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought you tonight on Germany's air strength. I thought it would be safer in my hands than in yours."

Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily.

"I'm going to raise hell with the management this time, and you can bet on it," he said grimly. "The second time in a month somebody has gotten into my room off that confounded balcony!"

Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which now the night was pressing blackly.

"Balcony?" Max said, with a rising inflection. "No, a passkey. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble."

"It's not my damned balcony," Ausable said with extreme irritation. "It belongs to the next apartment."

He glanced explanatorily at Fowler.

"You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room—through that door there—used to be the living room. *It* had the balcony, which extends under *my* window now.

"You can get onto it from the empty room two doors down—and somebody did, last month. The management promised me to block it off. But they haven't."

Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing stiffly a few feet from Ausable, and waved the gun with a little peremptory gesture.

"Please sit down," he suggested. "We have a wait of half an hour at least, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said moodily. "The appointment was for twelve-thirty. I wish I knew how you learned about that report, Max."

The other smiled without mirth.

"And we wish we knew how it was gotten out of Germany," he replied. "However, no harm has been done. I will have it back— What is that?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY Fowler, who was still standing, had jumped at the sudden rapping on the door. Ausable yawned.

"The gendarmes," he said. "I thought that so important a paper as the one we are waiting for might well be given a little extra protection tonight."

Max bit his lip in uncertainty. The rapping was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not hesitate to shoot."

The man's face was black as he backed swiftly toward the window; with his hand behind him he flung it up to its full height, and swung a leg over the sill.

"Send them away!" he rasped. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

The rapping on the door came louder. And a voice was raised.

"M'sieu! M'sieu Ausable!"

Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat man and his guest, the man at the window grasped the frame with his free hand to support himself as he rested his weight on one thigh, then swung his other leg up and over the sill.

The doorknob turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand to free himself from the sill and drop to the balcony outside. And then, as he dropped, he screamed once, shrilly.

The door opened and a waiter stood there with a tray, a bottle and two glasses.

"M'sieu, the cognac you ordered for when you returned," he said, and set the tray upon the table, deftly uncorked the bottle, and retired.

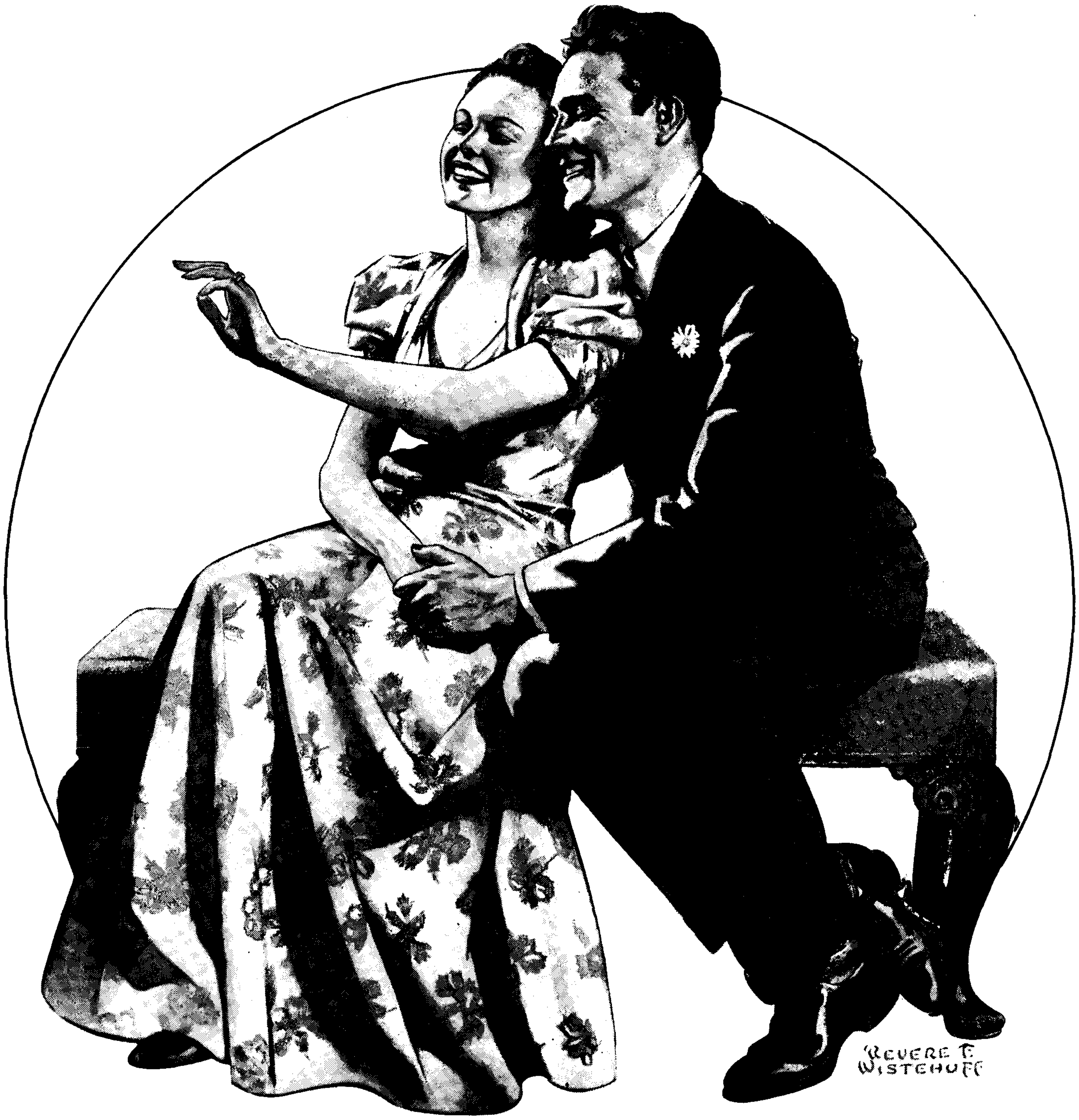
White-faced, Fowler stared after him.

"But—" he stammered, "the police—"

"There were no police." Ausable sighed. "Only Henri, whom I was expecting."

"But won't that man—" Fowler began.

"No," Ausable said, "he won't return. There is no balcony."



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## Bombs Don't Scare Us Now

Continued from page 11

the people wanted to surrender, how would they make their will felt? Only a small proportion of the nation would be affected at any given time. These would be particularly dependent upon the administration for aid and help. One must assume that the executive government and those in charge of national defense would have a secure headquarters somewhere or other, and one must also hope they would not be affected by panic and that they would not betray their country's honor and title deeds of freedom because of the painful events taking place in various parts of the country. The whole conduct of the war would go forward with interruptions that would hardly be apparent in so vast a process.

### A Simplified Problem

Therefore, neither upon moral nor practical grounds do I see any way by which air bombing of the noncombatant population for the purposes of slaughter would be effective in making us submit to the will of those who had committed these crimes. Most people would feel it would be better to die than to be conquered by a state capable of such deeds, because what other deeds would follow when it was all-powerful?

For these reasons it seems unlikely that the attempt to use aircraft for the specific purpose of mass terror will be adopted in the early stages of a war.

Now, if we exclude this idea, the whole problem becomes clarified and simplified. It becomes a problem of selection. The country can be divided into target areas and their immediate surroundings on the one hand, and all the rest of the broad expanse of Britain on the other.

How are target areas to be defined? Clearly they are the areas upon which our war-making capacity depends. No doubt the government has already made up its mind which these areas are. No one would suggest that the government should publish this schedule or that it should not be extended as time and resources permit. But anyhow there would be quite a lot to defend—enough to tax our strength, enough to make a serious inroad upon all forms of active defense. Still no one can suppose that the task is impossible or insuperable.

Sometimes people, misusing language, speak of these target areas as "vulnerable" points. What is meant are points worth attacking. They must be made invulnerable points. By a concentration of batteries and lights, the air raiders must be kept at a great altitude, where they cannot aim with much accuracy. Effective bombproof shelters must be provided for all persons who have to stay in them. In the environs of these areas, blastproof shelters should suffice. It is no use supposing that in a target area protection against blast will be sufficient. People will not be able to live there and do their war work without numerous absolutely secure bombproof shelters.

But the first and main air-raid precaution is the Royal Air Force. This force protects us in two ways. First, it attacks munitions and war supply centers in the enemy country, thus obliging them to defend themselves and hampering their attack. The enemy will think of this too, and one may expect that on both sides the prime attack will be upon the nests from which the airplanes come. We must expect a very strong resistance from our possible antagonist, one that will occupy a large part of his strength.

The second way in which the British Air Force will protect us is by our fighting airplanes, rising lightly laden from their own ground and grappling in the high air with the invader, both when he comes and when he goes. Unless we have been deceived, the British Air Force has already reached a strength, and our technical methods have attained a sufficient quality to make daylight attack on this island a very dangerous and costly operation.

It is a fair assumption that if one fifth of the raiders are destroyed on each raid, continuous raiding will not go on for very long. We might hope that this condition is already established. Therefore, I cannot think that daylight raids—and in daylight I include moonlight—will be the main danger we should have to face, supposing war should come.

If this assumption—it is only an assumption—should prove to be true, important conclusions follow from it. It is only in daylight, or possibly moonlight, which is rare, that any accurate aiming is possible. If daylight raids go out of fashion, then no precise targets can be hit except by a fluke. If the attacker is confined to night raiding, he can only drop bombs indiscriminately upon built-up areas, protesting, of course, that there are military objectives somewhere thereabouts.

If this form of attack is adopted, it must lead to considerable slaughter of civilian noncombatants, including women and children. This, then, is the problem with which the British air defense is confronted.

### Much Too Expensive

It is most unlikely that the countryside will be attacked except by accident. People talk in a silly way of thousands of tons of bombs, etc., being dropped night after night. Of course, a lot may be saved up for the first phase of a war, but no country could afford to go on very long casting explosives at random in the night on such a scale. One must remember that such a country would also have to feed with explosives great armies in full battle along all their fighting fronts. When we consider the fairly well-known resources of the German chemical industry, we cannot readily believe that they are unlimited. I am not suggesting there will not be plenty of explosives; but there will certainly not be such an abundance as to encourage any sane general staff to throw away this precious, decisive substance on the very remote chance of hitting cottages or villages, or ordinary towns in England.

Therefore, I think that we may dismiss altogether the countryside of Britain from our troubles. The "Little Pedlingtons" need not be worried about themselves. Their duty will be providing able and helpful people to go to the aid of the areas that will be subjected to the actual ordeal.

Now let us see how to deal with the problem of what I call "Blind Hookey" at the built-up areas. Let us next state a few basic facts and conclusions that govern the intelligent discussion of this unpleasant subject.

In the late war, one ton of bombs dropped in London killed on the average ten people and wounded thirty. These figures are apparently borne out by experience in Spain. If a bomb was dropped at random in London, there would be on the average one person within ten yards, and three others within twenty yards of the point of impact.

This seems to lead to the conclusion,

taking it by and large and making allowance for the fact that some people will be behind walls and protected in various ways, that anyone within ten yards of the place where a 200-pound bomb drops will be killed, and anyone within twenty yards will be injured. Whether these figures are exact or not, it is certain that the effect of bombing will be directly proportional to the density of population.

### Poor Shooting

As the density of population in London is about thirty-five times as great as it is averaged over the countryside, excluding the fifty-one towns with over 100,000 inhabitants, bombing of the countryside would be thirty-five times less effective per ton of bombs dropped than the bombing of the large cities. As an instance of the security of the countryside, one may mention that a hundred 200-pound bombs dropped at random in Oxfordshire would probably kill only three persons and wound nine out of a population of 210,000. The normal death rate in the county is seven per day.

The simplest and probably the cheapest form of protection against high explosives is to spread out the population over a large area. If the eight million people living within about fifteen miles of Charing Cross could be spread over a circle of, say, fifty miles round Charing Cross, the casualties would be reduced to one tenth the number that would be suffered under present conditions.

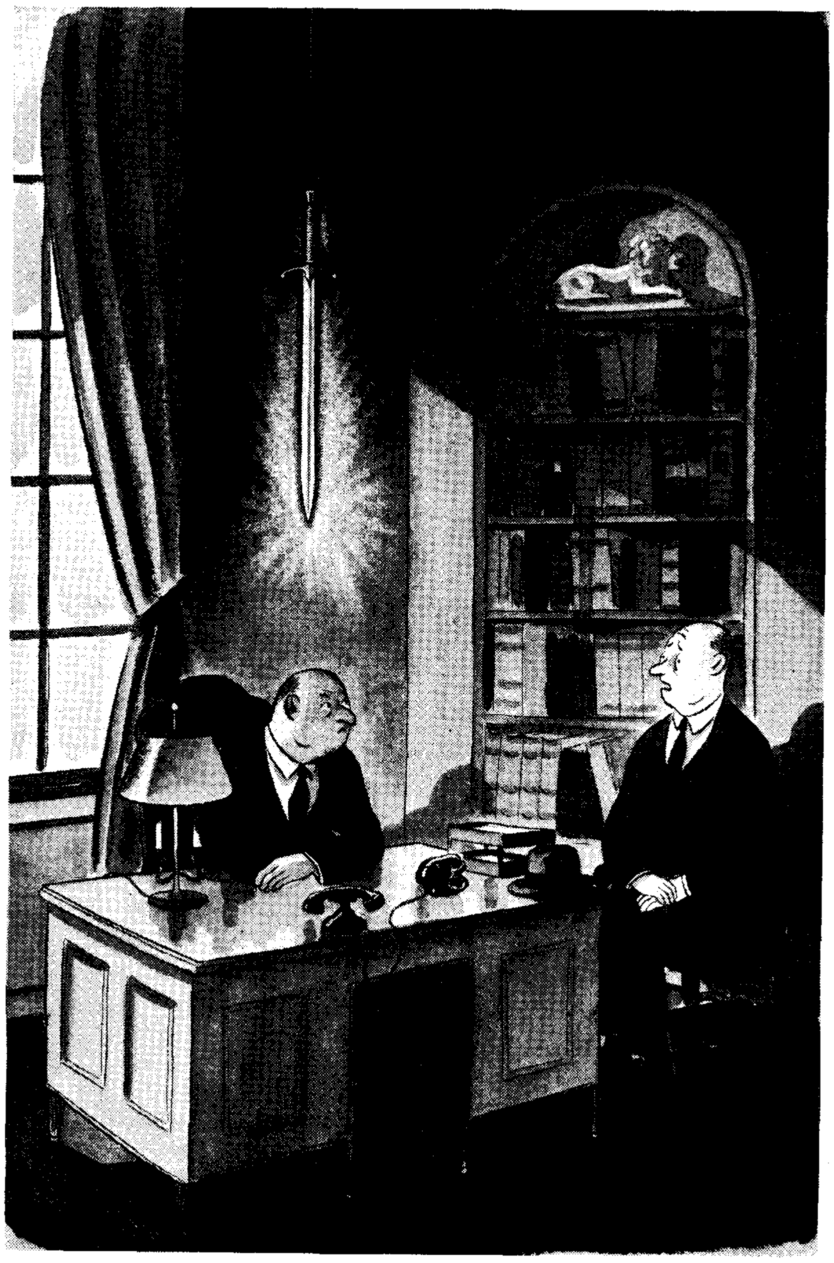
If the British people choose to disperse themselves and their businesses and affairs widely throughout the island, there is not enough explosive in the world, nor can enough be made, to destroy their fighting capacity. The true division of the country is between the target areas and the rest.

One of the oldest rules of war is that to try to be strong everywhere is to be strong nowhere. To try to make everyone safe is to make nobody safe, and moreover, to endanger the state. Nothing matters so much as being beaten, and a firm, resolute stand must be made against dissipating the vital resources upon which we should rely. We must not let Air Raids Precautions business make an undue inroad upon offensive action by which alone victory will be obtained and national survival secured.

If this view is sound, one can see how very wide of the mark is much of the guidance that has been given to the vast majority of the population.

The distribution of fifty million gas masks to the whole population, which was so vaunted in the late crisis, was an unreasonable and even ludicrous measure. Also we have seen energetic schoolmasters in remote districts piling up sand outside their schools, or building shelters and dugouts for their pupils in the neighboring woods; and persons in remote villages or in the open countryside digging holes and trenches in which they would be far more likely to die of pneumonia than bombing.

It is therefore all-important to lay down sound principles, proclaim them



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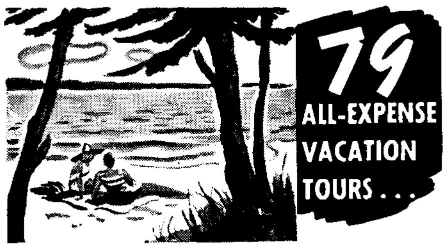

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sedulously by all the means of broadcast and publicity at your disposal, and stand the bump of any unpopularity that may arise at the present time, or the indignant reproaches that will fall upon you if, on a thousand-to-one chance, some one particular village or township receives a packet from baffled raiders on their way home.

It seems to me that while ninety-nine per cent of the island will not be troubled in any serious way, the target areas will become a battlefield, and, therefore, under sustained attack, uninhabitable, except by persons who in one way or another are actually fighting.

These people will be like soldiers, having to take the rough with the smooth, and I expect they will manage to do their jobs all right in most cases. One must expect that these target areas will be attacked continually, and that the air struggle will exhaust itself in this process.

Apart from dispersion, there are two main devices: first, the corrugated steel shelters, and, second, properly prepared basements. The steel shelter operates in all the enormous two-storied districts that lie around the great cities or the various munitions factories. I think it is a very fine protection. Properly covered with sandbags, and sometimes perhaps brought inside the house for comfort's sake, it gives an enormous measure of protection to a family. If they get hit directly by some terrific bomb, their luck is evidently out.

### Take to the Cellar

Let us now look at the high buildings. Of course, many people will not be living in them after we have settled down to the job, but at the beginning many people may be there, and all through quite a lot will have to stay. Therefore, we must look to the basements.

It is discreditable that these basements were not prepared after the rape of Austria, or especially after Munich. Nothing can protect any one of us from a direct hit of a large aerial torpedo with a delayed action fuse. But how many of these are going to be carried across the long dangerous miles of sea? Enough, no doubt, to upset drainage and water supply and electric power. That is another story about which there is much to be said. But the good basement, properly shored up and provided with exits, will give very nearly as good a chance to people who are in the high houses of the target areas as the steel shelter will give in the outlying districts.

The question of evacuation presents a vast and complex problem of organization, and it was not seriously considered until the authorities came to realize that the difficulties and the expense of providing shelters for the urban population were even more formidable. The evacuation problem can only be considered in relation to the shelter problem, and vice versa.

The more people who can be evacuated, the fewer there remain for whom shelters have to be provided. The aim of the government should be, and is, to evacuate from the densely populated areas all who can he spared from the industrial life of the community.

There is nothing virtuous or courageous in persons not wanted for duty remaining in one of these congested areas. On the contrary, they are performing a futile act in compelling the provision of shelter accommodation for them, and by possibly filling unnecessarily the hospital beds available for air-raid casualties. Evacuation should be regarded by those concerned as a scheme intended not so much for the protection of those who are to be evacuated as for the easing and simplification of the task of the authorities in providing protection for those who are obliged to remain.

As far back as 1936, the government declared large-scale evacuation to be impracticable. In fact, it was not until the French government produced plans for the evacuation of some two million out of the five million inhabitants of Paris that the British government reconsidered its attitude.

The French authorities have made arrangements to evacuate, in the first place, all those residents of the capital who themselves have no need to remain and who have no close family attachments. These will be evacuated to distant parts of France. The other main category of those to be evacuated consists mainly of wives and families of men whose work necessitates their remaining in Paris. These are to be transported to country districts, within a radius of 100 kilometers of Paris, so that it will be possible for the men to visit their families from time to time. The details of the French plan are worked out in the minutest particular.

In November, 1937, when the Air Raids Precautions Bill was introduced, it contained no mention whatsoever of evacuation. But as a result of speeches made in the debate the government accepted the plan. No effective action was, however, taken until nearly a year later, when the Czechoslovak crisis arose.

Certain schemes existed on paper, but little or no attempt had been made either to classify those it was proposed to evacuate or to survey the billeting accommodations available for them in the country districts.

### Will America Get Mad?

A makeshift scheme was devised in the middle of September, which was announced to the public over the wireless when the crisis reached its height. If it had been necessary to put it into operation there can be no doubt that it would have resulted in complete chaos. As it was, the Munich agreement was signed on the day on which the evacuation was planned to begin, and consequently, except for the case of a few nursery schools evacuated the day before, the scheme was never put to the test.

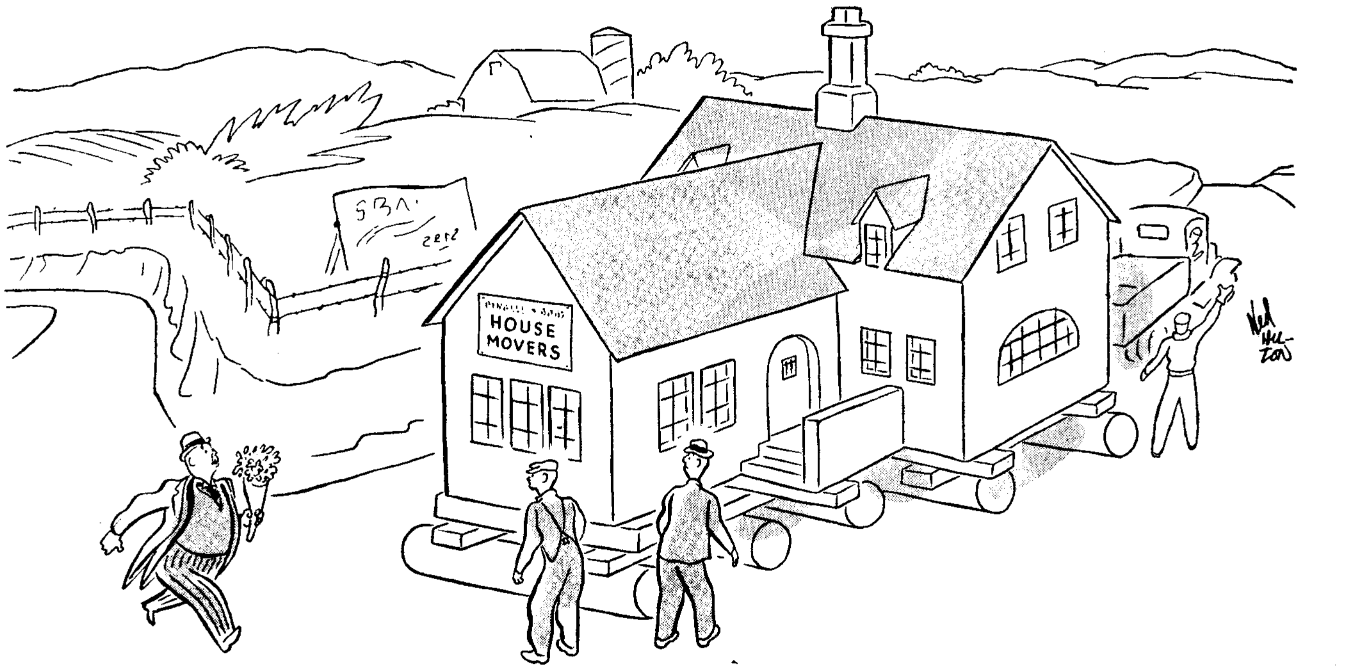
Evacuation and dispersal have now become the main measure in passive air defense. They have been elaborated in full detail, and it is believed that in a very few hours an enormous reduction in the population, and particularly the children, of London and other great cities can be effected. It must be remembered that on August Bank Holiday over three million people leave London in the morning and return in the evening.

For this purpose the country is divided into three zones: areas to be evacuated; reception areas; and areas that stay put. Survey has been made of the accommodations in the reception areas, and every house, large or small, must receive its proved quota, according to the room space available after its occupants have been accommodated.

It is a melancholy reflection that in the twentieth century of the Christian era, with all the wisdom and science that man has gathered, with all his sad experiences to teach him, we should be forced to consider these problems. But it is no exaggeration that the freedom and future of mankind depend upon the nations now menaced raising themselves above the blackmailing horrors of air warfare.

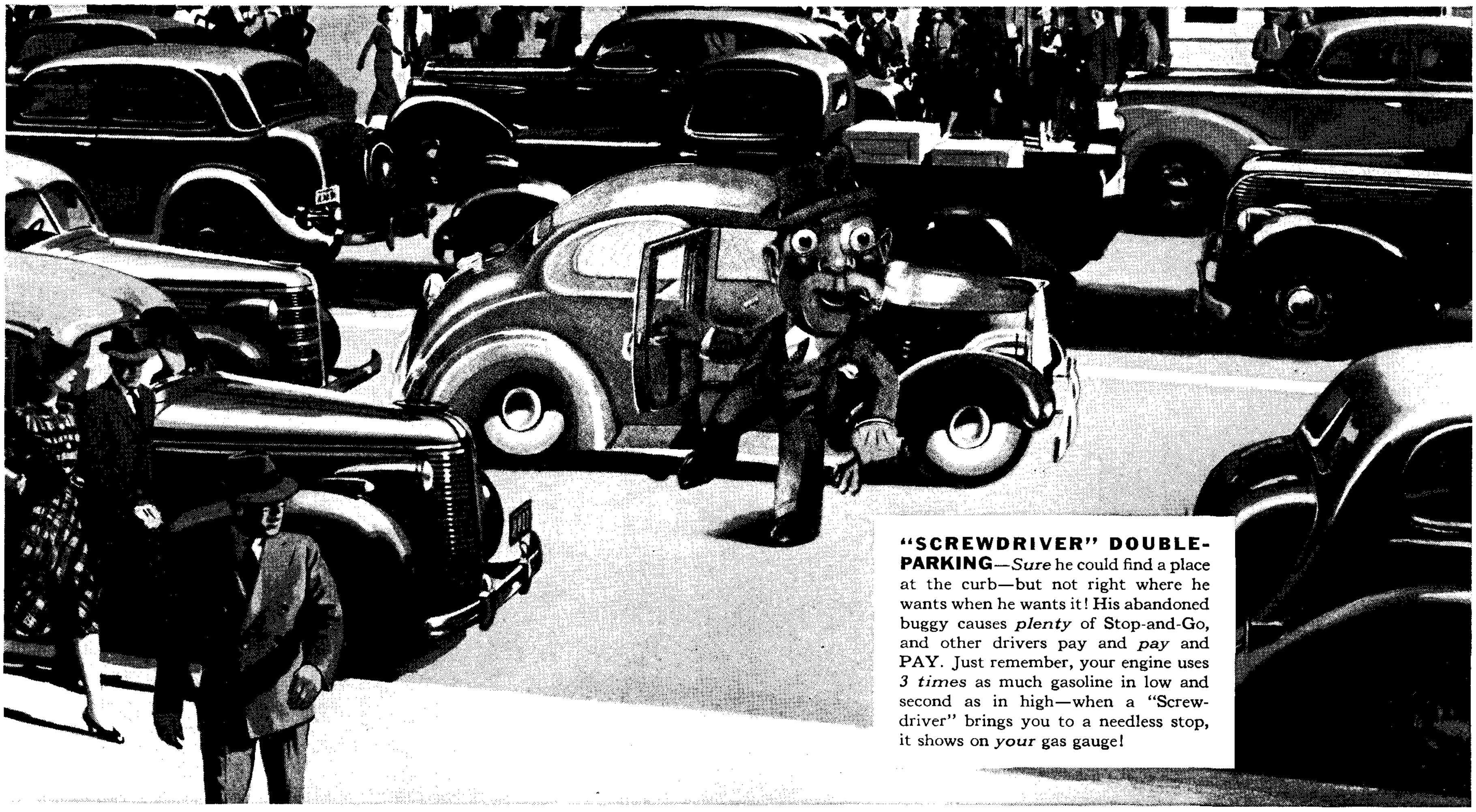
Of these grievous events, the people of the United States may soon, perhaps, be the spectators. But it sometimes happens that the audience becomes infuriated by a revolting exhibition.

In that case we might see the spectators leaving their comfortable seats and hastening to the work of rescue and of retribution. Then indeed it would be proved that indiscriminate air bombing is no road to world domination.



"I'm looking for 727 Poplar Street. Did this used to be it?"

NED HILTON



**"SCREWDRIVER" DOUBLE-PARKING**—*Sure* he could find a place at the curb—but not right where he wants when he wants it! His abandoned buggy causes *plenty* of Stop-and-Go, and other drivers pay and *pay* and PAY. Just remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, it shows on *your* gas gauge!

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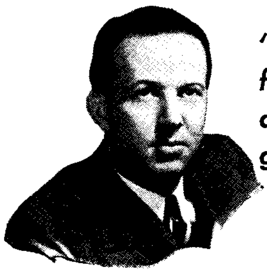


*"A substantial part of all 'stop-and-go'—25% is a fair estimate—is the direct result of inconsiderate driving manners. Improper parking, for example, greatly impedes the flow of traffic."*

Hawley S. Simpson

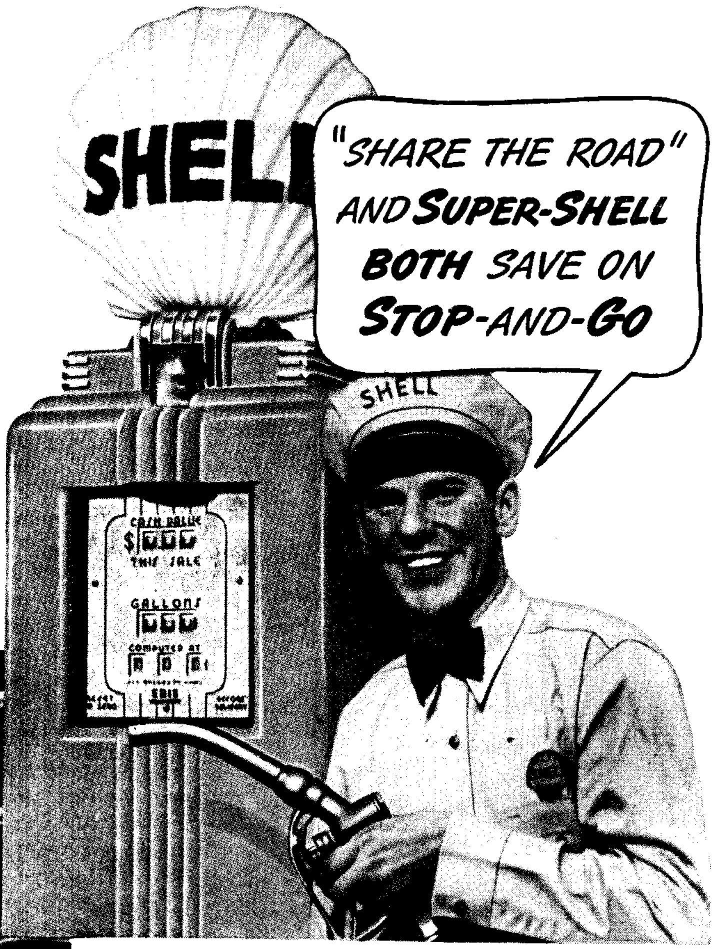
Traffic Engineer, American Transit Association

From Shell's traffic and engineering studies came the gasoline refined to cut the *cost* of Stop-and-Go driving—Super-Shell!

Now comes a nation-wide crusade to cut the *amount*—by 25%!

Crack down on "Screwdrivers"! To do your part, join Shell's Share-the-Road Club for common sense behind the wheel!

See your Shell dealer today! He'll put the Share-the-Road emblem on your car FREE—give you a booklet showing how traffic boners *increase* your time-wasting, fuel-wasting Stop-and-Go *needlessly*.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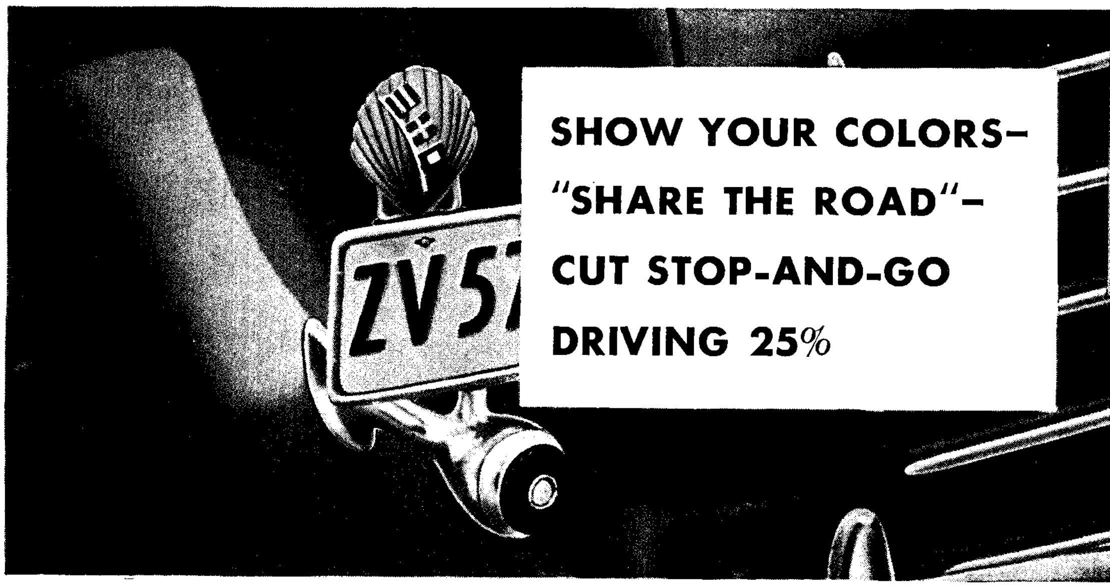

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## Your Shell Dealer is Headquarters for Saving on STOP-and-GO

**He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care!**

# Here's the big new success among the lowest price cars!

# Studebaker Champion

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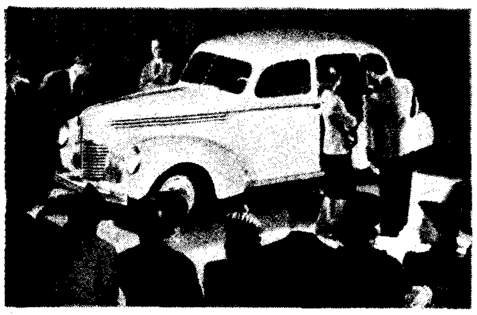

**Crowds keep coming to Studebaker showrooms** week after week, to see this remarkable new success among the lowest price cars. Its distinctive Raymond Loewy styling ranks it first with motorists of good taste. Its low price and low operating cost make it a true thrift Champion.

**Treat yourself to the thrills and prestige of Studebaker** performance in a trial drive in this Champion. Brilliant acceleration—matchless handling ease—and, without extra charge, the restful riding comfort and steadiness assured by Studebaker's independent planar wheel suspension.

**Four years of pre-testing and $4,500,000 in cash** went into this new Champion. Famed physicists, technicians and engineers critically analyzed every part. Test cars were run over 300,000 road miles. And Studebaker's 7,300 master craftsmen build every sound solid inch of this Champion.

**You get remarkable operating safety and structural safety** in this Champion. You shift gears at its steering wheel. You get Studebaker's safer dual-ratio steering and non-slam Hancock rotary door latches. Yet there's no extra charge for any of these protections and conveniences.

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**$660**

for a Studebaker Champion Coupe completely equipped and delivered at factory, South Bend

SEE for yourself why leading automotive experts, newspaper editors, magazine writers and business leaders are so enthusiastic about Studebaker's progress!

Stop in at a Studebaker showroom and watch how motorists are buying this new Studebaker Champion Six—pace-setter among lowest price cars—the car that, in just a few months, has sent Studebaker sales up to new highs!

### *New beauty and solid safety!*

Examine this Studebaker Champion. Note how it excels in beauty and luxury, in safety and advancements, as well as in sound construction!

Take out this distinctive Champion for a thrilling, convincing trial drive—and make the delightful discovery that it's a true-blood team mate in performance of Studebaker's world-famed Commander and President.

### It saves you money every mile!

See how Studebaker has improved upon the basic design of lowest price cars in creating this sound, sturdy new Champion. It doesn't carry an ounce of useless, gas-consuming bulk. That means, according to tests, that you get 10% to 25% greater gas economy in this Champion than in other leading lowest price cars. Yet this Champion is remarkably solid and strong—with unmatched safety features.

Put your good judgment as well as your good taste to work—and you can't pass up this luxurious, distinctive money-saving new Studebaker Champion.

Your present car covers at least part of this Champion's down payment. Low-cost Studebaker service is nation-wide—wherever you drive. See your local Studebaker dealer now.

**Save from 10% to 25% on gasoline!**

Tests show that this Champion's 6-cylinder Studebaker engine runs on 10% to 25% less gasoline than other leading lowest price cars! Think of the dollar saving that amounts to in a year! What a lot of things you can do with the gas money you save by owning this Champion!

# Ty Cobb's Dream Team

Continued from page 19

the bag with big Alex and with the Babe and with the Big Train and with Wagner, the Flying Dutchman, and with Tris from Texas and Eddie Collins, and with dapper George Sisler and Cy Young and Larry Lajoie, the graceful one. Somewhere or other Christy Mathewson and Wee Willie Keeler will be listening in, hearing the boys talk about the time when Big Six was winning thirty games a season and about the year (1910) when Cobb beat the Frenchman for the batting title by .00086.

Look back over the hundred years of baseball. Let's pick a dream team of the ages, the greatest team that ever could be assembled. Let's make believe that we're managing the team and we can have our pick of all players, living or dead. But better yet, let's get the master of them all to pick this team.

We'll find Ty Cobb out in Menlo Park in California in a beautiful home secluded and guarded by tall trees. Ty is middle-aged now, but he doesn't look it. He's well off, too, and he's a substantial citizen of his community. He plays golf every day—literally every day—and he's a good golf player.

### A Great Manager for a Great Team

Around Menlo they say that Ty doesn't care about baseball any more.

He doesn't like baseball? Get him started and he'll talk baseball all day. I know. I got him started. Let him pick our dream team for us. Not just nine men, we want a complete team that could play through a season.

Ty says, "Let's start with the manager. I'll pick the greatest manager who ever lived and I won't hear any dispute about it. Who?" Cobb exploded, "Connie Mack, of course. There was never anyone like him. He's smart and kind and he knows how to handle men and he can do wonders with poor material.

"Now let's pick a pitching staff. We'll pick the greatest pitching staff that was ever assembled. We want four right-handers and two left-handers. We start with Matty of course. Matty and Alexander and Walter Johnson and Ed Walsh. They're our right-handers. All great pitchers.

"That big Walter Johnson, I'll never forget the day we first faced him. It was his first major-league start. He was a rookie and we gave him a ride. We always waited out rookies. We knew they'd crack sooner or later and get wild. So we waited for this big kid to get wild. So we waited four or five innings and he hadn't thrown a dozen balls. We tried to hit him and we couldn't. Then we decided to bunt. He hadn't learned all there was to be learned about handling bunts as yet so we finally beat him 2 to 1 by bunting."

Cobb leaned back and chuckled: "With Eddie Plank and Carl Hubbell as our two left-handers, how could any team ever hit us? We want two catchers and I'll take Mickey Cochrane and Roger Bresnahan. Usually catchers are slow and cumbersome, but not these two. Did you ever know that Bresnahan used to lead off? Both he and Mike were fast and smart and great handlers of pitchers and real hitters.

"Now," Cobb enthused, "let's talk about first base. I'll take George Sisler for my team. He was only slightly below Hal Chase as a fielder and Chase was the greatest in that department. He did everything else better. Back in 1922 he broke a record of mine, when he made 257 safe hits in one season. That year he batted .420 and was voted the most valuable player in the league. George was a fine alert ballplayer all the time.

"At second base," Cobb laughed, "I suppose you think I'll pick Napoleon Lajoie? He was a fine player, but I'll take Eddie Collins. Eddie was a great mechanical ballplayer who never made a mistake, but that isn't measuring the worth of his true greatness. In addition to being a superb hitter, fielder and base runner, Eddie Collins was the greatest team player who ever lived. With him in there a team was always two runs better on the offense and thirty per cent stronger on the defense. Eddie made his whole infield look good.

"We won't even discuss shortstop," Ty said. "When you mention shortstop you immediately think of the Dutchman. There was only one Honus Wagner. I don't think anyone will quarrel with that selection.

"Now at third base I'm putting Buck Weaver. Weaver was close to the fastest man I ever saw on a ball field. He could hit to all fields and he could run bases with anybody. His throw was like a rifle bullet. Yes, he finished baseball under unfortunate circumstances but that is neither here nor there. We're talking about ballplayers. I'm talking about what I think are the best ballplayers who ever lived. Buck Weaver was one of them. And he had just reached his peak when disaster came.

**"Kennesaw built the cabin here so we'd be close to water in case of fire"**

REAMER KELLER

"The outfield," Cobb said, "is easy. How can we pick anyone but Joe Jackson, Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth? In many ways I think that Jackson was the best batter I ever saw. He didn't play by rules, he played instinctively. He always knew what to do even though he didn't know why it was the right thing to do. Hit? How he could hit! No outfield knew how to play him. I honestly think he'd bat .450 today.

"Speaker, of course, belongs without question. In 1916 he beat me out for the batting championship by hitting a murderous .386. That year he hit better than .400 against Walter Johnson.

Cobb drew a deep breath. "Babe Ruth? Who else? The fact that the Babe was always apt to break up a ball game with a home run is only half the story. Think of the psychological effect of having the Babe on your team. The pitcher is afraid to walk the man who bats ahead of him for fear the Babe will drive him home. That means that pitcher has to work hard and worry about that man. Then by the time he's through pitching to the Babe he's gone through a tough few minutes and he's apt to relax when the next man comes up. When Babe batted he helped the man in front and the man behind.

### Baseball Could Be Better

"Well," Cobb finished, "there's our team. Why, we'd win 150 games a season, even with the ridiculous ball they use today. Ridiculous? Sure it's ridiculous. Baseball has become a different game today than it was twenty years ago. I don't get much of a kick watching a 10 to 7 ball game. Base stealing? It's obsolete now. We never figured that we were in a scoring position until we reached second base. Once we got there a single would drive us home. But today, if a man is on first he's in scoring position. The next man up is apt to hit a home run.

"Outfielders? Today outfielders are only caddies out there to retrieve long drives. Almost all balls hit to the outfield go so far they must be relayed in.

"Oh, baseball is still the best game there is but it could be better. The players are just as good and they're smarter, too. If they put the old ball back the players could adjust themselves easily enough. They could learn to steal bases and to work for one run. They could learn what we used to call inside baseball. But they don't have to.

"If I were managing a team now I'd say to the batter, 'Go up and belt one.' What good is a one- or two-run lead? Some ordinarily weak hitter is apt to catch a corner of that jack rabbit and bounce it over the wall.

"Baseball has been good to me," he said thoughtfully. "Funny thing, you know I never intended to be a ballplayer. I wanted to be a surgeon. I went up that first year hoping to make enough money to put me through medical school. I held out my second year and in those days owners were pretty strict about holdouts. I said to myself: 'I'll let this decide it. If the owner gives in, it means that I'm cut out to be a ballplayer from now on. If he doesn't it means that I'm cut out to be a surgeon and I'll quit baseball and go to medical school.' Well, he gave in and I was a ballplayer.

"Funny thing about baseball, though. I played until I was forty-two and then I was glad to be through with it all. For twenty-four years I'd led a restricted life. I hadn't seen much of my family. I had to take good care of myself. I had to be fighting every minute. For twenty-four years I couldn't relax. And then I found that although I'd been a success in my job I hadn't built anything for the future that I could pass on to my boy.

"I had saved my money, and friends of mine in Detroit had advised me how to invest it well, but that was all I had. So I discovered golf. Sure, I still love baseball, but after all I was never born to be a spectator."

"Let's go into town," I suggested, "and take a look at the Seals. I hear that young Dominick Di Maggio is almost as good as Joe."

He hesitated and then picked up the golf clubs. Cobb smiled. "Let's play a round of golf instead. I told you I wasn't born to be a spectator."

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Jantzen
MOLDED FIT SWIM SUITS

Name
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# Triumph of the Law

Continued from page 16

While Counselor Grace conferred with her client I courteously looked out the window. Looking thus, I perceived a very promising lawsuit lying out in a field. It had lain there for years, waiting to be picked up.

"Pretty view, Counselor," I said, when Mrs. Hoburn had gone away gentled. "What's the road called that crosses that field to the railroad station?"

"Road?" she said, looking. "No, that's not a road, Mr. Boghey. That's just a short cut that we take."

"How long have people been cutting across there?"

"Oh, longer than I remember, Mr. Boghey."

"It is kind of you to let me intrude on your busy office, Counselor," I said, leaving. "I'm opening an office in town and we'll co-operate, one hand washing the other."

I must say she looked at me very kindly. I am not as young as I was, but when I lift my chest—it has slipped down a bit—I can pass for thirty or thirty-five, and that's the flower of manhood.

Refreshed by my pleasant encounters, I walked across the field to the station plaza, where were the principal stores, and entered a drugstore.

I called Lowell Hoburn.

"Mr. Hoburn," I said, "this is J. Elmira Boghey. The thought came to me, sir, that perhaps you would wish to drop into my office and discuss your pending divorce. My office in the Lodge Building—"

"Discuss my divorce? I'm not being divorced! Who the hell are you? Are you a lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer, barrister, solicitor, advocate and proctor in admiralty, Mr. Hoburn," I said. "I happen to know that Mrs. Hoburn consulted a local attorney this morning with a view to proceedings in divorce. Should you take it up with Mrs. Hoburn, keep the source of your information and grounds of your belief under the hat, kindly, won't you, sir? Drop in and talk it over."

Knowing human nature, I believed he would talk to his wife and probably come to see me. And in fact he did both in due course.

LEAVING the drugstore, I proceeded to the town hall and consulted the village land map and tax roll.

The vacant property across which people had been short-cutting to the station belonged to one Henry Windkoop.

I called Mr. Windkoop.

"Mr. Windkoop," I said graciously, having introduced myself, "I am newly come to Graceport and do not wish to trespass on anyone. Now, this morning I chanced to drive over that road that runs northwesterly from the station and it was in poor condition. May I ask if that road is a public highway for vehicular traffic or only for foot passengers? I thought you might know, Mr. Windkoop."

"What road?" he snapped crustily. "You mean that short cut that people take over my property? That's no road. And it's not a public highway of any kind!"

"No, Mr. Windkoop? Then may I tender you a bit of legal advice free and gratis? Put a barrier across that short cut at once! By using that short cut long enough the public can acquire a right of way. Better not sleep on your rights, sir. . . . The name is Boghey, J. Elmira Boghey, and my office will be in the Lodge Building, if you care to call."

After lunch I went for a walk out into the country.

Striding along a pleasant shady road, I came upon quite a good farmhouse or suburban cottage. Beside it ran a little brook, and on the bank sat a gentleman fishing for bullheads.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"No," he muttered, ashamed of his occupation, as fishermen usually are. "Not a bite. And I could catch a string here years ago."

"More fish then, eh?"

"More water!"

"Oh, more water. Country drying up?"

"Not at all. But this brook flows out of the water company's reservoir, understand? Well, the water company dammed up the outlet."

"But the water company paid you heavy damages, no doubt."

"Damages? Well, the water was cut off in my father's time, so I couldn't be sure about—damages for what?"

"For taking your brook," I said, scenting a bill worth while. "In my legal opinion, no damages ever were paid. My name is Boghey, sir. J. Elmira Boghey, and I'm an attorney specially versed in the law of water rights. . . . My card! . . . Suppose we stop fishing for bullheads and get in your car and run out and look at that reservoir. There ought to be nice money in your little brook."

"Anyway, there are no bullheads," he accepted.

HE LED me to his garage and we drove in his car two miles deeper into the vacant lots that lay about Graceport. We followed the brook to the reservoir, and there, surely enough, we saw where the overflow to the brook had been dammed by a rapacious public utility.

"You'd see sense, Mr. Hone," I said, having his name now, "in putting up, say ten dollars, to get a thousand or so?"

"It sounds like business, Counselor!"

"There are several miles of this brook," I observed, "and all the abutting owners should get theirs. Mr. Hone, in my legal opinion, we should put the bite on the water company for twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. Speak to such owners as you know, kindly, and tell them to come in to my office."

Mr. Hone rode me back into the village, to the Prospect House, where I was putting up. As we passed Henry Windkoop's lots I was gratified to see laborers digging postholes for a fence.

I spent an interesting evening in the Prospect House lounge and bar, inquiring into social, business and political conditions in Graceport, with a view to applying legal remedies.

I uncovered lots of good stuff, when I could get around to matching the parties in interest. The place was actually an unopened gold mine, and the more I dug into it the bigger the nuggets.

While I was standing at the bar, a gentleman in corduroys and blue flannel shirt stood beside me having beer.

"This is a very lovely little village, is it not?" I said, tapping him like the others.

"You mean Grease Spot?" he inquired.

"Graceport!"

"We call it Grease Spot. So what about it?"

"It is a very lovely little village, is it not?"

"It is a very lousy little village," he replied, not caring who cared. "I'm on that big drainage project up the road, and our bunkhouses are within the village limits, and do you know what this very lousy little village did to us? They taxed the whole four hundred of us two dollars each!"

"A head tax?" I said. "I'll look into this, my friend, and see what the legal

Sleek figuring

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rights and remedies are. My card, sir."

The next morning I rented three front offices in the Lodge Building, furnishing the layout from a secondhand store on time. I was going to need a lot of room to handle all the business.

Later, I viewed Mr. Windkoop's property. The fence across the short cut was finished, beginning and ending in jungles of bull briers and beggar's-lice.

I sat on top of the fence and waited for trespassers. A test case was needed, but, if nobody took charge, these Graceporters would lie supinely on their backs and let Mr. Windkoop get away with his fence, perhaps to the irreparable damage of the public right, if any.

I was there for nearly an hour before the right man came along.

Several pedestrians viewed the fence from the highway and decided to go the long way around; but at last there trudged down the short cut on his way to the station a heavy-set old gentleman in a high-crowned felt hat. He almost crashed the fence before seeing it.

He stood back and viewed it with public indignation. I jumped down.

"Now, my man," I said gruffly, "don't stop, look or listen!"

"How's that?" he said, frowning.

"This fence," I explained, "was built by Mr. Henry Windkoop to stop you in particular from trespassing. It's here and it's going to stay here."

I don't like to be short with a nice old gentleman, or even with an ugly old gentleman, but business is business.

"I'll see about that, Mr. Man!" he cried, trudging away. "I know Henry Windkoop and he knows me, and I'll law him in every court in the state before he'll slap me in the face with his fence!"

"If you please, sir," I called, hurrying after him. "My card. I don't solicit business, but I am an attorney, and you will need one."

"You," he snarled, "go hang!"

I tucked the card into his pocket as he rushed by. On inquiry he proved to be Eli Vredenburg, the wealthy grouch of the section.

I HAD the whole Graceport bar to lunch in the Prospect House, and my good opinion of the other half increased. She was as good as she was beautiful; a bit of a rogue, though. When I put my hand tenderly on hers across the cloth and called her Molly, she laughed merrily.

"May I call on you at home, Molly?" I asked. "I'm so lonely."

"Oh, surely, J. Elmira," she said, and laughed again. She gave me directions. "Drop in any time, and if I'm not home you can talk to Reifschneider. . . . Who's Reifschneider? He works on the place."

I had occasion to be out her way shortly after lunch. I wanted to talk to my acquaintance from the big drainage project.

Molly had a delightful home. I was much impressed.

It was the old Grace place, though gone to seed because of the laziness of that abominable loafer Reifschneider. He was a graduate engineer of some sort and had flopped at it and now he pretended to do gardening on the place.

The big house was sorely in need of paint and some stuff to flatten the shingles, and the five acres of orchards, gardens, lily pools and lawns were overgrown and wild. It struck me a blow, though. With the money that I saw now I could make in Graceport as easy as rolling off a roof, this was the place I rated, the old ancestral house of the section—and Molly.

Gunning around taking inventory, I spotted this Reifschneider lying off under a red cedar tree, snoozing. I woke him up.

"Hi, my man! This the old Grace place?"

"It is, my man," he answered impudently.

I regarded him.

"You're Reifschneider, are you? . . . Ah, yes. . . . Comfortable?"

"Quite," he said. "How are you?"

"Reifschneider," I said, getting short with him, for he was as good as wasting my money, "are you paid to lie around like a bum?"

"What's that?" he said sharply.

"Gather ye bedsores while ye may, Reifschneider," I advised, "because the rollers are under you right now. I'm moving in here shortly and my first official act will be to evict, disseize and dispossess you and land you out on that road on your ear."

He got up quickly and I remembered that I had to get along to the drainage project. In a word, I ran. I could have battled him and pasted him prettily, as these big rough customers were always my dish, years ago, but if I took a pasting it would be all red, as he couldn't answer in damages when I took him to court. So I made for the drainage project. A big old dog tried to beat me to the stone gates, but I won. I used to be a great runner in my day, oh, yes.

I WENT up the road to the drainage project and searched out my acquaintance of the Prospect House bar.

"My friend," I said, "can you in your opinion rally among these drainage gentlemen a band of two hundred bold fellows to march into Graceport tomorrow and drink two barrels of beer?"

"Two barrels?" he demurred. "How about fifty fellows?"

"Two barrels for two hundred men," I insisted. "A barrel of beer is two hundred and fifty-six pints or more than a quart a man. My thought," I said, "is to stage a protest against this iniquitous tax they slapped on you. The rally will be at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the same being Saturday, before the town hall."

I returned to my offices in the Lodge Building. That afternoon I had satisfactory conferences with Mr. Lowell Hoburn, Mr. Henry Windkoop and Mr. Hone and two of his neighbors owning land abutting on the brook that had been converted to its own use by the water company.

Molly dropped across the hall to see me late Saturday morning.

"What has come over Graceport, J. Elmira?" she asked. "Everybody's in a temper! Mrs. Hoburn wants a complaint in divorce at once, on account of the inhuman cruelty of the language Lowell used to her last night; and Mr. Vredenburg and the water company have retained me as associate counsel in some actions they are planning to bring. What is it all about, J. Elmira?"

"No right without a remedy, my dear," I said, nudging her playfully. "By the way, dear, would you mind putting a flea in Vredenburg's ear about that drainage project? If it's not a job on the township I miss my guess and somebody ought to start a taxpayer's action. . . . And let me see. . . . Oh, yes, there's a broken step on the stairs outside! Now shall you or I fall down there? Whichever you say, but let's not sleep on it, as it is like money in the bank."

I went to the town hall toward one o'clock.

There was an election that afternoon for mayor and three trustees, but there was no excitement at the polls as there was but the one ticket in the field. The gentlemen then in office had been renominated, having been thrifty and provident and grabbed a dollar for the village anywhere they could.

But any voter might write in other names if he so desired.

I went into the trustees' room. The

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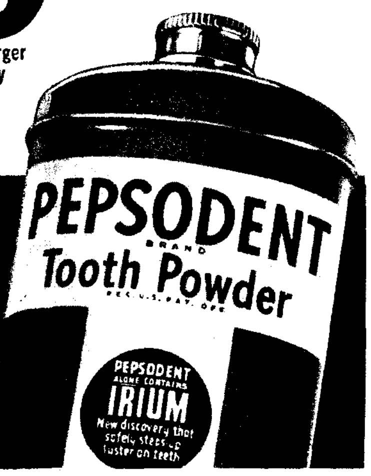
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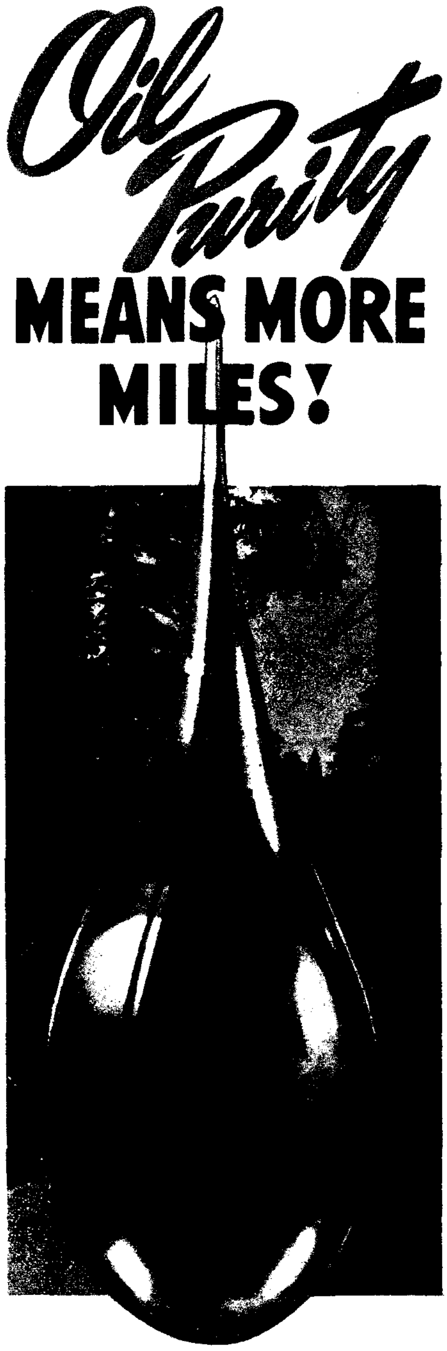

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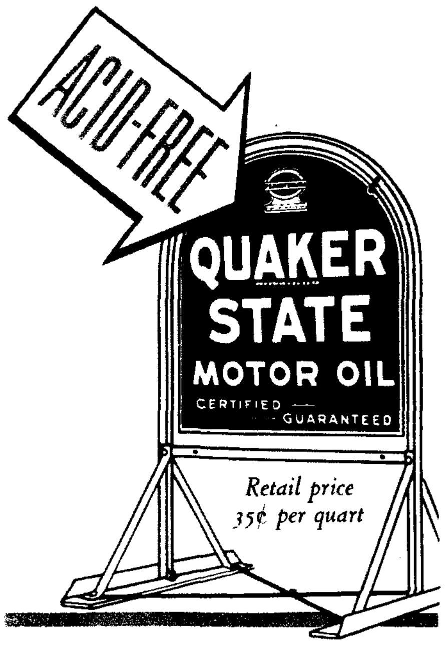


mayor and his three coadjutors were there. They drew together and looked at me; I was already a man of mark in Graceport.

"How many votes do you think will be cast, Mr. Mayor?" I asked.

"Less than a hundred, I dare say, Counselor."

"What! Why," I said, "there will be at least two hundred votes from the drainage project alone."

It was a thought. They looked at one another.

"From where did you say, Counselor?"

"From the drainage project, gentlemen. You levied a head tax on four hundred men there, didn't you? You must be aware that any taxpayer may vote in this election and in the taxpayers' meeting to follow. What's the matter with your village counsel that he let you pull such a boner as levying that head tax? . . . Ah, here we come!"

THERE were many more than two hundred in the dense column that swung into the plaza from Grace Street, chanting: "We—want—beer!" That mercenary scoundrel of a foreman had sold tickets, it seemed, for a quarter apiece; I was mortified when I heard of it.

The column filled the plaza and its chant shook the air.

"What the devil," said the mayor, staring from the window. "What do they want? Who brought them here?"

"They have come," I said, unfolding a paper, "to do their civic duty and vote for village officers and on propositions. I brought them here, any wrong in that? And if you think you can swing the election against that vote, try it on, and before the sun sets we'll have a new mayor and trustees and a new code of ordinances."

They caved, after a little flurry. They could do nothing. The law is the law, and it said taxpayers might vote.

"Proposition One," I said, reading from my paper, "is to change the name of our village from Graceport to Grease Spot. Does that convey adequately the nature of the propositions that will be voted on today, and the sort of code of ordinances we will have by sunset?

"Now, gentlemen," I said, folding my paper, "I am ready to talk business. Are you, or shall we proceed with the election and meeting? What this village needs, gentlemen, and is going to need worse, if you don't include me in, is sound legal advice and plenty of it. Hold a meeting of the board at once and appoint me village counsel. And appropriate four barrels of beer for the electors outside. I meant to ask for only two, but such was the civic spirit evidently—"

"What else, Boghey?" broke in the mayor.

"Nothing, sir," I said. "Give us the village counsel and the beer and no votes will be cast today by the drainage project. Gentlemen, my card—the name is J. Elmira Boghey."

"Accepted!" said the mayor sourly. "Meeting, come to order."

The drainage gentlemen knew nothing of the proposed program that I had outlined to the board; they had not come to vote and did not know they were entitled to. I stepped out, welcomed them in a few good words and informed them that the brew was on its way.

I returned to my offices, meaning to propose marriage to Molly at once, after whatever tender advances; but when I tried her office door I found her gone for the day.

I sat down and wrote her a letter, proposing to the same effect, and sent it to her home by a bellboy from the Prospect House. You know, the time to win is when you are winning.

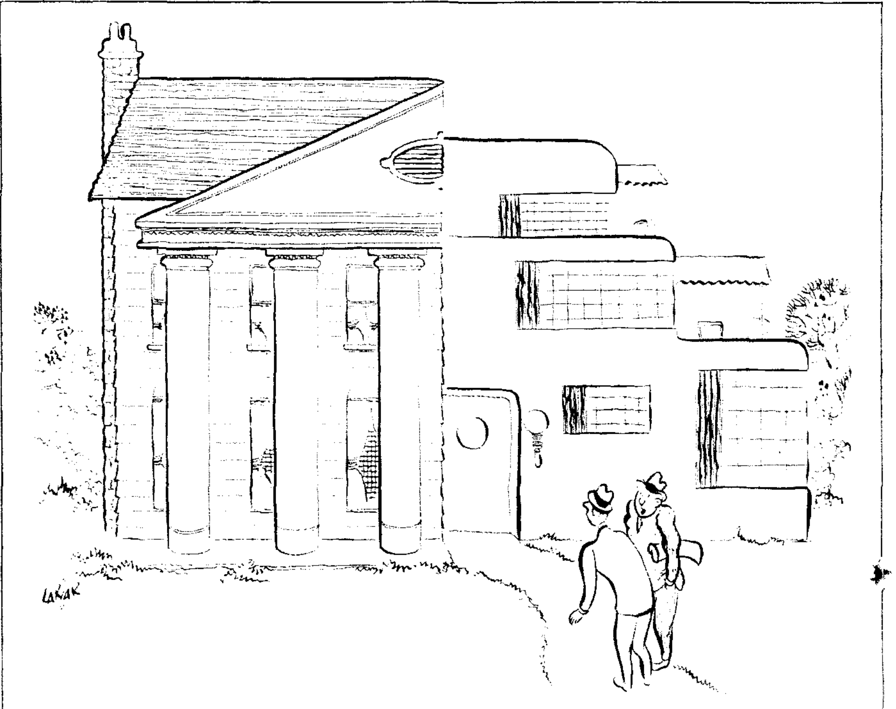
After a good dinner that evening I sat by an open window in my room, smoking a cigar and looking down Grace Street.

The jail was a pretty sight, brightly lighted; several gentlemen from the drainage project were there. And two pretty good fights were being had in the plaza. These battles were on the verge of a monster mass meeting that was being conducted with great applause. Speaker after speaker got upon the beer barrel, orated, waved, and pointed toward the Prospect House.

If they were discussing me they had a topic.

When a rank outsider gets off the train and has the community by the ears and by the tail in forty-eight hours he's meat for discussion. Good as engaged to the prettiest girl in town; going to live in the big house; a distinguished lawyer with a growing practice, village counsel—such a man ought to be sent to Congress.

Well, they were discussing me, and not planning to send me to Congress, but they were planning something for me that I really preferred. Quite a delightful surprise.



"When it was half finished, he ups and gets married!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

The plaza meeting dissolved, and the crowd was coming up Grace Street toward the Prospect House.

They chanted as they came, "We—want—Boghey!" It was a thrill.

The crowd halted before the hotel, and, seeing me above at the window, many raised their hands and gave me the Communist salute. I didn't quite get that, but I stood up and waved and laughed and shook hands with myself. Thereupon some loafers gave me a loud Bronx cheer.

My door opened, and in walked the mayor, and Reifschneider, and Eli Vredenburg and three other gentlemen who seemed to know me better than I knew them. I imagine the Graceport Water Company had a piece of that committee.

"COUNSELOR," said the mayor to me, "we are come to make a suggestion that will be very advantageous to you."

"I dare say I don't deserve it, sir," I said.

"No," he said, "you don't. . . . Counselor, we have considered your activities since you first came among us, down to that very strange letter that you wrote this afternoon to Mrs. Molly Reifschneider, wife of our good friend here and mother of his four charming children. And don't say you didn't know that Miss Grace was Mrs. Reifschneider as you visited her home yesterday.

"What! Do you mean Molly—"

"What do you mean 'Molly'?" growled Reifschneider.

"Counselor," resumed the mayor, "we find that you are a public nuisance. A few at the meeting were in favor of lynching you, but the consensus was that you should be merely ridden out of town on a rail, soundly whopped, and sent on your way.

"If you would avoid that, Counselor, take our suggestion. A car is waiting at the back door and it will rush you to a station down the line. And don't ever show yourself in Graceport again or we will not be responsible for your life and limb. Will you go?"

"Do I hear you aright?" I said, unable to believe in such a piece of good luck. "You the mayor of this village, and you Vredenburg, a man of money and means, threaten to have me pilloried in public and beaten with danger to life and limb unless I lam out the back door? Why, gentlemen, this is utterly lawless!"

"You bet you," said old Vredenburg. "We've had our fill of law, dang your buttons, and we won't put up with any more of it!"

"Reifschneider," I invited, "would you like to slug me?"

I put my chin out and he swung but someone caught his arm and I was merely grazed. It was a battery, though. Meanwhile the silent committeemen had picked up my bags; I stepped before them and turned my back and they shoved me out into the hall. Nothing constructive about it; they used physical force.

You follow the trend of my legal mind, I am sure.

They were giving me a blue-white and flawless case for damages.

I'd sue the village and every one of them individually for one hundred thousand dollars damages. I did, incidentally, later on, and got judgment against every last one of them too, but it proved to be *damnum absque injuria* and all I got was six cents. At the time, however, it was delightful business.

"I leave, gentlemen, struggling and protesting," I said. "I have been evicted and ousted from my domicile and business with force and violence and am suffering great physical pain and mental anguish!"

And I tucked my legal directory under my arm and hurried toward the car, so that I would not have to laugh in their faces.

## Old Ironface

Continued from page 23

assorted cadets, quartermasters and officers standing about and staring at him, sort of strained. He said never a word but everyone instantly became occupied with something close at hand. Old Ironface walked over to look at the compass and get a log reading, and I ducked into the chartroom out of the way. It looked as if it was going to be a pleasant run.

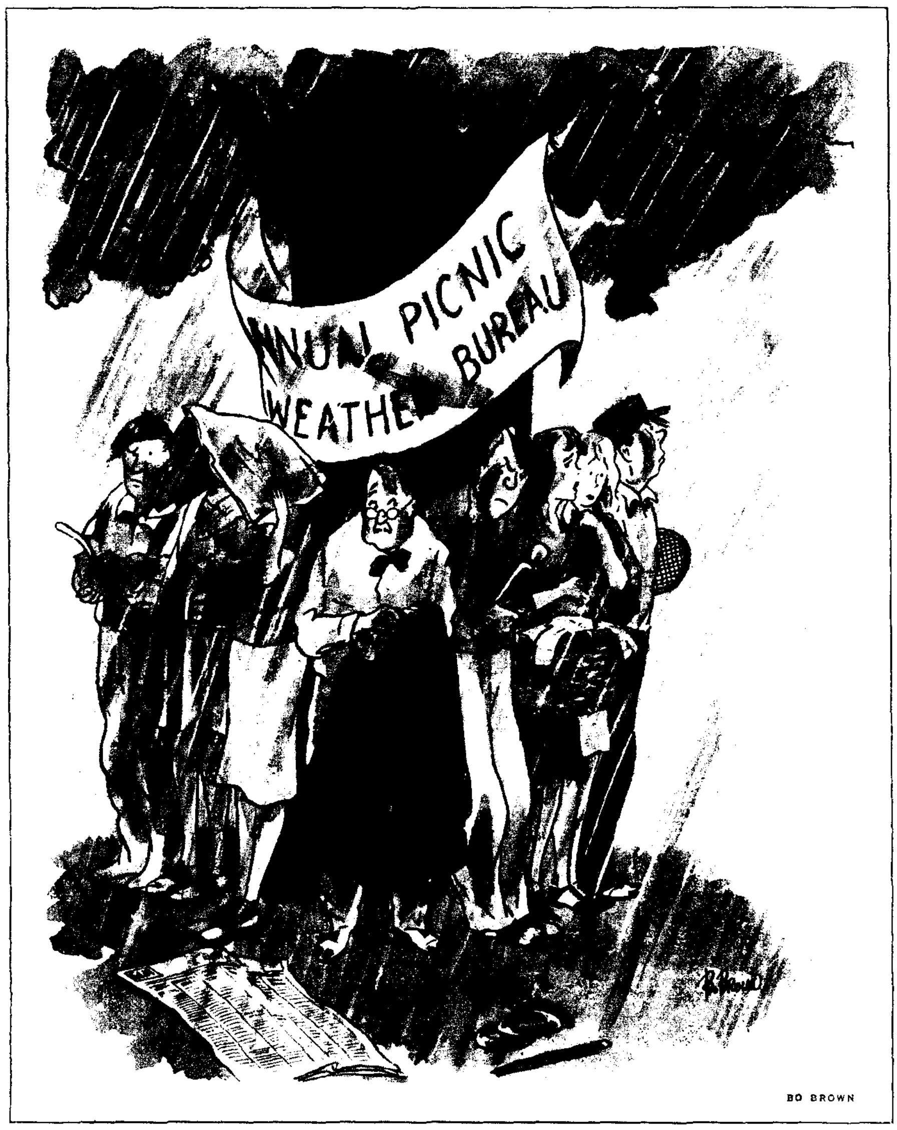
WELL, things drifted along into routine, as they always do, except that we had the usual tension that always hangs over a maiden voyage, more intense this time because of the record we were going to lift. Mr. Norman, the president of the Line, gave a dinner for Old Ironface where a lot of speeches were made. There was a special luncheon given by the directors, a special tea by the first-class ladies, another special luncheon, another special tea. Everything was special and Old Ironface was the pet.

We all knew that a set of massive silver plate and a gold watch were to be presented the night before we docked, and we all knew Maloney already had plans drawn up for redecorating the skipper's suite to his own tastes later. Probably Old Ironface knew it too. He was, in some uncanny manner, always aware of what was going on aboard any ship he commanded, but he never let on that he knew. One thing he couldn't miss, anyway. Everyone was being so obviously kind, so obviously sympathetic and considerate. Even if he hadn't caught Maloney's careless words on the bridge he must have felt the sense of them in everyone's actions. He was an old man and all washed up, and they were giving him the best send-off they knew. It got under some of our skins, even if it didn't get under Old Ironface's.

"It doesn't make sense somehow," said the navigating officer. "Him easing out so peaceful with a set of silver plate tucked under his arm. Not after what he's done and been."

And we all felt a little that way about it, even if we didn't like him much. There was something curiously wrong to think of a man like him just stepping ashore, putting away his uniform and settling down in an armchair. Something ought to happen. We ought to get an urgent S O S, or have something spectacular occur to make the windup complete. There was something pathetically futile about a finish with only the Blue Ribbon to speak of. Winning that called for no heroic effort, no feat of seamanship or daring. It was simply a matter of engine power and reasonable luck. It was something, of course; something to give a little lift to the finish. But it wasn't Old Ironface. With all the sea had done to him, and for him, it seemed only common justice it might make just one last effort, a parting salute to a sailor. And incredibly it did. We found a derelict.

IT HAPPENED early in the afternoon about a day and a half from port, and in my watch. The Prince Harry was smashing along through a greasy swell and under a cloud-shredded sky, with the wind rising a little and the smell of rain in the air; and we had the Blue Ribbon as good as snapping at the masthead. The ship was asleep, as ships usually are about that time, the passengers lolling around or taking a nap before tea, and the watch on deck barely going through the motions of working. And then the crow's-nest phoned down a



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report, and soon after I picked up the derelict through the glasses and sent a quartermaster down to get Old Ironface on the bridge.

She wasn't much of a ship, this derelict, when we came up to her. Just a battered-looking old windjammer, a barkentine from what was left of her spars. She was rolling low in the water, gear trailing alongside, and the falls of her two boats were overhauled and dragging empty. She'd apparently had some tough going, for part of her bulwarks were missing and her midship house was badly smashed and listing a little. A few rags of canvas still whipped here and there, and there was no sign of life. Her name, in white letters round her stern, was Pride of Haarlem.

"Abandoned, eh?" said Maloney, coming up with Old Ironface. I tried the siren once more but the derelict's decks remained blank. The skipper took the glasses from me without comment and stared through them. We were already under slow engine, and easing abeam, and the passengers were noisily milling about on the promenades and excitedly lining the rails. It was a little queer, when you came to think of it, the giant Prince Harry and that battered, sad wreck from another day. You might make a hundred crossings and never sight a windjammer, and it was a curious thing that we should do so.

"Well, she's in the main steamer lane," said Maloney. "We better just report her and let the Coast Guard take over."

Old Ironface said nothing for a long time, the glasses still at his eyes, and then he rasped, "Stop her! Mr. Williams, take a boat and investigate."

I STOPPED the Prince Harry automatically and we drifted about two cable lengths abeam of the derelict, but I didn't quite believe what I'd heard about investigating. The wreck was obviously abandoned, and we were in a hurry, and anyway the coast guard would look after her.

"You want me to look her over, sir?" I said, surprised, and when he nodded, the glasses still at his eyes, I looked at Maloney, who shrugged and then nodded too. So I dug up the bosun and a few men and we dropped one of our power launches. It wasn't any trouble to get aboard the wreck with all that gear trailing overside, and I got on deck and together with the bosun made a quick inspection. She hadn't been abandoned long, for there was food in the galley still unspoiled.

Apparently she'd had a bad battering in some gale, then caught on fire. There was considerable water in her, but her hull seemed sound. I guessed they hadn't been able to put the fire out, and got scared and left her in a hurry; and then probably the fire just died of its own accord or the rain squalls blotted it. She was carrying cased goods and lumber; her lazaret was dry and was well-stocked, and when I tried her fresh-water pump the stuff came up sweet, so evidently her tank wasn't damaged. I couldn't find her log or papers, and her chronometers were gone. I semaphored the gist of this back and wanted to know if I should open her sea cocks. And to my surprise the answer was no. When I got back on the Prince Harry everyone seemed petrified. Maloney looked at me and his face was quite pale.

"Captain Guthrie wants you to report in his room, Mr. Williams," he said. And he added in a whisper, "He's gone mad. He's going to take her in." He stared across the greasy swells to where the Pride of Haarlem lay.

Old Ironface was throwing some things into a bag when I found him. He wasn't moving fast, just as calmly and as methodically as ever, but Mr. Norman, the president of the Line, was hopping from one foot to another and all but screaming:

"You can't do this to us, Captain! The record! You've always wanted the record. And we've got all the publicity planned. A big reception for you. The Line will be ruined!"

Old Ironface did not answer him but looked at me, and I was wide-eyed.

"She's in good condition?" he rasped. I answered him mechanically and he nodded.

"I'll need about ten men. You might see who you can find that will volunteer," he said.

"But you're not serious, sir," I managed. "You can't leave the Prince Harry. It . . . it. . . ." I had to stop. What was there to be said? Master mariners don't quit their ships on the high seas, save in the most extraordinary circumstances. If Old Ironface wanted the wreck taken in for some reason then why didn't he order someone else away?

"I'll need a good officer," said Old Ironface. He looked at me hard and I heard myself saying, "Yes, sir. I'll be glad to go," without quite knowing just what was happening. Maloney came in, a very worried man.

"Look here, sir, this is a lot of nonsense," he started heatedly. "You're making a spectacle of yourself."

"I've served the Line fifty-odd years," said Old Ironface, going on with his packing, "I've never made a spectacle of myself before. Perhaps it's time I did." He straightened and looked at Maloney. "I'm an old man and all washed up. Does it matter so much?"

"You're holding up the ship, sir," was all Maloney could say.

"You'd better take over!" Mr. Norman shouted squeakily. "Maloney, I order you to take over and stop this nonsense. Captain Guthrie is discharged." I had to laugh at that. You don't discharge a master on the high seas. Maloney bit his lip. He was in a spot and I felt sorry for him.

"There's nothing I can do, sir," he told the president. "Unless the surgeon declares Captain Guthrie is insane. And I doubt . . ." He did not finish. Old Ironface saw me still standing around and gaping and he snapped, "Ten men, I said! What are you waiting for!" I left very quietly. And as I did I heard him add, "You'll get your command the sooner, Maloney. What do you care?"

I RAN into the navigating officer on my way to the main deck. And he was as shaken as the rest of us.

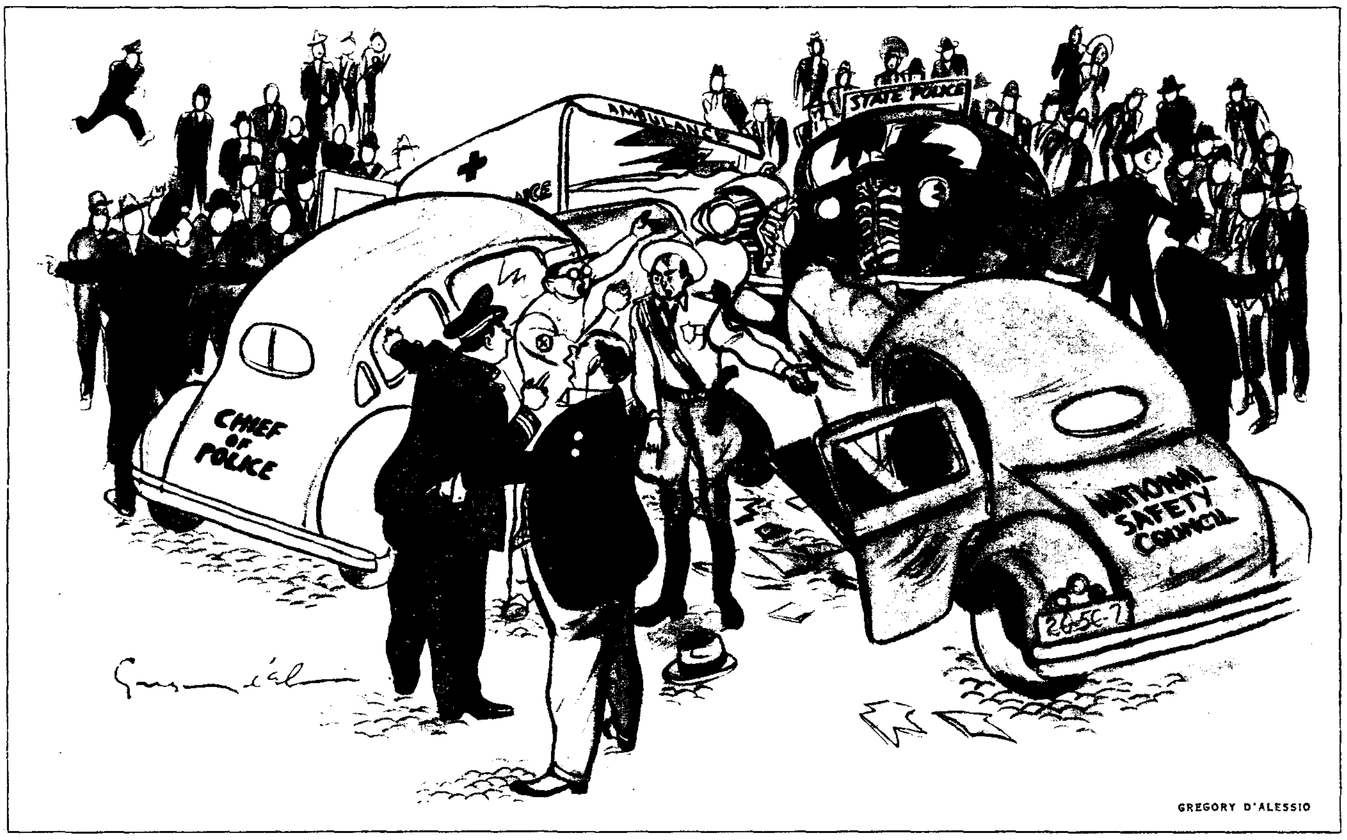
"What do you suppose has gotten into him?" he said. "Or is he really mad?"

"I don't know," I told him. "How should I? From what I gather, that crack of Maloney's about him being an old man got under his skin, and he's going to show us. I never knew he gave a damn about things before."

"But he was so set on the Blue Ribbon," protested the navigating officer. "Everyone knows that. The one last thing he wanted. Now he's chucking it all away to work home a lousy wreck. There'll be an inquiry over this."

"What the hell does he care?" I said wearily. "He's retiring anyway. Maybe it's just that he wants to go out in a blaze. Anyway, I'm crazy too. I've got to find ten men."

I won't detail the rest of it. There was a lot of bad language, a lot of excitement, and it was all like a dream. Old Ironface stared them all down and went ahead. He very obviously just didn't



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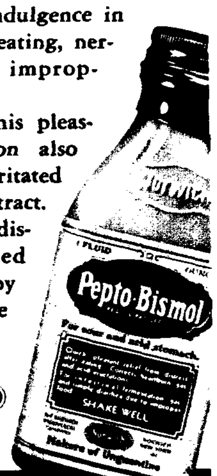
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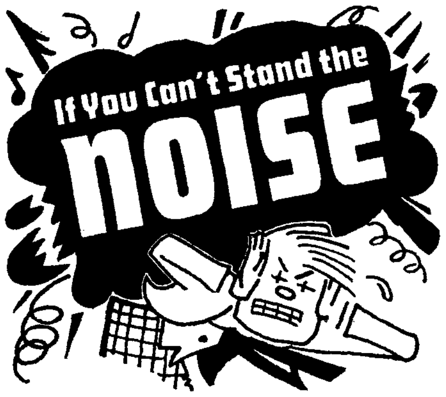

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give a damn! And he said so. We took him over to the Pride of Haarlem with his volunteers in the power launch. One of our lifeboats, which we were to hoist aboard the barkentine since her own boats were all gone, followed. Then Old Ironface kept the Prince Harry waiting, the mails and record and all; kept that giant white hull swinging to the greasy sea deserted upon him while he checked the Pride of Haarlem, made a list of the things he needed and sent the power launch back to bring them. That done he signaled he was finished. The Prince Harry sounded her siren three times, began to move, picked up speed, and then raced off and into the horizon. She would still have the record if her luck held. And I looked at the bosun, who had come with us, and I sat down on a bitt.

"This didn't happen," I croaked. "It couldn't. You don't do things like this."

THE bosun shook his head, dazed himself. It had all occurred so fast there hadn't been time to think much. I looked at Old Ironface, standing straight and square by the for'ard taffrail, his great veined hands resting on the teak and his hard face turned as he looked first aloft at the shattered spars, and then along the worn decks. I don't know what he was thinking. What could he be thinking? He'd thrown away the Blue Ribbon he'd been set on; shattered every precedent; left his own ship on the high seas; deliberately stepped down from command of the newest and biggest to be master of a sea-swept, fire-gutted wreck in the middle of a desolate sea.

He turned and looked at us after a while. We were all grouped on the poop, talking in low voices. And then he walked to the main cabin skylight and unbuttoned his uniform jacket. He took it off, folded it carefully and laid it down by the skylight—that jacket with the four gold bands on the sleeves and the twin rows of medal ribbons across the left breast. He laid it down, and he laid his uniform cap on top of it, so the golden oak leaves of rank gleamed dully in the afternoon sun. And then he rolled up his sleeves while the wind tossed his silvery hair, and the knotty muscles of his old arms twisted and writhed beneath the heavy blue of his tattooing. He looked at me.

"I'm glad you came, Williams," he said quietly, very quietly for him. "You seem a good man even if you're not, as the port captain insisted, liner material." A ghost of a smile twitched his shark's mouth. "Maybe I'm not either."

Then he looked over the men and his face hardened. And when he spoke again his voice was lifted. It occurred to me with a shock that I'd never heard his voice lifted before. He'd never *had* to lift it on an immaculate, glass-enclosed bridge, where a clutter of officers and quartermasters hastened to relay his slightest whisper. But it was different now, on the tossing poop of the Pride of Haarlem, with the wind whining in the rigging, the sea slapping alongside, and the little stormy petrels skimming about.

"We'll get to work," he said. And then, as the men just stood staring stupidly at him for a moment, his voice rose and blasted, shook with a timbre none of us had heard. "I said we'll get to work! Now, jump, damn you!" And they jumped.

IF EVERYTHING that had already happened had been insane, then what followed was completely and doubly mad. We got out a sea anchor of sorts so she lifted to the swells instead of wallowing in the trough. We cut her trailing gear adrift, shifted the midship house back into alignment, patched up the bulwarks for the time being. There was a donkey boiler midships, and we cleaned it out and got steam up, and set a portable pump to work. We got the hatches on, or spiked planks over the openings, once we were certain the hull was sound. And we did a good deal more before it became too dark.

"It looks like we're going to have a little weather," I observed to Old Ironface, as we sat in the main cabin eating biscuits and canned beef by the light of a hurricane lamp. "But I guess we can ride it all right. They'll have reported us to the Coast Guard and there should be a cutter out to pick us up. We've only to stick around."

He looked at me for a long moment, his pale, blue eyes very frosty and narrowed a little.

"We're not going to stick around," he said. "I don't care to be picked up in this condition."

"This condition?" I managed. "But surely. . . ."

"We'll get some canvas on her and run south a little," he said. "Out of the way. We don't want to be found just yet. The ship . . ." He didn't finish. I started to say something, to argue, but he looked at me again and I shut up. It didn't make sense though. What did we want to go lose ourselves for? The Coast Guard would certainly locate us and pick us up if we stuck where we were or kept to the steamer lane. But he wanted to go south.

"Don't ask me what's got into him now," I told the bosun irritably when he inquired. We were rigging jury masts by moonlight and lamplight, and we were overhauling the spare suit of sails we'd dug out of the sail locker. "Only one thing I know. Everyone figured he was an iceberg. Never had any feelings. Well, everyone was wrong."

"There ain't no question there," bosun agreed. "He's crazy."

"I didn't mean that," I said. "I meant something finally got under his skin. They talked about him being an old man and through. Well, he's going to show 'em. He's got his pride. Who'd ever thought of Old Ironface doing anything just for pride?"

SO WE both marveled even as we worked, and before morning the Pride of Haarlem was running south, taking sprays all along her lee side and thrilling to the sea lift along her keel. Running away from the help that was certainly already on its way. No, it didn't make sense.

We were hove to for thirty-six hours in the teeth of a full gale soon after we got under way, and then later we boxed the compass for a week or more with light airs and baffling calms. And do you know what we did then? We cleaned up the ship. I don't mean we washed her down and straightened out little matters. We gave her the works.

We replaced the temporary patching of the bulwarks with permanent work. We cut and trimmed topmasts and a couple of yards from spare spars we found, and from the lumber below decks. We all but rebuilt the midship house, repaired the after skylights, made proper hatches for the holds. We calked, pitched, scraped and holystoned the decks. We scraped, sanded and revarnished the bright work. We scraped and oiled the masts and spars. We rerigged her almost from stem to stern with the stores she had on board and some we had had sent over from the Prince Harry. And lastly, when it was calm enough, we slung stages overside and painted her.

Don't tell me it was all mad. Of course it was. Instead of heading for the nearest port, as we should have with a salvage job, we just hung off and on sometimes not to more than two hundred miles from the coast, and made the Pride of Haarlem into a beauty and a joy. You could almost feel her take on

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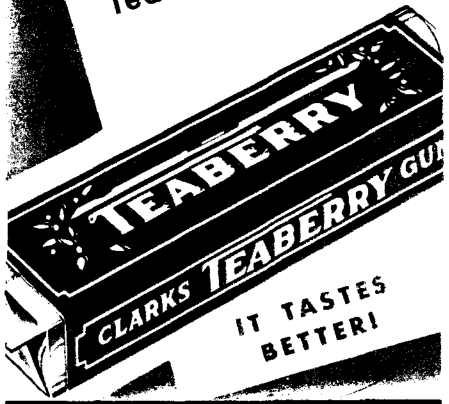

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new life as we groomed her. She seemed to sit more lightly on the water, she developed a pert flip to her bow lift, and she answered her helm like a race horse. Probably it was imagination on my part, but that's how it seemed to me. And Old Ironface was in the middle of things, working with us, his shirt sleeves up and his shirt spotted with tar and paint and the clean dirt of seamanship.

He did not seem to change, himself. He was still grim, impassive, cold and methodical. Only in the snap of his voice, in the swift, assured orders he gave did he seem different. The thing that made me wonder was how he regained so quickly all his windship lore. He couldn't have trod a sailing ship's decks for nearly forty years, but he took over as if it had only been yesterday. There were times, it was true, when he'd consult with me over some small matter on which he'd grown vague, but by and large he was sufficient unto himself. I don't know how he did it. How do you manage to ride a bicycle or to swim after a lifetime? It's just one of those matters that are ingrained in youth and are never really lost.

I'll never forget one wild, moonlight night, when we were all shipshape and shining, running before a stiff wind and under a bright yellow moon, with the glints along the sea crests and the hollows filled with shadows, while the cold spray rainbowed over the bow. We were carrying far too much canvas, in my judgment, and I said so, but Old Ironface only gripped the teak of the for'ard taffrail and let the wind lift his silvery hair.

"I never shortened," he rasped. "Never, until the royals went!"

"We're not a clipper with special driving gear," I pointed out. "And I'm not sure . . ."

"I'll take care of that," he snapped. "Get below!"

I didn't go below. No one went below that night. Every man jack of us was scared stiff. We logged a cool fourteen knots until dawn, and every backstay and brace was shivering like a tortured thing. More than once I thought he'd drive her under, but he seemed to know. He seemed to know just what she'd do. And after dawn, when we raced by a plodding, smoke-hung tramp, and left her far astern, for the first and last time in my life I heard Old Ironface laugh.

"By gad," he said, "we're still good!"

The pride of the man. The pride *in* the man. He hadn't any sentiment. That was probably true. But he had something. That iron pride. It was like the last thundering battle shout of a dying Viking; the last salute of an era. And so, in the end, we came to port.

EVEN that we did spectacularly. I don't suppose there'd been seen a ship such as ours for a generation. Windjammers, yes. Tired, worn, grimy things hesitantly fluttering in. But we came in like a queen, in glamor and in glory! We came in with our bright work shining and our canvas white as snow (we'd scrubbed it for hours and hours before bending). We came in with the hull trim with new paint and our rigging tarred down, even our anchors polished and varnished (not painted) so they shone like silver. We didn't take a tug, the wind was right and we came to the harbor buoys smart as a man-o'-war (he trained us well), and we snugged canvas down and stowed it, eased to the buoy ring and made fast; the way on her judged to a fraction. And it was Old Ironface's moment. To stand there on his poop deck, near the wheel, dressed again in his full uniform with the golden oak leaves of rank gleaming in the sun while all the shipping stared wide-eyed. He'd thrown away the Prince Harry and the Blue Ribbon, but he had gained that; to bring his ship home in the ancient way. And the water fronts were the best judges as to which was the better job.

WELL, there isn't very much more. Save perhaps a little revelation that came, I think, to me alone. There were perfunctory wires of congratulation from the Line and from Maloney; perfunctory until the press began to use its imagination and the story began to widen. Then Mr. Norman, president of the Line, showed up, bald head and squeaky voice and all, and he was very effusive.

"A remarkable achievement, Captain," he said. "We are all proud of you."

"So I gather," said Old Ironface dryly. We were in the main cabin of the Pride of Haarlem at the time, and Old Ironface was once again packing. He'd arranged with some society to have the ship bought and preserved as a marine museum, a permanent relic of the brave old times. For himself he had mentioned settling on a farm near the coast, and even, possibly, buying a small schooner, and trading up and down. He wasn't sure. And quite obviously he didn't care. For him the game had run out and the finish had been good.

"We . . . er . . . the Line has been considering making an exception as to the retirement age, Captain," said Mr. Norman. He was still a little uneasy and afraid of Old Ironface. "And we thought you might like to continue for a while as master of the Prince Harry. You know she took the Blue Ribbon and you can . . . er . . . always look forward to bettering the time. We all understand your motives in bringing in the Pride of Haarlem. Yes, Captain. Pride. A man hates to think he's too old to do anything any more."

Old Ironface looked at him and he wilted.

"Pride," he said grimly. "Do they think I was disturbed with their talk of my being old and finished. Pride!" He swore and bit the end from a cigar. "I think you'd better get out!" He said that to Mr. Norman, who could make or break any officer afloat. And Mr. Norman swallowed and groped for his hat. The younger and the ambitious men might defer to him but Captain Andrew Guthrie, Old Ironface, strong still with his last triumph, didn't give a damn.

"All right," squeaked Mr. Norman. "If that's the way you feel about it. All right, Captain." And he left.

Old Ironface sat down and looked at me.

"Does everyone think I took this ship in from pride?" he asked quietly. "Because I couldn't have them think I was an old man and finished?"

There was no escape. His cold, pale blue eyes held me as a pin holds a captured beetle.

"What else, sir?" I managed. "You're a hard man. We all know that. But we figure the thing got you. If you understand."

"So I took this ship home," he said, half to himself. He stretched his great veined hands on the main cabin table and clenched them. And his face grew tight. "Not for pride, Williams," he said gently. "Not for pride. To hell with them all. But there was something else."

I STARED at him and felt a little queer. It is not good to see an iron man crack. And I was seeing it then. The man who had no feeling, who had never known sentiment.

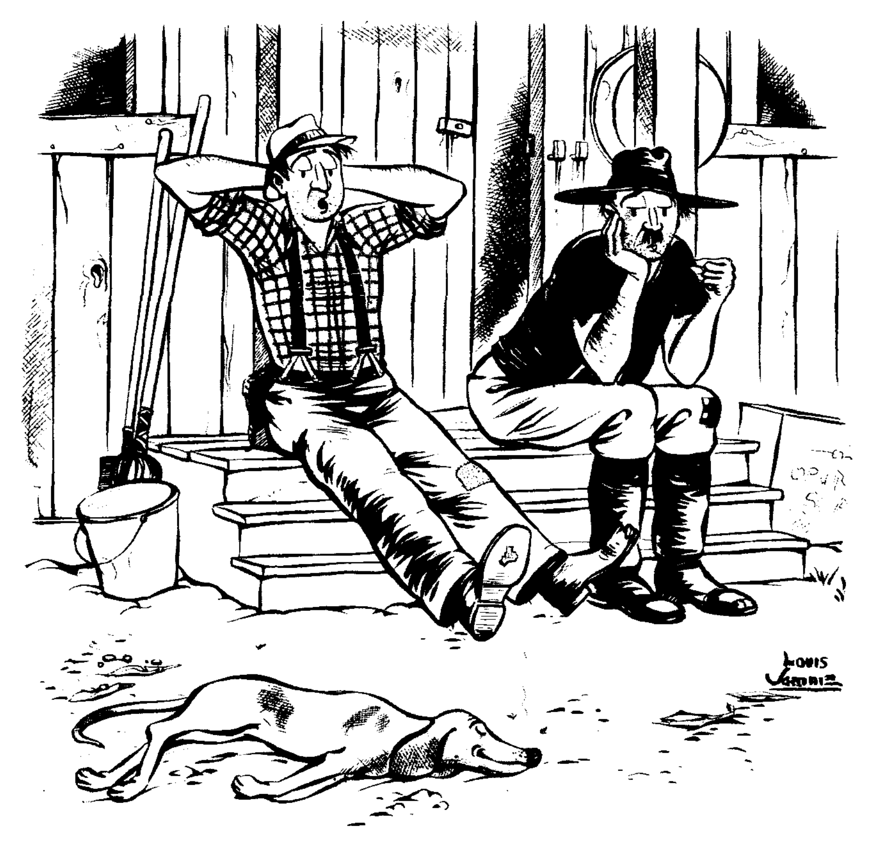
"She looked so lonely, Williams," he said through his tight mouth, half whispering. "So lonely, you see. Just as I felt. They'd butchered her lines and her rigging, but I knew her. I'd have known her anywhere, and however she looked. There was the Blue Ribbon, but that didn't matter then. She looked so lonely. All the way across the years."

He stared at me for a long time and his hard face softened.

"All the way across the years, Williams. So lonely. And I couldn't let men see her a wreck like that. So I had to stiffen her up. All that work on her spars and deck and rigging. Don't you see? I wanted to bring her in as was proper."

He paused again and looked at his veined hands, and the sweat was standing high on his weathered face. And remember, there was no sentiment in him.

"Not for pride, Williams," he whispered. "But she was my old ship. Look her up in the record. She used to be called the Euripides . . . my first command. . . . She was my youth, Williams. I had to bring her home!"



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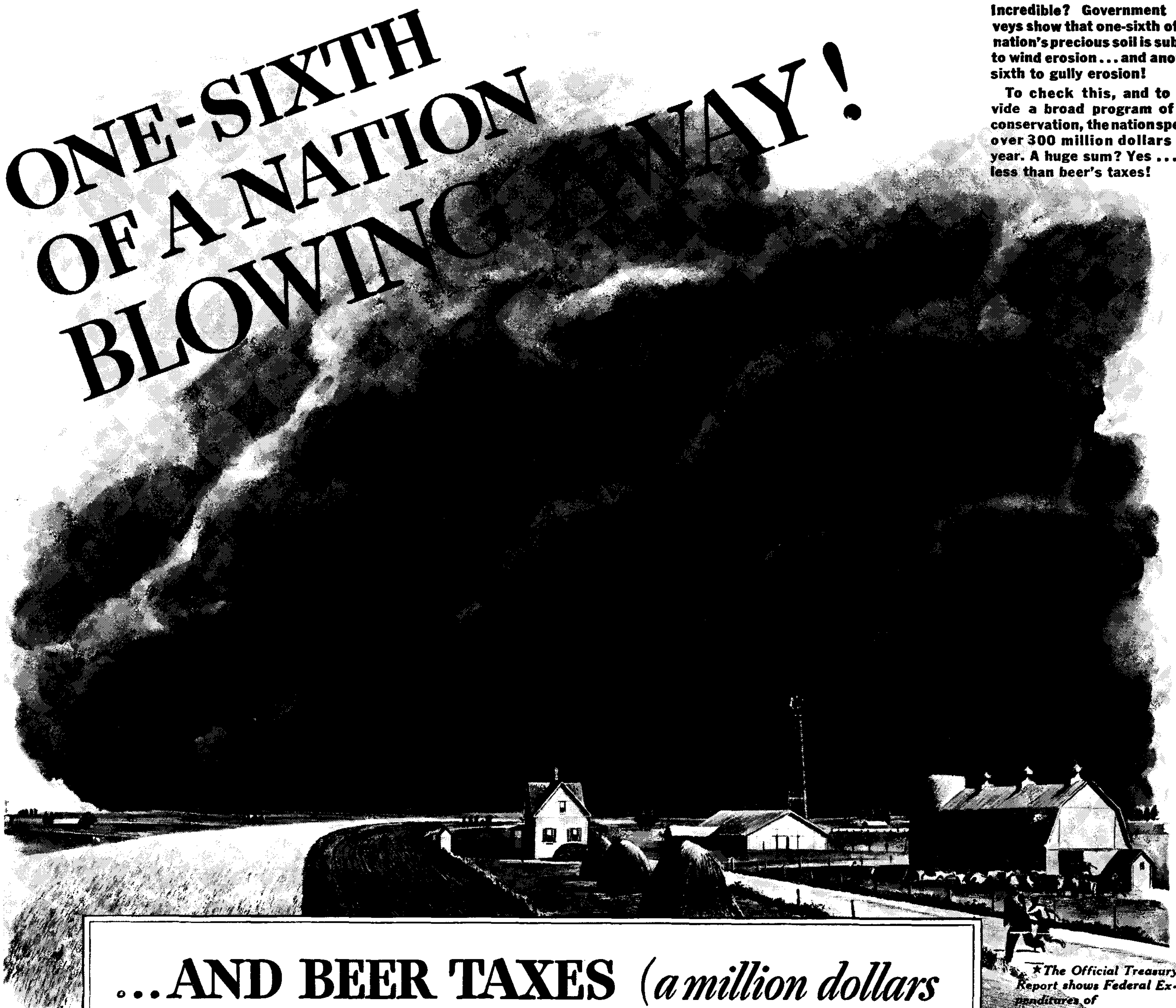

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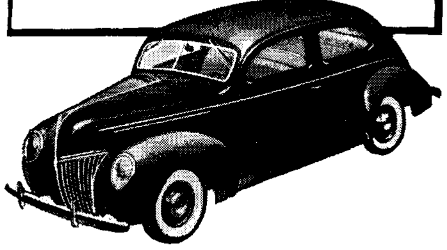

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# The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 28

quick and moon-luminous across the hills, Nachee pulled up the folded leggings of his moccasins and faded out of the camp.

"That," said Al Hazel, "is what an Injun loves. To crawl and prowl, soft as a snake. Nachee's been peaceful so damned long he's gettin' restless. So he's just havin' some fun. Note that look in his eyes when he left? Shiny, like the eyes of a cat switchin' its tail and thinkin' about trouble."

DEEP in the rough Pinals the following morning they came upon a fresher trail. Antone's scattered people had collected and were traveling ahead of him. A canyon struck into the northeast, deepening and darkening and growing narrower as the surrounding terrain lifted toward a prominent peak. At the canyon he stopped and sent out small scout parties; around noon, with these parties returned, he still had no complete story, and so took the detail along the southern edge of the canyon for a matter of seven or eight miles. Occasionally the print of an unshod hoof came out of the south and dipped into the canyon, this happening often enough to indicate some gathering of Apaches on the north side, in the direction of the peak. Deciding this much, he found a trail into the canyon. Nachee scouted its gravelly bottom and shook his head, speaking to Al Hazel, who interpreted:

"Not this way. Up beyond, on the high land."

They spent an hour finding a narrow ledge leading them out of the canyon to the north side, and within the next hour cut a definitely fresh series of tracks. The way still was northeast toward the high peak. All the surrounding country was badly broken, rock shelter upon rock shelter, and parallel ridges separated by difficult ravines. Pines studded the land, and cactus and catclaw and thin-scattered forage grass. In the middle of the afternoon Benteen, searching for just such a location, halted the detail on a butte top that had a rocky outcrop around it, affording considerable shelter from all directions. In here he was high enough in the hills and deep enough behind the rocks to be concealed from the scouting eyes of the Apaches. The detail threw off for a rest while Benteen studied his pocket map. Nachee began to draw pictures on the ground with a sage stem, speaking to Al Hazel.

Al Hazel said: "He thinks Antone will be on that peak all right. There's a natural park up there and a lot of mesquite beans. Also a spring. But the country leading to it is pretty tough for an attack. Nachee says he lived there as a boy—sometimes hiding out from the Tontos when they came down on their raids."

Benteen showed Hazel the map. "If Antone keeps on traveling it is not apt to be east. That brings him too close to Fort Apache. As soon as this detail pulls back to Grant I'd guess Antone will do one of three things. He'll stay on that peak to rest, or go on north across the Salt and into the Mazatzal Range, or do as he has been doing before—come back this way. I think it is a decent guess. Ask Nachee."

Nachee listened to Hazel, studied on it, and answered. Hazel said: "He thinks Antone will drift back this way, to show his warriors he is not afraid. And also to dig up mescal; they've probably got baking pits around here."

"This is what we do," decided Benteen. "McSween takes the detail back to Grant. Antone's scouts will see him go. But you and Nachee and I stay here. When dark comes we'll move on and do a little scouting. The idea is to keep track of Antone's movements until Major Warren comes up with the complete command."

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and a pencil, and wrote this note to Warren:

"Sir: By the enclosed map I indicate where we are, and where Antone probably is. If Antone comes back this way, we shall meet you when your column comes up. If Antone shifts ground we shall follow, but I shall detail Nachee as a connecting link to bring you on to our new location. Should Antone retreat farther it will quite probably be toward the Mazatzals. In this case, according to our tentative plan, I think it would be wise to send part of a troop straight north, by night march, cross the Salt and sweep around the northern base of the Mescals to intercept any such shift, the main command meanwhile marching directly to this point. O'b'tly, T. Benteen, Lt."

He folded the note and handed it to McSween. McSween waggled a finger at the troopers, who rose from the earth and were ready to travel. But McSween nursed his black mustache with the back of his hand, reluctant to go. "Lieutenant," he said, "'tis a hell of a country for three men to shtay in. Should ye not keep a few more here?"

"Good luck, McSween," said Benteen.

"Ah, that," responded McSween. "I think I'll leave all my luck here—for 'tis you that will be needin' it."

The detail swung up and passed back through the rocky fissures of the butte, soon dropping downgrade. From his position, Benteen watched them sink deeper and deeper toward the canyon until the double file was at last lost to his restricted sight. Just before fading into the rough country McSween turned to look back, not waving—for that would have been a betraying gesture—but holding himself around in the saddle until he disappeared.

Nachee squatted in the center of the area, staring at Benteen; and suddenly he spoke to Hazel, asking an obvious question. Hazel answered, whereupon Nachee grunted an answer. Hazel grinned at Benteen. "He wanted to know what we were doing. I told him."

Nachee shook his head and spoke through Al Hazel: "Antone is a fox, nantan."

THIS was midafternoon with a violent sun blasting the butte top and its few scattered pines. Benteen pulled the three horses to the center of the bowl, which was its deepest part, in order to keep them well out of sight; and the three men posted themselves about the rocky outcrop, thus commanding a view of the surrounding land. There was no higher ridge within three or four miles of this spot and the rising basaltic rim that surrounded the butte concealed horses and men from the lower land.

Somewhere near five o'clock Benteen, looking northward through a crack in the rocks, thought he saw a blur of motion on the adjoining ridge, something that slipped from one cactus clump to another. He called Nachee over. Nachee laid his eyes on that far spot for a full five minutes, never turning a muscle; then he said, through Hazel: "A small deer, nantan."

Al Hazel said: "A deer now, but it will be Injun later. Antone knows the detail is on the way home. He'll be scoutin' this country." He repeated it in

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the Apache tongue; and Nachee said: "They are close by now."

Nachee had turned away from the rocks and now crouched on the earth, staring at the sky with his eyes half closed, as though keening the dead, hot air. . . .

Twilight trickled down the canyon slopes. The far ridge lines, which Benteen watched quite closely, grew vague before his eyes. Hot silence had covered this summit all day but now, in twilight, the stillness seemed greater—so great that the staccato beat of a woodpecker came in rocketing waves out of the distance. Nachee came off his haunches and walked to the far end of the bowl, crouching beside a break in the rocks.

Beyond this break the land fell sharply to the west. Al Hazel, watching Nachee with a particular interest, came from his station to the horses. He stood with his hand on the nose of his own horse. Benteen dropped back to Hazel.

"He sees somethin'," said Hazel.

BENTEEN ducked over the rocks, lying against them with his head pushed against a crack. He discovered nothing, though he swept the cactus-scattered slope carefully. He looked across to Nachee, noting how taut Nachee's body was; Nachee was on one knee, the other foot pushed behind him and ready to shove. He had one hand dropped to the handle of his knife. Scanning the slope again, Benteen saw an Indian rise from a mescal clump and come up.

He walked at a low crouch, his head bent toward the earth. Once he whipped straight, staring at the summit. Then he dropped his head again, and advanced, now near enough for Benteen to hear the small abrasion of his moccasins on the gravelly soil. Twenty feet from the edge of the rocks where Nachee lay, the Indian again halted and this time seemed to smell trouble. He went to his knees, his hands propped against the earth like a runner about to rush forward; and this position he held for a long half minute without stirring. The slope was steep enough to cut the sight of the bowl; nor could he see the horses in its bottom. On all fours he crawled another two yards and flattened completely on the ground. At this moment Nachee moved.

Nachee sprang forward between the rocks with his arm whipping up over his head. The Indian on the earth came straight up and lunged at him; Nachee's knife hit him in the chest—the sound of it dull and distinct in the silence—and drove through the Indian's lungs. The Indian made one wild shout that raced cleanly clear across the hills, dropped his hands and fell at Nachee's feet. His body rolled a little way back down the hill, lodging against a boulder.

Nachee reached down and wiped the blade against a grass clump and trotted back to the bowl. Al Hazel came up, speaking to Benteen: "That's bad. They could hear that Injun four miles away." He talked to Nachee a minute and waited for Nachee's reply. Then he translated the answer for Benteen:

"Nachee says that Injun knew we were here. He knew it when he fell on his stomach. We got to pull out of here."

Nachee pointed to the dead Indian. "Chiricahua—not Arivaipa. Plenty Chiricahuas with Antone, maybe, nantan."

The three walked to their horses. Benteen took a short drink from his canteen while Nachee spoke to Hazel.

Hazel said: "He thinks we ought to go on without the horses. They make too much track. If Antone's scouts come across the tracks they'll find us before tomorrow is far along."

"How far is it to that peak where Antone is?"

" 'Bout twelve-fifteen miles."

Benteen thought about it. "Too long a walk. We'd be dragging around the country all night, no telling where Antone goes meanwhile. We've got to get near him. We'll keep the horses and take the chance. Tell Nachee to aim for the peak."

Hazel gave the order to Nachee who grunted, "Enju," and climbed on his horse. They left the bowl, traveled down the slope and fell into a black trough between ridges, pointing due east at the high-coned shape of that peak where Antone seemed to be. The footing was gravelly and they made a distinct racket as they traveled; yet Nachee apparently preferred this to the softer earth, for somewhere farther on he turned into another creek bed, followed this until it dwindled out, climbed over a low ridge and took to still another gravel course, so advancing eastward by a kind of right-angled indirection that ate up considerable time. At midnight, from a high point, they sighted the tall peak again. It lay now in the south. Nachee had cut a wide circle.

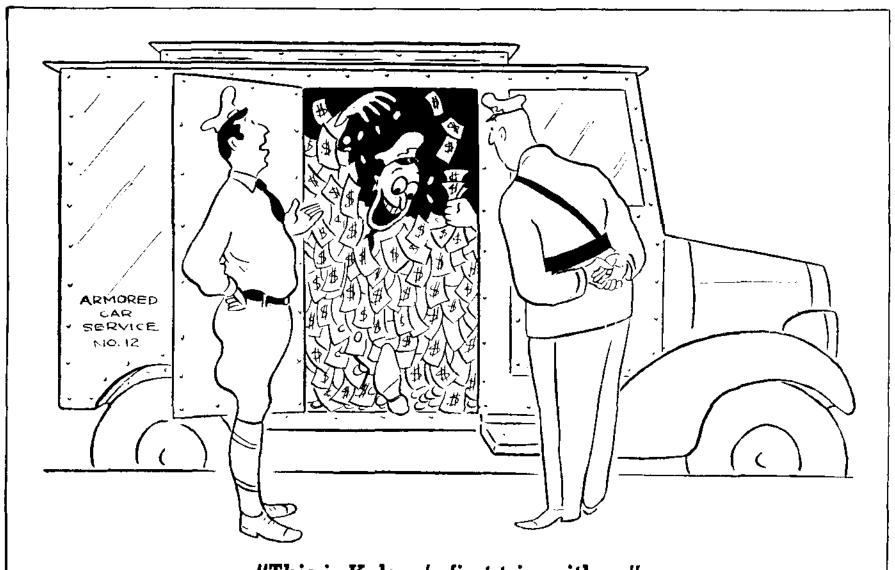
He had also brought them upon a shallow trickle of water in the rocks. Stopped to drink and rest, Benteen estimated the time to elapse before the troops from Grant could come up.

"McSween will get back tomorrow noon. Major Warren will probably start out that night. By a straight march he ought to reach the meeting place day after tomorrow morning. Thirty hours. Not long."

"Long enough," said Al Hazel, "if those devils get to smellin' us."

"That's why we can't try it afoot. Should Antone start back through the hills we've got to keep to his trail."

"Ain't as bad as tryin' to fill to a pair



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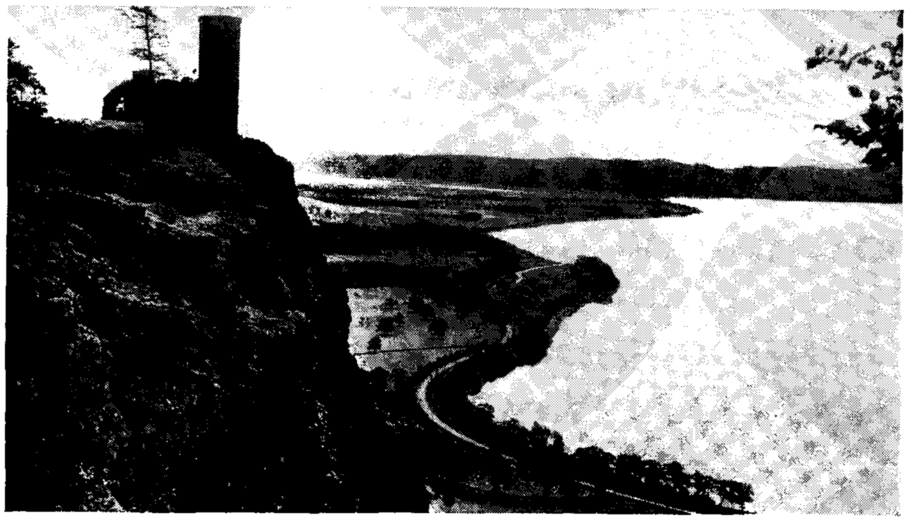

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TRUE TEMPER
The Golf Shaft of Champions

of deuces," said Hazel dryly, "but still it is considerable of a try. You got a level head, Lieutenant, or I sure wouldn't be out here now." He was lying on the ground. Suddenly he heaved himself erect with a quick outlet of violent profanity and began slapping his clothes. "Damnation. I been sittin' on an anthill."

He kicked around in the darkness, making considerable noise, and came back to Benteen, his tone somewhat shamed: "I'll spit in the eye of a diamond back any time, and I have shook a lot of centipedes outa my blankets. But them damned ants give me the creepin' twitters, ever since Long Jack Bell's time."

"Never heard of him."

"My partner, back in '65. This was a pretty empty country then. He used to prospect clear up toward the Mokyones. Wasn't any troops around here and the Injuns had chased all the Mexicans into Tucson. It was a bad time, for fair. We was over in the Basin, Jack and me, knowin' better than to be there but havin' a hell of a good time, just trappin' and prospectin', when up comes a band of Tontos and jumps our camp. That's pretty rough country. I got away and hid in a hole in the rocks. But they caught Long Jack and had some fun of their own. I guess I was half a mile away but I sure heard him holler till he couldn't holler no more. You understand, Lieutenant? Jack was no hollerin' man, but he did then. They beat the country for me and didn't find me—and pulled out. I crawled back to where the camp had been and saw whut was left of Jack. They'd cut off his eyelids and staked him over an anthill, facin' the sun. The ants sure took care of Jack. Never had much use for an ant since then. Never had much use for a Tonto, either. Which they know. I been huntin' them for seven years and they been huntin' me. So far the best o' the bargain's been mine, but I sure can figure better places for old Al Hazel to be right now than here."

"How'd you get out of that fight?"

"Crawled back to a minin' camp, which was about eighty miles away."

"Crawled?"

"The walkin' wasn't good," said Hazel. "One of those Tonto bullets busted my laig."

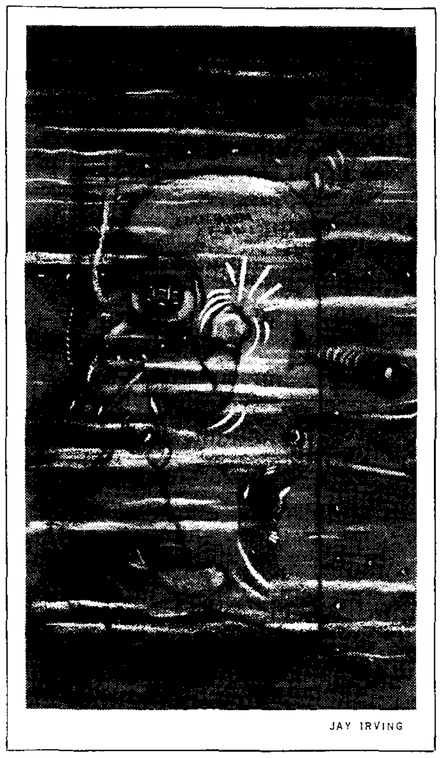
THEY went on in the first hours after midnight, falling into the canyons and arroyos crisscrossing these hills, and climbing back to ridge tops from which they took their bearings on the tall peak. Presently they came to the black crack of a canyon whose walls dropped sheer to an unknown depth, whereupon Nachee followed the rim until he found a thin crevice for a trail and led them to the bottom. A creek boiled against the rocks, apparently shutting off passage but Nachee, who had been aiming for this spot all night, took at once to the water and kept to it for a tedious mile or more, winding with the rocks and leading the horses breast deep through occasional pools. Later they ascended a risky trail, reached the canyon's other rim and came at last to a pine flat, beyond which the land rose again.

Nachee spoke to Al Hazel, who relayed the talk to Benteen. "Not far now. We leave the horses here."

Benteen followed Al Hazel afoot across the soft underfooting of the pine flat. Now and then Al Hazel stopped, putting back a hand to warn Benteen. In these intervals Nachee slipped away, was gone, and came back without the least sound, to lead them forward again. They crossed the flats and reached the foot of a short slope, once more halting. Al Hazel's tobacco-scented breath fanned Benteen's face. "Up there. Be a little careful whar you step."

They faded against the earth, climbing on all fours and halting to listen and climbing again across the cacti and stony soil. Benteen eased his weight against his arms, placing each boot toe gently; he laid his palm against the scratchy body of a horned toad, and in jerking back almost lost his balance. One pine tree stood on the summit above him, vaguely traced against the star-glittering sky. At intervals he saw Al Hazel's rump rise and go on and fall. This was the way they traveled, foot by foot, along the last piece of that grade, and finally reached the crown of the hill and stopped and lay side by side, flat to the earth with their heads hooked over a roll of land.

The Indian camp lay slightly below them in a natural clearing, a hundred feet on. The remnant of a fire glowed round and red in the clearing's center. Around it were the scattered shape of sleeping figures and the outline of Indian camp utensils and horse packs. The horses were in a bunch beyond the fire, identified by the occasional sneeze and stir of their browsing. One figure slipped in from the dark, crouched over the fire a moment, and cupped his hands, as though eating something. And as he did so a voice came from all those rolled-up shapes, a white man's loud, half-desperate and half-defiant voice:


JAY IRVING

"If I had one arm free, you blasted red wolf, I'd sure take my chances on runnin' fer it."

Benteen's head jerked upward; he heard Al Hazel's sweep of surprised breathing. The Indian at the fire didn't turn, didn't pay attention. But at the same time another Indian crossed the clearing and came by the fire. He stopped and kicked one of those shapes—the white man's shape—with a full swing of his leg and walked out of the firelight again, coming straight toward this rise of ground where Benteen lay.

AS SOON as McSween returned to Grant with the detail, Major Warren sent for Captain Harrison.

"Both troops will prepare to leave tonight with rations for a week and a pack train to carry extra ammunition. After the column pulls out Mr. Lankerwell will split off with twenty men from K and go straight north, circling the Mescals. I want all equipment and horses carefully inspected. Leave behind nothing but a skeleton guard. We will take all the officers. Sergeant Oldbuck will remain here in charge of the post until Mr. Ford returns from Apache. We march at dark."

Captain Harrison left and presently the long sultry quiet of the post gave way to a brisk activity. Men overhauled their boots and belts, replenishing their canteens, drew rations for the march and, in many instances, wrote long-deferred letters home. Some of them, according to common custom, made oral wills, disposing of their belongings to this bunkmate or that friend—and arranging for certain other trinkets and valuables to be shipped home in event of death. It was all part of the routine preceding a march into Indian country; for every man knew Major Warren intended to bring on a fight if it were possible and they also knew, through the returned McSween, that Benteen had sighted Antone. The troopers had tremendous faith in Benteen. If he had sighted Antone and planned to keep him under observation until Warren arrived, it was pretty good proof that a fight was at hand.

COMING back from the stables in the middle of the afternoon, Harry Jackson found Van Rhyn cross-legged on the adjoining bunk, sorting out his personal effects—a few old letters, a picture cut from a magazine, some clippings from a newspaper, a tintype of a small girl, and a gold wedding ring. These he had folded into a handkerchief, and now twisted the ends of the handkerchief together. He called Harry Jackson's attention to the packet as he pushed it under the head of his straw mattress. "Harry," he said, "if I don't come back, you take that bundle and mail it away for me."

"Where's the address?"

Van Rhyn tapped the pocket of his shirt. "You will find it in here."

"You'll come back," said Harry Jackson.

"There's an end for all of us," Van Rhyn answered gently. "By one cause or another, mine is not far away."

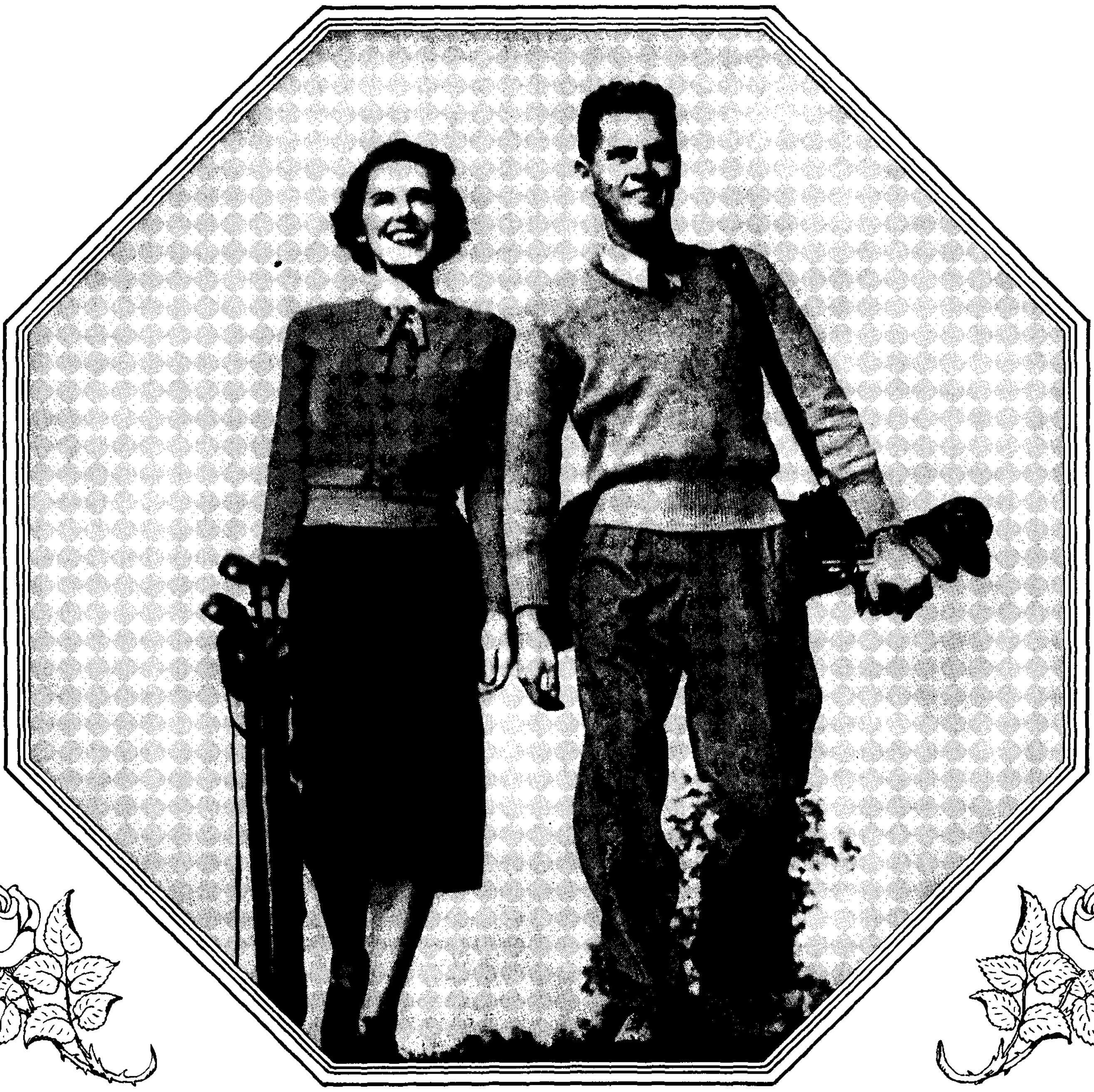
Harry Jackson sat on the edge of his bed. He made a gesture with his hands. "Hell, Van, there's nothing to fear."

Van Rhyn smiled quietly. "I had not mentioned fear, Harry. Fear is for the young ones who love life too much. When I was younger I was afraid to die. I used to lie awake, thinking about it. I used to reach forward with my mind trying to overtake the moment death came, trying to discover how I would act and how I would feel—and it was pretty bad. But there is nothing to fear, Harry. Little by little as a man grows older he gets callous, his senses grow dull and his mistakes and his hurts slow him down and the fun of living fades away. After a while he ceases to care very much, or to fight very much, or to feel very much. After that it is a matter of waiting. I shall be glad to go."

"That's no way to talk," said Harry Jackson.

"You are young and you have everything to hope for. That makes all the difference. Never be philosophical, Harry. Never play the game safe when your heart tells you to gamble. Life is mostly a matter of damned, contemptible conventions, and hypocrisies and cheating devices and pleasant fictions hiding a brutal system. One or two, or maybe three, things ever matter to a man. Those you should live by and live for. Everything else is just so much claptrap. This world is governed by the pack. The pack sets up the rules and it punishes the man who will not live by those rules—just as the wolf pack kills or drives off the lone ones who will not bend to the rules. Never let the pack govern your life. Do what your conscience tells you is right, follow your own star and be your own master."

Harry Jackson stared at the older man, wholly understanding. Van Rhyn, ordinarily so quiet and so removed from the rough talk and horseplay of the barracks, showed him a pair of bright, bitter eyes. There was in this man, then, the



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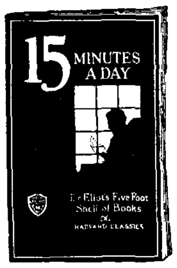

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last flare of an old vitality, the final glow of a fire once very strong. Harry Jackson said:

"What two or three things matter, Van?"

"You will have to find out those things for yourself, Harry. When you do find out, you'll be an old man, as I am now. If you have played the game right the knowledge will be a comfort to you. If you have not, your last days will be in that purgatory Dante created out of whole cloth."

"How's a man to know?" murmured Harry Jackson.

Van Rhyn's smile was soft and understanding; his resentment died. "Ah, I wish *I* could tell you. I have read *all* the philosophers but they could not tell me. Make your own answers, Harry. Depend on others for nothing. For nothing at all." He tapped his breast pocket again. "There's three hundred dollars in here. When you take out the address, also take the money. It is yours."

"What for?" asked Harry Jackson, completely astonished.

Van Rhyn pressed the sweat across his forehead. His face was tight-pulled and weary; he was old. "For a drink, for a poker hand, for a woman, for the start of a career. For anything, Harry, that will squeeze one more drop of flavor from the rind of the orange, which is tasteless enough at best. Someday you will understand."

Troopers crossed and recrossed the parade. Men walked their horses around the corral, watching for bruised feet and bad tendons; the sound of the blacksmith's hammer rang metally through the heated day; a detail crossed the Arivaipa to bring fresh mounts from the near-by corral and Indians from Nachee's camp began to collect under the shade of the ramadas. Ray Lankerwell came to post headquarters, reporting to Major Warren.

Warren said: "As soon as we leave tonight you will break off and take your detail directly north, past the Mescals. Turn east into the Pinals, about at this point on the map. You are not to bring on a fight but rather to make a show of forces that will push Antone back should he have intentions of traveling north. If you see nothing in front of you, and no fresh sign, close in southward toward this spot." He indicated it with his thumb. "I shall be somewhere near there. Pete George will go as your guide. If you see evidence of a strong force, send a messenger through to me. If you are not held up I expect you to join me at the earliest possible moment."

The supper call was running all around Fort Grant's parade and the sun lay half down the western horizon when Lily Marr came from the Warren house and crossed to the jail. The guard was just then bringing up a tin of food from the mess hall. Lily Marr stood back while he unlocked the cell door, slid the tin plate into the cell and closed the door again. She waited until the guard had replaced the key on the high corner of the adobe wall and turned away.

Jack Bean stood with his face at the bars. He put his hands around the bars, his fingers slowly closing, tightly closing. Blond hair fell down across his forehead, almost against his eyes. He had been in this cell a week, tramping its narrow space, enduring its breathless heat. The effect of it showed on him, pulling in the centers of his cheeks and painting a dismal color in his eyes. He hadn't shaved and he hadn't slept much, and all this wore him thin and nervous, and left him like a caged wolf slowly dying for want of appetite and air. He stared at Lily Marr, too bitter to speak, while she showed him that old, unrelenting calm.

"A messenger," she said, "went up to Summerton's and told them about the money. They have probably gone to Tucson to get it by now. The marshal won't come for another week. But when he does come he'll take you back with a party of soldiers. Bill Hanley won't help you out of this. You're at the end of the rope."

"Lily," he said, "I'll get loose. Before God, I will. And I'll pay you back—and I'll pay the captain back. I'll pay everybody back."

"No," she said, in the same rubbing, insistent calm, "you never will. This time the wheel stopped on your number and you pay off for what's been done."

His question jumped at her: "What've I done?"

"Maybe you better start thinking about that. You never had time to think about it before, but you've got a lot of time now. Better think of those burnt wagons and the Mexican yelling when the bullet hit him. You remember how he yelled, Jack? I do."

"A Mexican," said Jack Bean, "is nothin' but a Mexican."

"Maybe you better think of Bill Goff."

He answered that swiftly: "Bill knew I was after him. I never catch a man without a gun. He saw me comin' and he had his draw."

"Maybe you better think of Charley Brewerton."

"He made his remarks about me, Lily. When a man makes his remarks he's got to stand the consequences. I walked down the middle of the street at him, and I waited till he reached for his gun."

"Maybe you better think of Charley Brewerton's wife who takes in washin' to live. Or of Bill Goff's little girl, who's got no parents left now."

He pulled up his chin. "That's somethin' those fellows should have figured out before they got proud. I'll stand my mistakes; they should stand theirs."

"Then stand yours now," said Lily Marr. "You are going to die for them."

"Lily," said Jack Bean, "when a man calls me into question I'll see him answered, till hell freezes over. I take nothing from nobody."

"Yes," said Lily Marr. "You'll take anything they've got, cattle or money or horses. Charley Brewerton said you were a thief. That's why you shot him. But you're still a thief, Jack."

"Listen, girl," begged Jack Bean in a furious voice, "there's ways of lookin' at that—"

"Just two ways: The honest way and the thief's way."

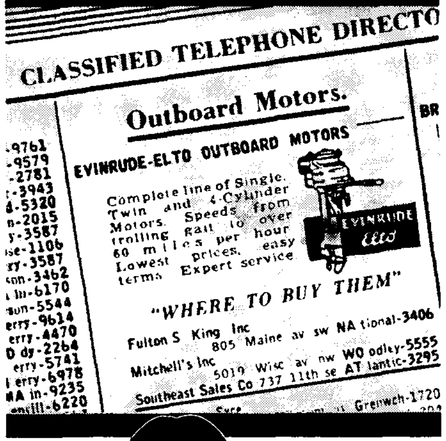
Bean cursed Lily Marr and swung away from the door. She heard his heels kick into the floor. She heard his fists slap against the dobe wall; she heard the in-and-out sawing of his breath. The sun dropped and twilight suddenly came and men were moving out of the mess shack. The trumpeters came across the parade to take stand by the number-one post, from which point all calls were sounded. Lily Marr's voice, as even and colorless as fate, followed Jack Bean into the jail:

"You always talked about your rights. Maybe you better think of other people's rights. You never liked the idea of any man being as quick as you were with a gun. You had to shoot him to find out if he was. You couldn't stand the thought of anybody being better. If they were better you wanted to kill them. But there are better men in Arizona than you'll ever be. You never thought there was anything strong enough to hold you in one place. Well, here you are, Jack."

He said, from the depths of the jail: "Wait till I get loose!"

"Nobody will remember you when you're dead. Nobody will remember where you're buried because in all this country you haven't got one friend who cares enough to put a board up to mark

"I CAN FIND that dealer in a jiffy"



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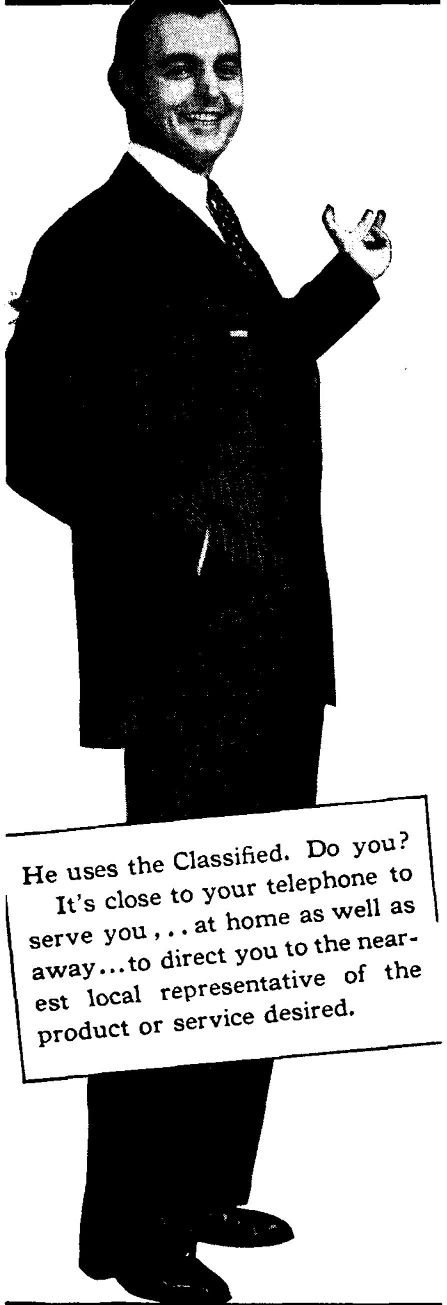

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your grave. Someday, a few years from now, somebody will say: 'Who was Jack Bean?' And somebody else will say: 'He was a small-time tinhorn who went around waving a gun making believe he was big.' I guess that's about it. Just a tinhorn who never had sense enough to stop and think. What've you got to be proud about?"

She waited for him to answer, but he didn't answer and he didn't come back to the door. Twilight rolled around the post and suddenly the trumpeters were blowing the quick, peremptory call to horse, and troopers began to form on the parade. Lily Marr went back to the Warren quarters and stood there.

A few minutes earlier Phil Castleton had come over to say goodby to Eleanor. Now they stood in the shadows of the post bakery, turned silent by the trumpets. Eleanor watched Castleton's face come alive with its old rash eagerness; even in the shadows she observed his old temper flare up and she knew that if the chance came to him he would throw his whole future, career and friendships and life itself, into a last gamble. The thought worried her, it depressed her and made this moment unpleasant. She said, "Phil," very softly, but he had turned and was looking across the parade at the forming troops and his thoughts had gone away from her; and then she had one more cold shocking suspicion: There was so great a desire in him that nothing else could find a place, perhaps not even love, as she understood love to be.

She said: "Phil, I wish you luck."

THAT turned him. He was smiling and his whole face changed under excitement. He said in a rapid voice: "This time I think we'll catch up with Antone."

"Whether you do or don't, Phil, I'll still be here when you return."

"I'll bring you back his scalp. I'll do better. I'll count a coup on him. I'll touch him and say as Indians say, 'Now your spirit is mine and I am a great warrior.'"

"I'll still be here, Phil," she prompted him patiently.

He laughed outright and brought her against him and kissed her; there was at the moment no gentleness to him, no thoughtfulness, none of that small and faintly sad uncertainty of a man going away from something desirable, possibly forever. He kissed her and let her go and, still smiling, he walked at a fast long stride over to his troop. There was an echoing roll call in the dusk and the slap and strike of gear and stepping horses and moving feet; all this rose to a certain key that stirred the camp. George Mixler ran forward and shook her hand and looked at her quite closely.

"Some time in the future I wish you'd write Harriet a note. Say that you think she did the right thing. It will please her and make everything else a little easier for her mind."

"George, why say that?"

"I've got a feeling about this trip. It doesn't matter at all, of course. I'm glad we're going. My love to you, Eleanor, and goodby."

He ran into the shadows. The men were counting numbers and afterward the sergeants of K and I swung exactly around on their heels, reporting troops. Eleanor saw her father shift in the saddle and listened to his steady voice sing out the commands. There was a blur of all these men, rising to saddle and the slap of legs and the grunt of the mounts; and this, to her, was part of a memory that went away back into her childhood, the same routine, the same sound and the same quick rush of excitement and eagerness—and the shock of pride running through her from seeing her father turn his horse, from hearing his voice sing out the marching order. The long

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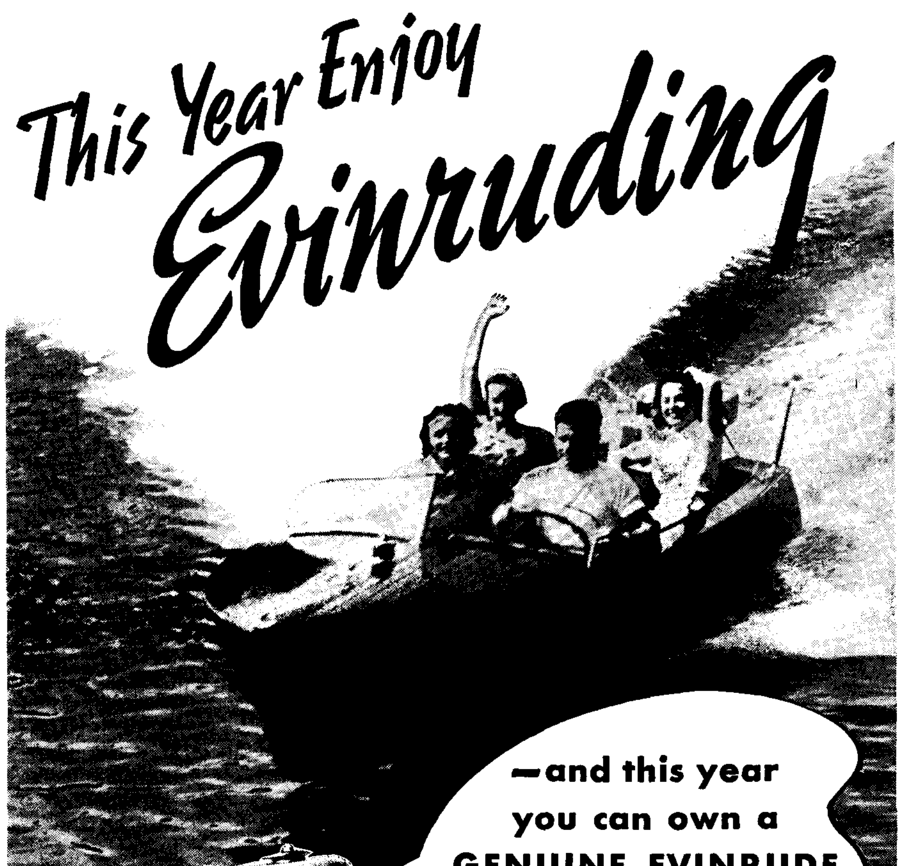

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Imagine an itch that's everywhere at once. Your skin gets sore and you wake up scratching. Maybe you get a skin disease and your hair falls out!

I had 'em till the master brought home some Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA POWDER. He dusts it into my coat, and . . . boy! does it kill 'em dead! And it soothes the old itches too!

There's nothing like it — except SKIP-FLEA SOAP that does the same job and cleans too. Take it from me, SKIP-FLEA'S a treat for any dog. Get it at drug and pet stores. Ask them for your free copy of the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK (or write Sergeant's, Dept. GK-6, Richmond, Va.)

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

line broke and wheeled into column of twos, swung eastward through the guard gate, passed it and rattled on the stones of Arivaipa Creek; and then, a long time after, sank into the deep silence of the hills.

Presently the post was a lifeless row of buildings under the glittering Arizona sky. Eleanor stood with her shoulders to the bakery-shop wall, hearing the shuffle of the sentries, and slowly closed fear out of her mind. Waiting was always the hardest part, but this was the army and this was the whole meaning of army life—this moment when the troops swung away, outward bound on campaign.

Somewhere deep in her mind was a recurring image of Castleton; it lay back below other thoughts just now, vaguely stirring, vaguely troublesome. She let it be so, afraid to bring it forward and see it for what it was.

There had been, at that last moment, one more scene. Standing by his horse, waiting the command to mount, Harry Jackson saw Rose Smith come out from the barrack wall and stop by Canreen. She had something in her hand. She pushed it into Canreen's pocket and then said: "Be good, Ben."

Ben laughed out his assurance. "Never you mind, Rose, I'll bring you back a pair o' moccasins—"

The order to mount stilled him. Up in the saddle, Harry Jackson turned to watch Rose Smith's face. It pointed toward him, white and still in the shadows. Major Warren's order swung the troops into line and they moved out to the guard gate. Rose Smith walked quickly forward, abreast Harry Jackson's horse. She said, small-voiced: "Be good, Harry." After that Harry Jackson passed through the gate and he saw no more of her.

AT CAMP APACHE, that same night, Harriet Mixler stood by the open window of her room, staring into the southeast where Grant lay. She had arrived at the post this same morning and Major McClure's wife, looking at her pallid face and alarmed by the completely exhausted sound of her voice, had immediately taken the baby from her. So she stood now alone in this room, dressed for bed and deeply breathing the cool air of the high hills—the first refreshing breath she could remember in many months. This place was heaven compared to Fort Grant, the dreary trip was behind her, and the baby was in good care. It was beyond taps, with the post asleep.

Adjoining her room was the room of young Lieutenant Kessler and his wife; she heard them talking, she heard Kessler's laugh and the suppressed reply of the woman; and then the closing silence left her thoroughly alone and friendless and let down. She put her hand to the window sill, watching the black crooked outline of the southwestern sky line, and went down into her own empty thoughts.

BENTEEN watched the restless Apache cross the camp site and slowly climb the grade. Al Hazel was beside Benteen, so near that Benteen could hear the ticking of the guide's huge stem-wind watch.

In this silence the sound seemed loud enough to warn the Indian, now about forty feet away and closing up the distance with a catlike pacing. As he advanced his stringy shape was silhouetted by the ruby glow of the fire embers behind him. He had his head down and he swung it from side to side as though scooping information out of the air, for his ears and his nose. At a distance of about twenty feet the slope lifted him until his shoulders were on a line with Benteen's eyes and his course was dead against Benteen.

Al Hazel was still motionless; Nachee had lost himself somewhere in the dark. Benteen, knowing this next moment was nothing but a gamble, laid a strong muscular strain on his arms, holding them still. There was a chance yet; and the chance presently came. The white man in the Apache camp suddenly began to howl. He didn't say anything, he didn't speak any intelligible words; he only yelled, the pure sound pouring out of his lungs and carrying all over the hills.

The Indian crouched by the fire didn't bother to move, but the one now within three paces of Benteen stopped and turned and called back to the man by the fire. That one said something, still not moving, whereupon the Indian near Benteen went rapidly down the slope.

Figures began to stir on the ground, wakened by the white man's continuous screaming. Two shapes trotted in from the far edge of the flat. The white man, Benteen realized, had gone crazy from thinking of what lay before him. The Indian who had walked down the slope now reached the white man and stood a moment over him, grunting in Apache, but the white man, apparently tied hand and foot, rolled along the ground, his crying growing thinner and higher and wilder, and abruptly the Indian turned aside, seized a gun from the ground and brought its butt twice down on the white man's head, killing him instantly.

The crushing sound of that gun butt against bone skull traveled up the slope and made Benteen dig his fingers into the dirt; it went slowly through him as a wave of sick soft feeling. The Indian stood over the white man and smashed his head once more.

He walked near the fire glow, slowly turning as if to retrace his path up the slope again, and at this moment Al Hazel's elbow dug into Benteen, and they gently backed down from the top of the ridge. They waited under the pines, missing Nachee. Al Hazel murmured: "That was Ben Stevens, Lieutenant. And he was smart."

"Crazy," suggested Benteen.

"Not him," countered Hazel. "He knew whut was in front of him, so he made 'em mad and got it over with quick."

When Nachee arrived it was so softly that they didn't see him until he whispered at Hazel. Al Hazel murmured: "He says this is Antone's main camp. Antone is in that bunch. Nachee thinks there is another camp farther along the ridge. Whut's your idea now?"

Benteen whispered: "How many up there?"

"Maybe twenty-five or thirty. Which is why Nachee figures there's another camp. Antone's got a strong party in these hills."

Benteen crouched against the base of a pine tree, calculating his time. It was near three o'clock now, with a faint paleness to the starshine, and a faint change in the sky, from metal black to lesser black. In another hour or more daylight would be along.

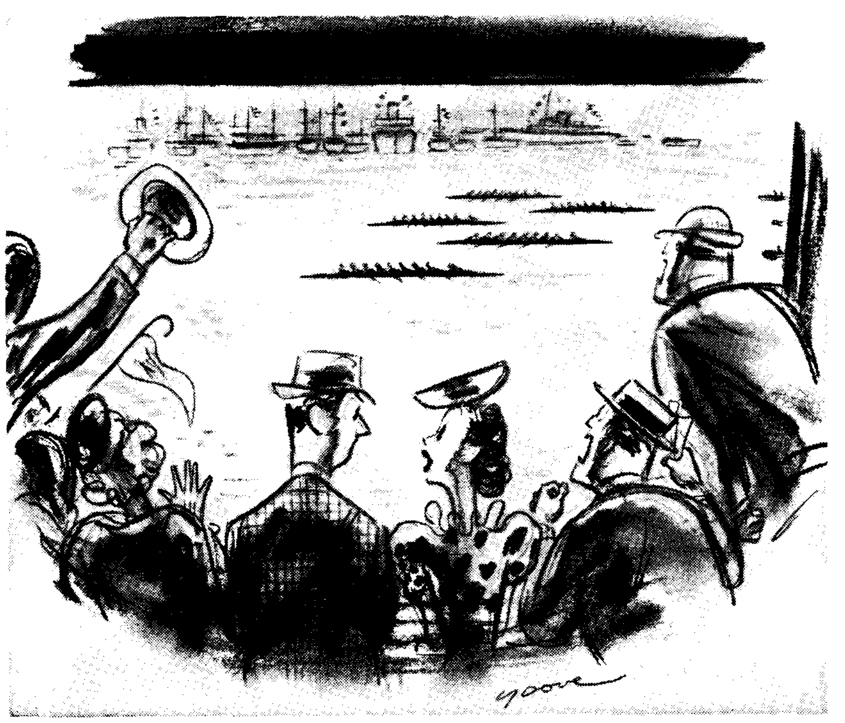
He said, in a toneless murmur: "We'll back out of here. Tell Nachee to pick a high spot across the canyon, where we can watch the country and keep an eye on Antone if he moves."

Al Hazel's arm hit Benteen in quick warning; and Hazel faded against the pine trunk, blending with its black up-and-down shadow. Nachee was out of sight. In the nearing distance was the faint scrape of a moccasined foot. One of Antone's warriors had come to the rim surrounding the camp, and now kept advancing.

THE trees made a thin scatter along the land and rock hummocks here and there built up deeper spots of shadow; and so it was difficult to catch the outline of a moving shape. Benteen saw him first as a faint streak of motion, forty feet away. He came on, disappeared behind a rock mound, and reappeared within four paces of where Benteen stood. This was as near as he got, for he made a quarter turn and slid by the trees at a quick, almost soundless shuffle and headed westward toward the canyon. And, Benteen suddenly realized, toward the horses.

He was still a gray shape against the night when Nachee rose from the rocks and closed in. Those two shapes at once violently blended and there was a sharp scuffle, the "tunk" of a knife driving home, and the little disconnected rustle of a body loosely falling on the flinty soil. One shadow trotted back, which was Nachee. He murmured something to Hazel and thereafter all three of them walked to the horses and retraced the way into the canyon.

*(To be continued next week)*



"How many points do they have to win before they're invited to the Rose Bowl?"

LEONARD DOVE

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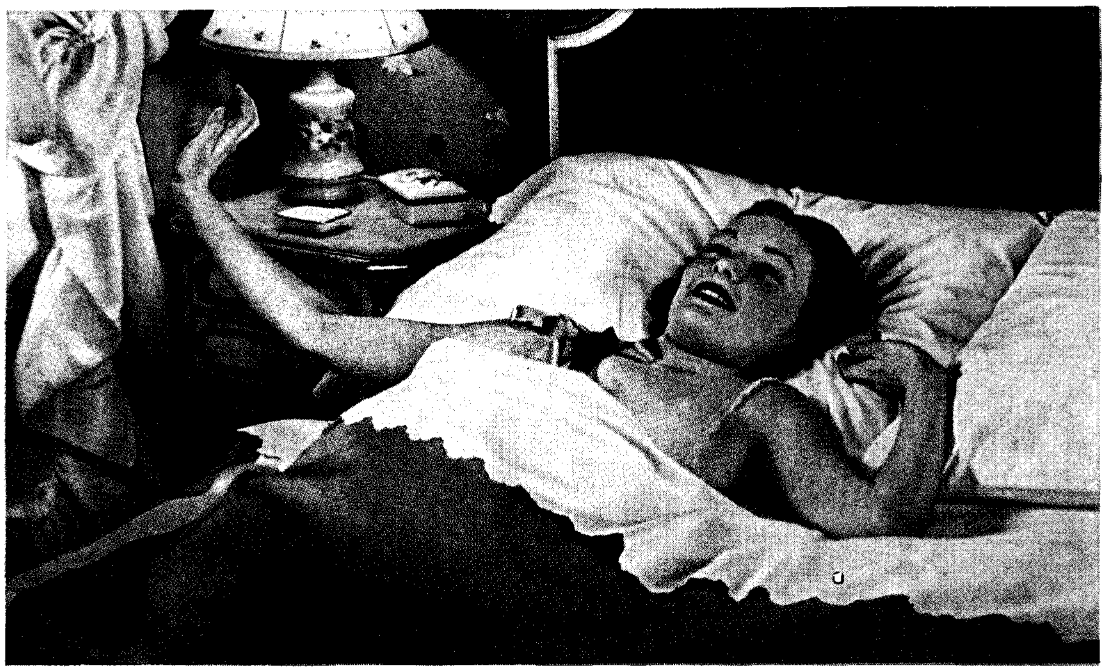

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How *thrilling* it is just to lie there, letting your tired body surrender to the "feel" of this great mattress. So softly does its gentle support yield to your body that you forget you have shoulders, elbows, hips, knees! You quickly relax... quickly drop off to sleep... to awake next morning rested and refreshed!

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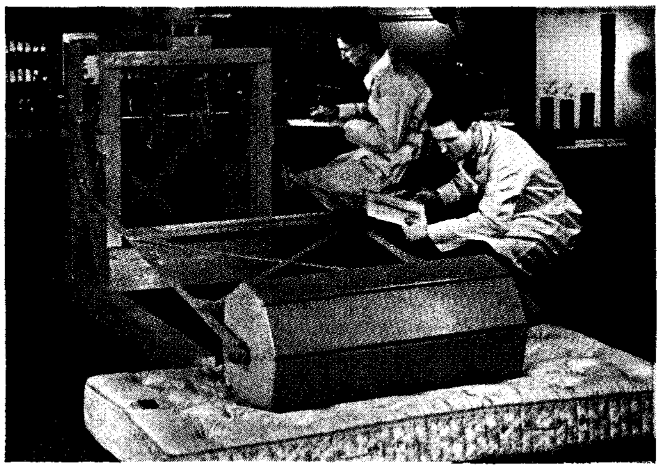

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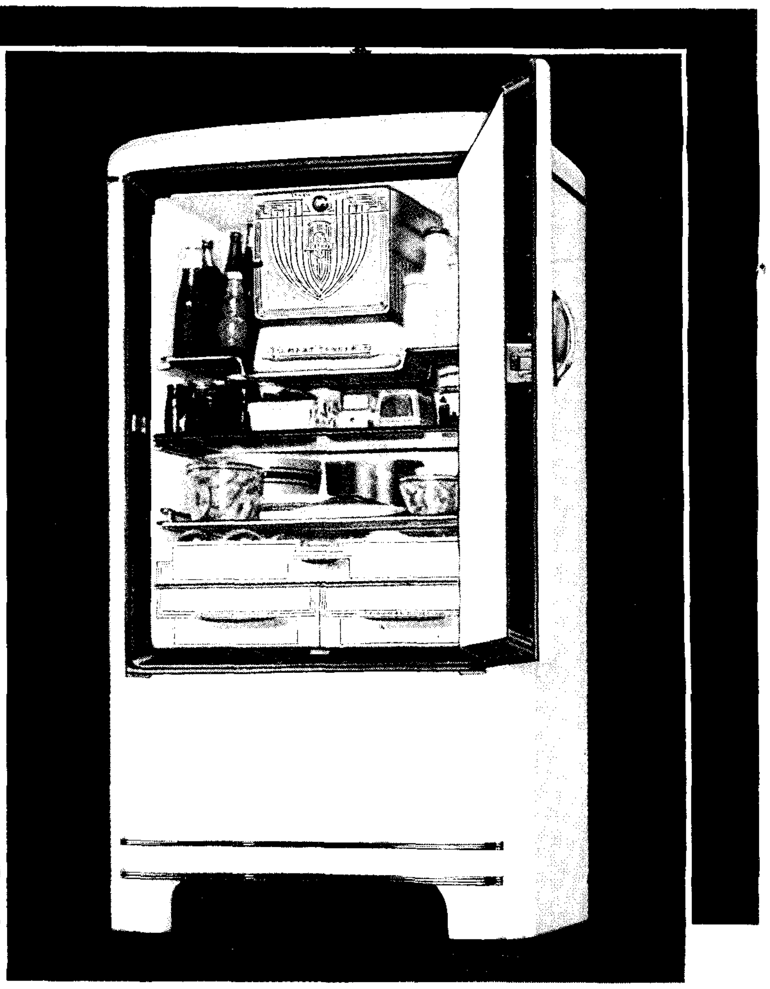

*Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures.

# New "Cold-Wall" FRIGIDAIRE Built on Entirely New Principle!

## *YOU DON'T HAVE TO COVER FOODS!*

**Amazing New Principle Saves Food's Vital Freshness from Drying Out! ... Preserves Flavor, Color, Nourishment for Days!**

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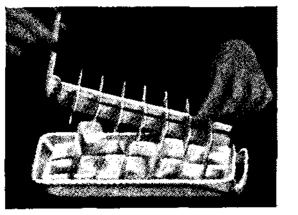

**ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS** . . . *Imitated but never equalled*—because they're 1. *Easier to use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—made of heavy gauge metal in every part. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—and you'll want only *genuine* FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

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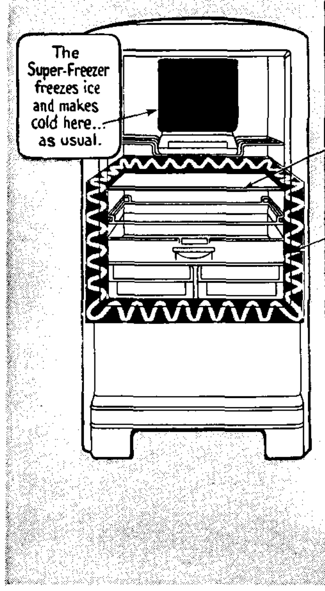
The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.

**NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME**

① THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS

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② THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS.

This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!*

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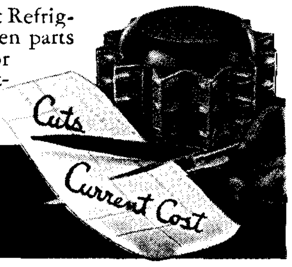
All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

**CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE...** Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.



**FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER**

# Eight-Oared Crew

Continued from page 18

"I understand," she said quietly. "I suppose it would have been more honest for you to have resigned from the squad or stroked your—own people on the junior varsity."

"My own people," Kip said. There was an edge to his tone. "They rode me tonight. And they're apt to go haywire and fire Al Leyden after the race."

"I think not," she said. "Coming down in the train, they agreed they'd just let him know that they wanted him not to do anything like it again."

"Even if they win," Kip said.

"None of them expect you to win tomorrow," she said.

AN OLD car squeaked to a stop near them. It had Pennsylvania license plates. A head with a battered hat on it poked out one window and spoke unintelligibly to them. Kip went closer to the car and Mary stood on the curb.

"You know where this faller, Pete Kowalik, he stay at? Faller what row in front in bast crew on here?"

From the curb, Mary saw Kip straighten. "I imagine it's a bit late to see him. All the crew men are in bed."

"All day long, most last night, we drive this flivver," the voice went on in a sing-song. "Stop every garage on road, by damn. Pete Kowalik, he be worried about us. Couldn't phone him, eider, I bet."

"They wouldn't call him to the phone at this time of night," Kip said. He moved back to the curb. Mary touched his arm. "These people—" she hesitated. "They've come a long way. You could take a message to Kowalik. He's your stroke, isn't he?"

"I suppose," he said, "I'll be a snob until I die." He walked back to the old car, which was refusing to start. "I'll see Kowalik—if not tonight, first thing in the morning. I can take a message to him."

"You just tell him that his brother Joe got here all hokay and that Malie Stefansik, he come too, and we both be there tomorrow, yalling like hell! Say, who are you, mister? Your face, it—"

"I'm one of the managers," Kip said. He turned away.

"I feel better at your having done that," Mary Adams said.

"I feel better myself." They walked a while in silence.

"Something still bothers you," Mary said.

"I know. I don't think we'll win tomorrow. I had to say it in front of the others, but the men are still green for all their power and natural ability."

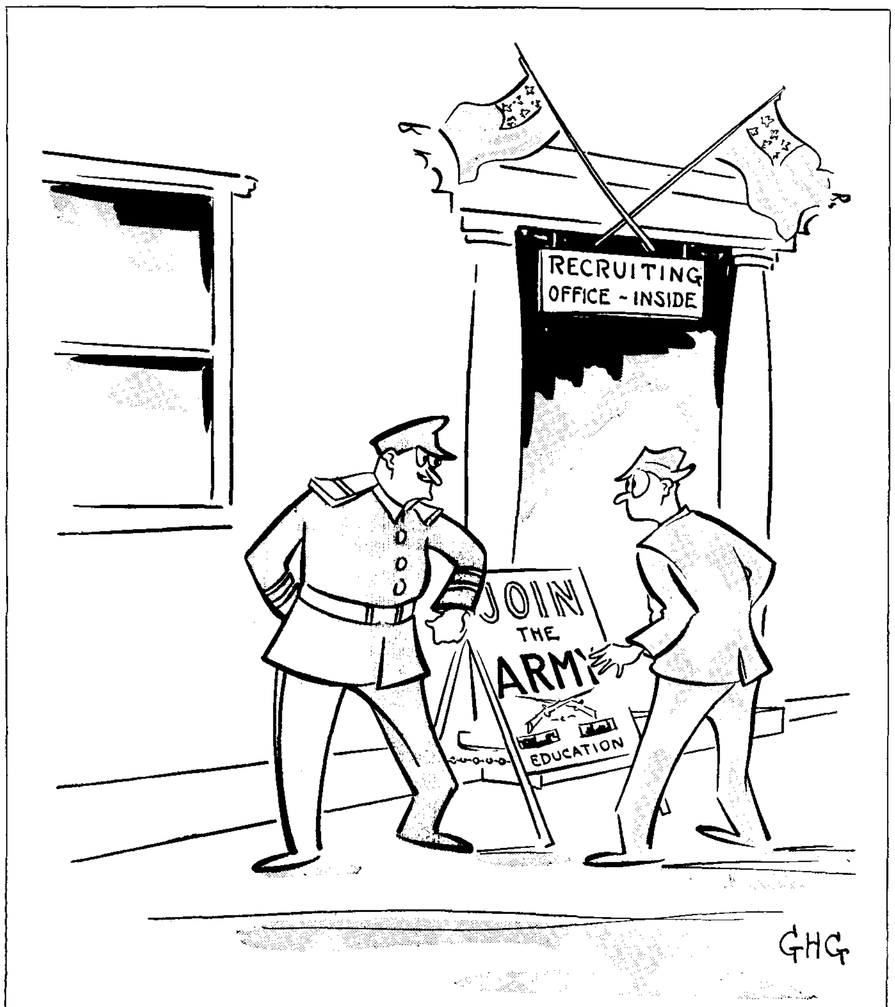
"No," she said. "It's just the night that makes you think so." She turned to him in the shadow and he kissed her, feeling some old tension in him become lost in another one, renewed. He broke from her. "I have to get back," he said. At the hotel she pressed his hand. "Until after the race," she said.

The boathouse was in darkness when Kip got there. Going up the wooden stairs to the dormitory where the crews slept, the only light he could see was from the crack under the door of Al Leyden's room. Kip was a long time getting to sleep.

AFTER breakfast, Kip said to Kowalik: "I'd like to speak to you on the float." The tall boy looked his surprise but followed Kip outside.

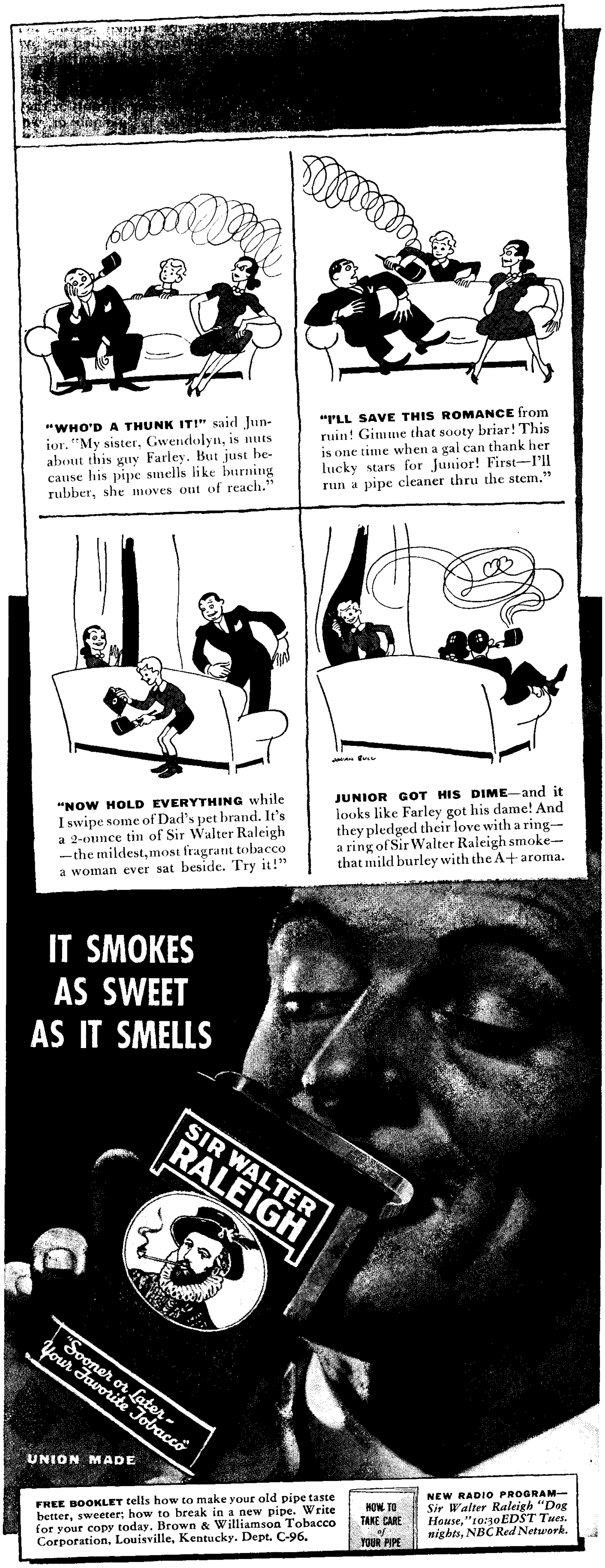
"I ran into your brother last night in town," Kip said. "He had trouble getting here, but he wanted to let you know that he had arrived."

Kowalik looked at once grateful and



**"Once you join, you'll like it. You'll have to"**

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN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"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"
HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

**"WHO'D A THUNK IT!"** said Junior. "My sister, Gwendolyn, is nuts about this guy Farley. But just because his pipe smells like burning rubber, she moves out of reach."

**"I'LL SAVE THIS ROMANCE** from ruin! Gimme that sooty briar! This is one time when a gal can thank her lucky stars for Junior! First—I'll run a pipe cleaner thru the stem."

**"NOW HOLD EVERYTHING** while I swipe some of Dad's pet brand. It's a 2-ounce tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—the mildest, most fragrant tobacco a woman ever sat beside. Try it!"

**JUNIOR GOT HIS DIME**—and it looks like Farley got his dame! And they pledged their love with a ring—a ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke—that mild burley with the A+ aroma.

IT SMOKES
AS SWEET
AS IT SMELLS

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amused. "Thanks a lot, Grant. I'm glad to hear about my brother getting here all right. But when you called me over here I thought you had something important to say about the race."

"No," Kip said. He turned away, flushing a little. *Was he at fault or they?* he thought. Was he a snob or were they crude? He had not wanted the others to know that he had spoken even that intimately to Kowalik. Strangely, though, he felt once more his new kinship with the crew, a relation delayed and now hastened by the attitude of his brothers and friends, by the chance meeting with Kowalik's brother, by Mary Adams' quiet words.

A MANAGER came and told Kip that Leyden would like to see him. He found the coach in his room with the crossed oars on the wall. One of them, Kip knew, had been used by Ad Grant six years ago. "Close the door," Leyden said. "Sit down."

"Guess you didn't sleep much," Kip said. "Saw your light on when I came in."

"I never do the night before a race. The crew did, though."

"They all look good," Kip said. His words fell hollowly into a silence created by Leyden's looking away. When he turned to Kip again, Leyden's face showed his weariness.

"They might win," Leyden said, "but probably they won't."

Kip nodded once.

"They have stuff," Leyden said, "a lot of it. And guts. They just haven't rowed long enough. They'll try too hard and go to pieces."

"It's a touch late to substitute the jayvee for them," Kip said. "I don't mean to be a wise guy," he added quickly.

"I know," Leyden said. "I made my decision and I'm going to stand by it. About the job I don't have to worry. Your brothers and old man Calder of the crew committee phoned me last night while you were away and said that no matter what happened my job was safe. So it's not me. It's those kids. You don't like them. I can see your point even though I come from the same kind of people they do. But I let them win their place, didn't I?"

"You don't have to talk me into anything," Kip said. "I've changed some. It would be hard to tell you why. But I'll do all I can for them. And I want to win myself. It's my last chance. I'm the only one in the family that never sat in a winning boat at least once at Poughkeepsie."

Leyden nodded. "It's not their last chance," he said. "That's why I called you in here. They have two more big years. What I ask you is this. If they win, all right. If they lose, that's all right, too, in a way, although none of us like to lose. But bring them in a crew—an eight-oared varsity crew." He paused and the two men looked at each other. "You know what I mean," Leyden said. "If they go to pieces today they may never get together again, this year or any other. I don't know what you may have to do . . . but bring them in right—for their sake and the school's . . . if not for anyone else's."

THE river was like glass, the stake boats hardly moving in it. Kip's crew had the outside lane, the fastest but also the roughest if the river kicked up. Also the nearest to the line of yachts at the finish.

The referee called: "Ready all?" and the California cox raised his hand. Kowalik and Guttman cursed at the delay. "Steady," Kip said. It was the first word he had spoken outside of commands since leaving the boathouse. He looked down the line of them and pride in them and what was left of his vanity of class fought in him. They stared at him and formed a curious foreshortened design of white on bronze: the sweatbands sharp against their dark faces, the adhesive tape strapped to their bellies, the heavy wool socks.

"Ready all?" the referee said again and no hand was raised. The little cannon boomed and Kip's "Row!" was lost in its echoes, in the sudden rush of waters as the oars bent in the swift, tremendous beat of the racing start. Something had begun to flow in Kip like his blood, but swifter and more subtle, so that he let them come out of the racing start only gradually, his hands beating out the stroke with the tiller grips at 40 before he consciously knew how high the beat was.

Already they had a quarter length on the others and the lead grew rapidly, was over a length before the mile mark.

"Bring it down! Down, you madmen!" Kip yelled. Something in their eyes dismayed him. They were trying too hard, almost as though they were trying to escape something. . . . He felt older than they . . . but kept shouting at them until they dropped their beat. Still open water showed between them and Navy and California, leading the others.

"Leary—you're shooting your slide!" Kip yelled. Under the excitement, he could marvel at the power they were getting in spite of their form, worse than usual. He saw that Navy was coming up and, with the edge of his eyes, caught the flash of orange-tipped oars, Syracuse making an early bid. "We're not getting much run," he thought. "That's where the bad form counts."

"Get together!" he barked. There was blood on the lips of Lisbon and Guttman. "They're trying too hard," he thought. "If I yell too much they'll blow up."

The beat was up again, he realized, and wondered vaguely whether he was taking the stroke from Kowalik or Kowalik from him. This annoyed him as did their passing the two-mile mark without his knowing it.

"Down, down, you lugs!" he yelled. His voice had risen higher than usual. They eyed him fearfully. They still led, but in dropping the beat they lost ground and Navy's bow was almost even with them, and Syracuse and California less than a length behind.

KIP knew that this crew was in no mood for subtleties, whether of thought or action. He saw the bridge ahead and that decided him. "All right," he called. "Bring it up." He felt the thrill of their tremendous power move through the frail boat and he saw, with pride, the lead begin to grow again. They liked that, he saw, letting them go all out.

"Give it to them!" he called. "Give it to them! Break their damned hearts!"

They liked to hear him talk that way. They had never heard him do it before. Some of them were even grinning. They led by open water again. Something like a coldness dropped on Kip and was gone, and the noise of many voices. They had passed the bridge and the third mile.

Kip turned a little. They had over a length on Syracuse. The others were strung out, Navy and California at Syracuse's bow.

Leary was shooting his slide again, Guttman getting his oar out of the water too fast. "Steady," Kip called, afraid to say more. Still the cedar shell fled like a thing alive, still the long oars bit deeply into the river, shoveling the water back.

Seven bombs had gone off on the bridge when they went under it to tell those at the finish that the crew in the seventh lane was leading. So they would be ready for him, Kip knew, on the yacht. And he would be ready for them. He would bring his crew aboard with

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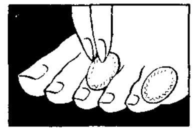

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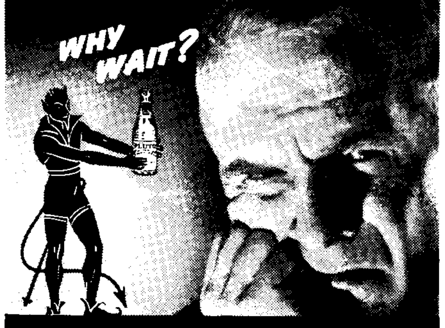

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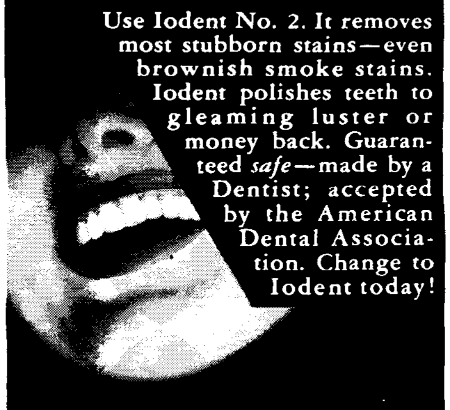


him and see how his brothers liked that!

Exultation beat up in him. Half a mile now. The crew's bodies, sheeted in sweat, gleamed strangely in the twilight. The line of yachts was opening on either side. They were in, Kip thought. "Pick it up," he called "Pick it up!"

They drove the blades deep, the great bodies bent. "We're in!" he kept thinking in time with the beat of his tiller grips. "We're in! We're in!" The shell trembled as it tore through the water.

Then they blew Guttman had taken his oar out of the water too soon, had bothered the No. 6 in front of him and made him catch a crab. Leary, shooting his slide, losing power, almost caught one. What he screamed at them, Kip never knew. But when he saw that the bow oar was catching when Kowalik, the stroke, was taking his blade from the water, he knew that it was all over. What boat first slid by them, he did not know. He saw only the strained faces, the terrible confusion in the waist of the shell, and Kowalik's efforts to keep rowing, to pass the rhythm back to the others. The other shells slipped by like ghosts in the deepening twilight.

"Get together," he said, mechanically. Pathetically, they were trying to. The shell had almost lost headway.

PEOPLE were yelling on the yachts but one voice, out of a megaphone, pierced to Kip's ears. "Leave those punks by themselves," Ad Grant was yelling from the bow of the yacht. Kip turned. They were abreast his brother's yacht, Cormorant. He could see them in the bow, yelling and gesturing to him. "Jump in and swim over here," Ad said.

The full meaning of it all came to Kip in a rush. He should abandon these men before him as a last, contemptuous gesture and sign that they did not belong or deserve to belong to that long tradition of which he and his brothers were a part. In doing so, he would appease his brothers and take some of the edge off their sarcasm tonight. His anger at and scorn of the crew returned to him, strong, and Kip half rose to ease himself over the side of the shell. He remembered what Leyden had asked, with curious foresight, of himself—to bring them in an eight-oared crew, so that they would be fully such in the coming years. To hell with them, he thought, and to hell with Leyden. All of them had humiliated him.

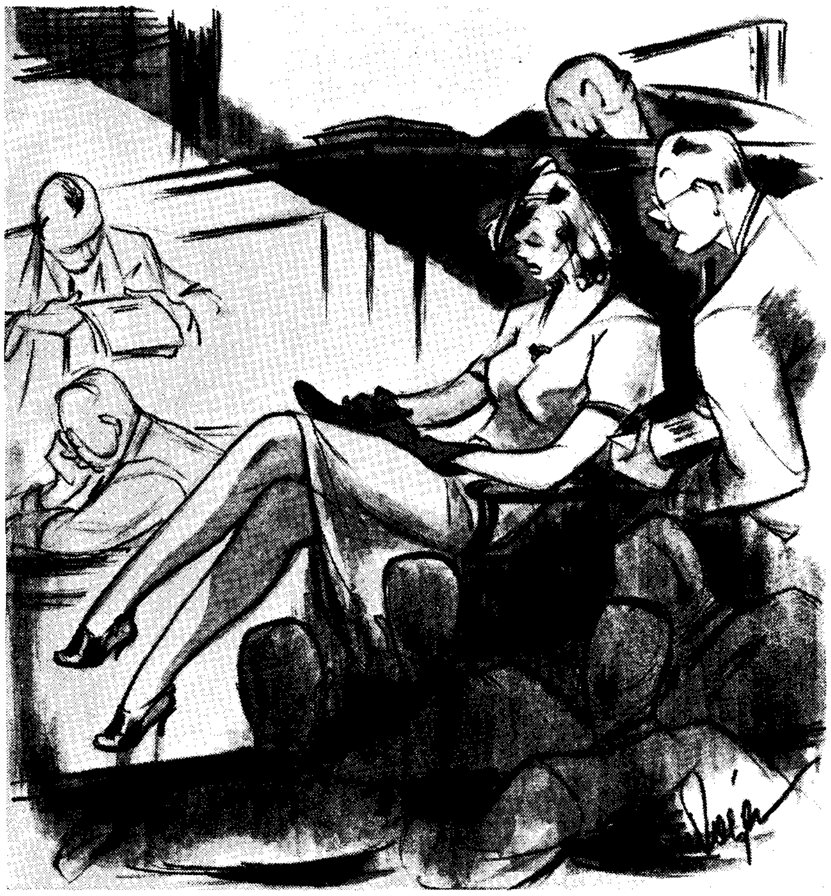
Pathetically, they were still rowing, their oars clashing under the sound of the whistles which were already blowing for the winning crew. From his half-crouch, Kip turned to go over the side. He saw them in the bow of the Cormorant again . . . this time saw Mary Adams, a little apart from the others as he always liked to think of her. She was shaking her head, almost sadly. When he turned she waved her hand—for him to go on.

He had sat in the shell again before he knew he had done so. Why? he thought and felt stupid. This is silly, he tried to tell himself, but he saw the years that were to come, for them, and some strong, nameless excitement passed over him and left him weak and clear-headed. Sarcasm could never hurt him as much as he had the power to hurt these men before him.

"Way enough!" he called. They looked at him, startled. "Way enough!" His voice bit. The oars came out of the water, hung poised for his command. He made his voice as casual, as even as he could. "Now get together," he said, as though they were just out for a practice paddle. "You've been going like a bunch of washwomen."

"Ready—" he said. Their faces had grown almost composed. He felt pleasantly the sense of his own power, heard Ad Grant's voice through the megaphone, but did not hear Ad's words. . . . "Row!" Kip said. The eight oars took the water like a machine.

Ahead the whistles were screaming for a Navy crew that had come up in the dusk to beat Syracuse and California. And that dusk filled the river, turning the shells into shadows. But those who happened to be looking saw a curious sight—last by almost an eighth of a mile, but moving with a rhythm precise and sure, with unbelievable power; last now, but rich with great promise, an eight-oared varsity shell come home.



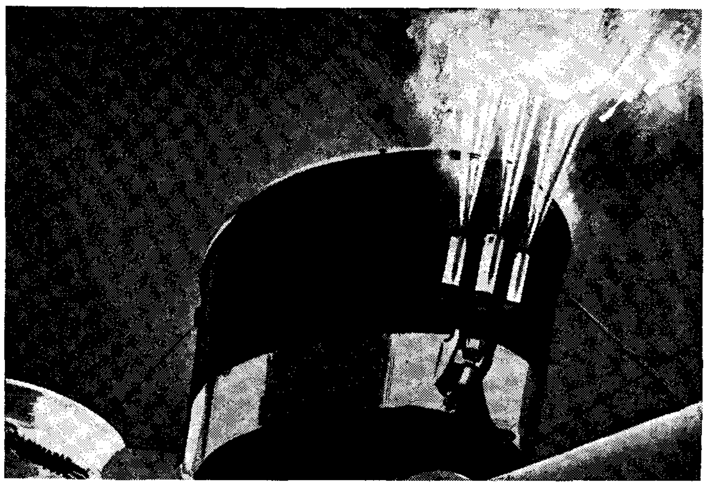
"We find the defendant 'not guilty' of course"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

diamond?

diploma?

departure?



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# Is Hitler Crazy?

ANSWERING the above question right off the bat in the hope of making a lot of people angry enough to read on, we'll say, No, we don't think Hitler is crazy.

Judging from the recently published unexpurgated and annotated translation of his book, Mein Kampf, we think Hitler has as brilliant and astute a mind as any politician since Prince Metternich, post-Napoleonic Central European lid-sitter whom Hitler much resembles, and that Hitler is crazy only on the subject of Jews.

We share the general abhorrence of Hitler's anti-Jewish policies. But we wish there were some way to persuade Americans in million lots to read Mein Kampf (My Battle). Hitler is the most powerful challenger of democracy in the world today. Believers in democracy ought to know the case against democracy, in detail, so as to know how to defend it. Here is the most slashing and damaging statement of that case that we know of—incomparably keener and more specific, we think, than the windy generalities of those other enemies of democracy, the Marxists.

For example, Hitler rings the changes on a democracy's tendency to split up into economic classes, all hating or envying one another. He urges forcible mixing of the classes when young. He is doing it in Germany by compelling all the young men to serve terms in labor battalions and the young women to do time on farms.

We can't see Americans going in for such things . . . but Hitler has said a mouthful on democracy in this aspect just the same, and Americans ought to know he has, and they ought to do some thinking about it.

The German dictator's remarks on freedom of the press, while old stuff in substance, are put with a fierceness that ought to step up several notches the determination of every believer in a free press to fight for that principle to the death, if need be.

Then there is the familiar complaint that a democracy can't act fast enough; that there has to be too much talk before anything can be done. There is also the kick about how democracy frequently keeps the superior man from leadership and throws mediocre politicians to the top.

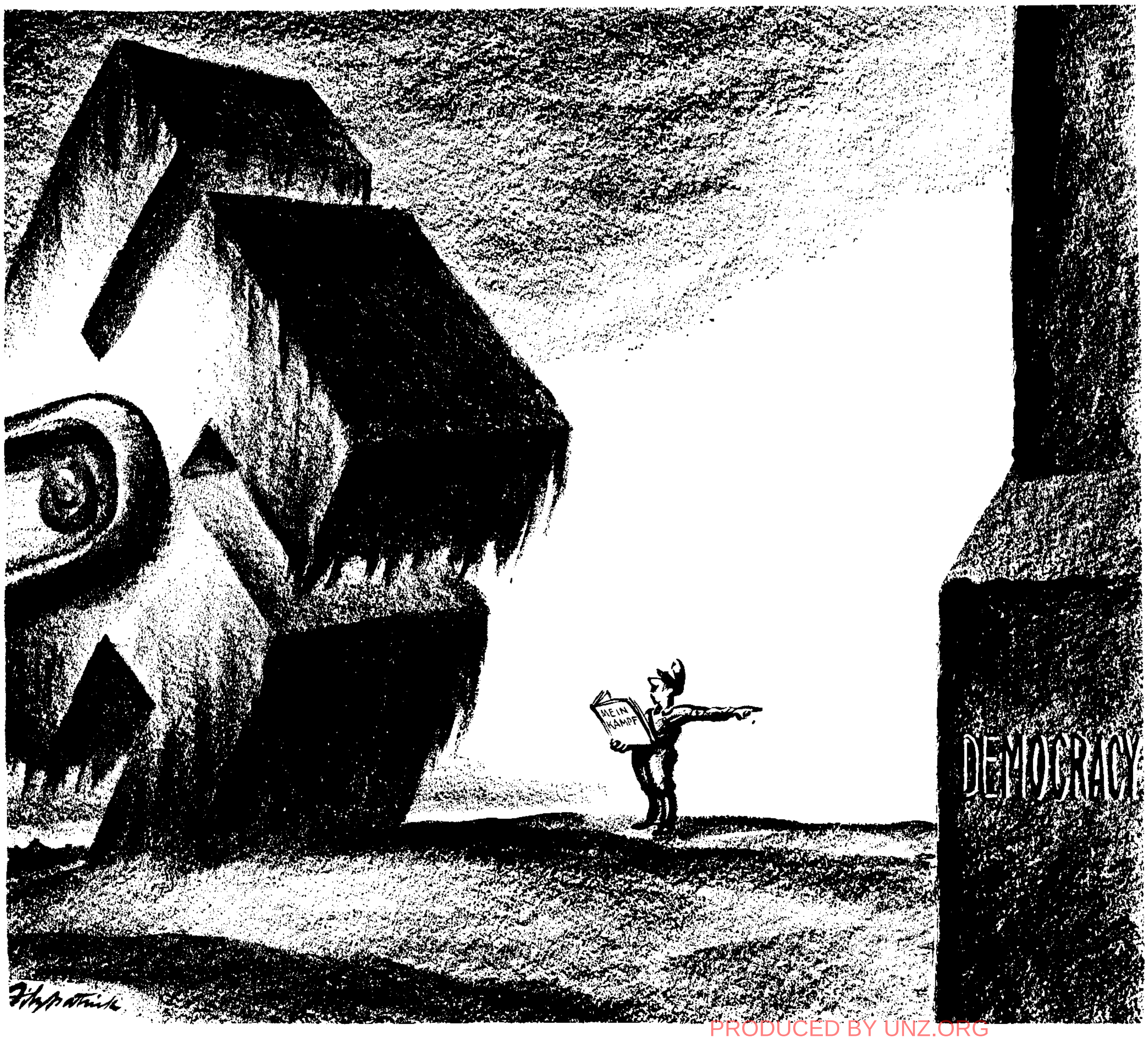
Our feeling is that both of these things are true, but there is more good than bad in both. The dictatorships are moving so fast that they may wreck themselves. And we'd hate to be governed by some of the unquestionably top-flight geniuses we've seen or heard of.

Nevertheless, Hitler's way of yelling these antidemocratic ideas at you is at once invigorating, illuminating and infuriating. If you have the stuff of democracy in your bones, you're a better and more informed democrat after reading Mein Kampf than before.

These are only the sketchiest high lights from what has been called the most important as well as the most ominous political and sociological book of our times.

Of all the enemies lying in wait for democracy these days, Hitler is the craftiest and the boldest. He was good enough to write down his plans for assassinating democracy, back in 1924 when the German democrats had slapped him into the fortress prison of Landsberg on the Lech and thought they had heard the last of the funny little toothbrush-mustached agitator.

We Americans are dumb and asking for trouble if we don't read, learn and digest, practically word for word, Mr. Hitler's detailed project for the blowing up of democracy at its roots.



**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

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# INFORMATION, PLEASE!

ELLSWORTH B. BUCK, of the New York City Board of Education, has dug up and published some rather alarming figures on illegitimate births, abortions and venereal diseases among high school and junior high school students all over the country.

For example, of the 1,347 recorded illegitimate babies born in New York City in 1938, 7% were born to girls of sixteen or less.

Mr. Buck thinks instruction in sex ought to be introduced—casually, matter-of-factly—into high and junior high school courses in biology, physical education, sociology.

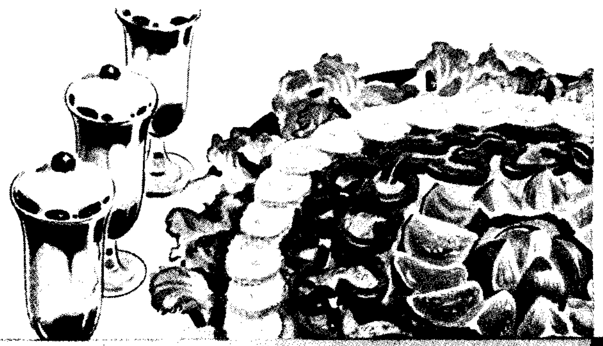
The proposal has shocked a lot of people—those who fear to take the wonder and innocence out of childhood too soon; those who want this kind of teaching left to parents or family doctors or clergymen; people who think instinct is the best teacher or that maybe the curbstone isn't such a bad place to pick up this information after all.

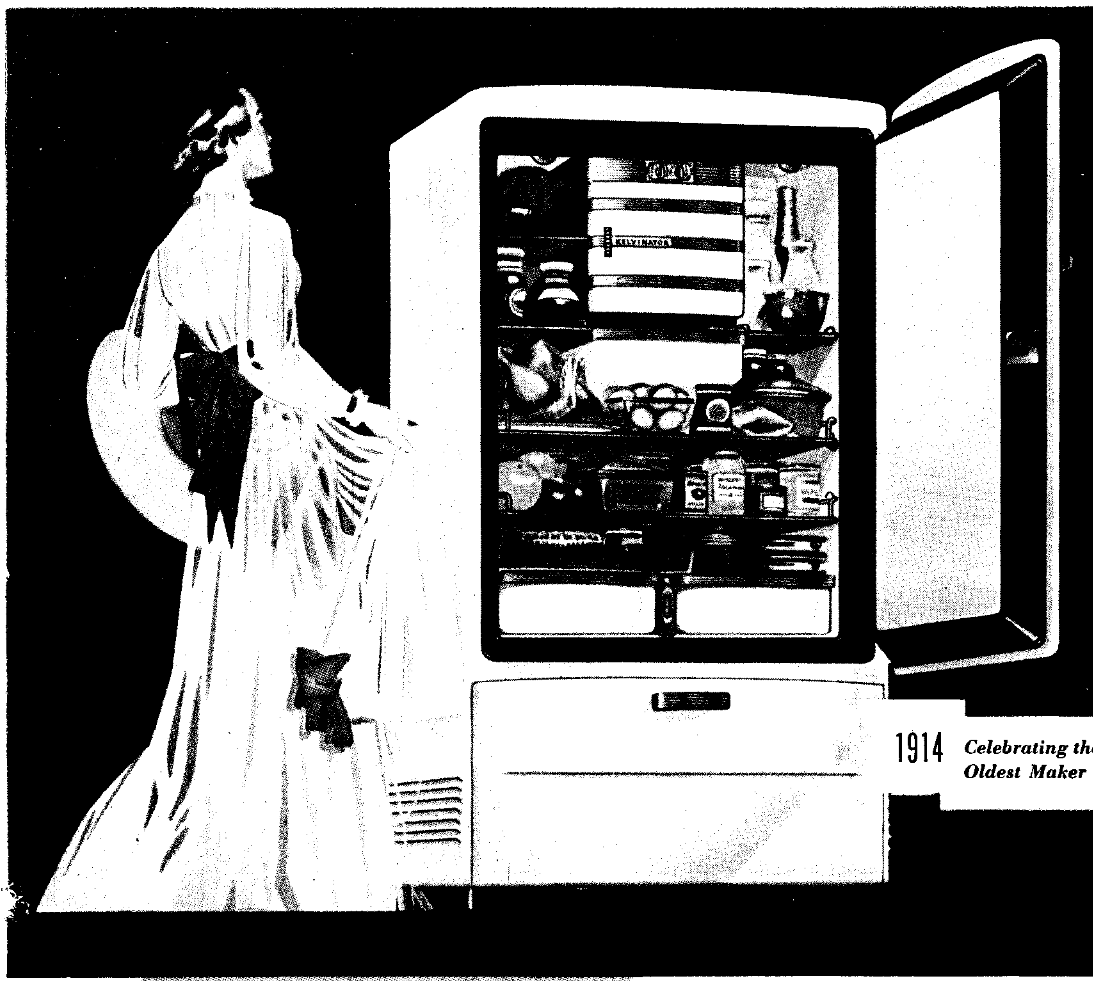
Our feeling is that Mr. Buck is on the right track. The figures he has obtained don't indicate any national decadence so far as we can see, but they do call to mind some pretty grievous pictures of young lives dynamited through ignorance and neglect.

Americans in the last three years have begun to talk plainly about syphilis and gonorrhea and how to cut them to the irreducible minimum. Once the plunge was taken, it turned out to be not so difficult.

We'd like to see the next great reform accomplished along some such lines as those proposed by Mr. Buck—and soon.

# Luxuries Became Your Everyday Food...





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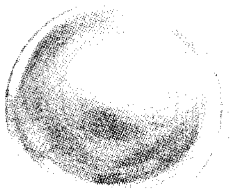

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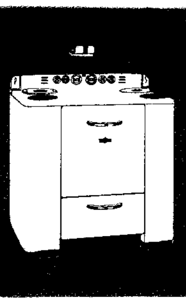

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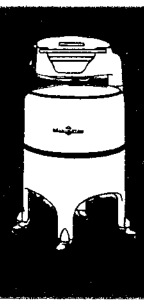

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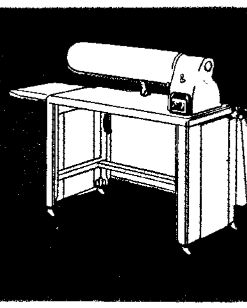

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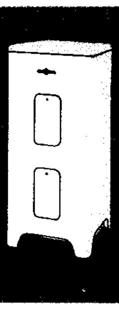

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